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# MEMOIR
OF
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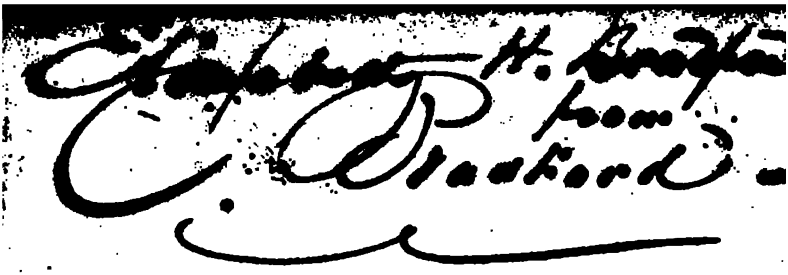

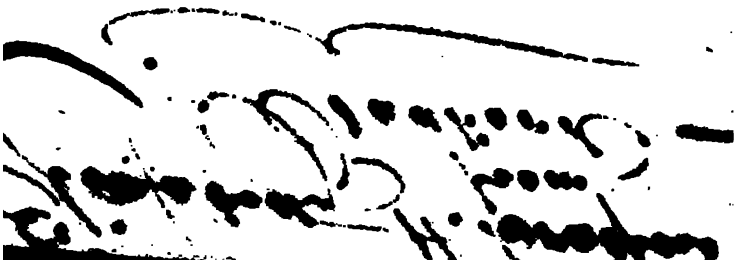

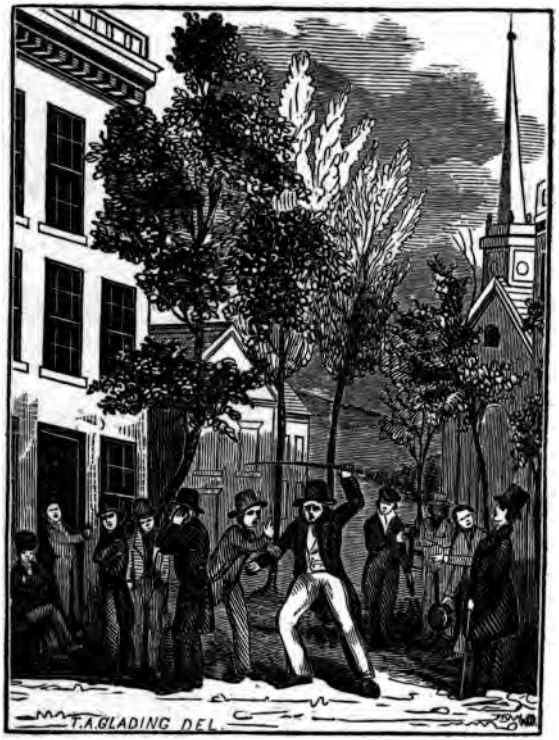


*Assault on Abel Brown at Westfield, N. Y.—Page 72.*

# MEMOIR

OF

# REV. ABEL BROWN,

BY

## HIS COMPANION,

## C. S. BROWN.

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# INTRODUCTION.

It seems due to the character of an individual, who has labored long and assiduously to promote the best interests of his fellow-beings, that his life should be portrayed, after he has ceased to act in his corporeal nature, and when his memory, or the influence of his life, alone remains, endeared to his friends, and spectre-like to his foes; for, "though dead, he yet speaketh." Then let him reiterate the truth in his own words, and let his deeds be recorded as the best evidence of a life devoted to the service of his fellow-mortals, and of his God.

Offering no apology for this little volume, I merely would premise, that I have done the best, that my precarious health, and circumstances would allow, and that I have been obliged to rely essentially on the correspondence and papers of Mr. Brown, in connection with my own personal knowledge. Having little available information from even known resources, many important incidents may have been omitted, but an index, I trust, has been given to his general character as a christian, and an humble reformer of the age in which he lived and wrought.

The character of an individual, whether good, neutral, or evil, is held in various degrees of estimation, as it is seen and appreciated only by partial lights, and not by the just blending of all its colors. These produce the har-

mony of the whole, and the general effect is often different from that of the separate tints and shades. This, which is frequently the case with those engaged in affairs of the state, who are held up to the scrutinizing gaze of the public, is still more so with the reformer, from the peculiarity of his position. Boldly arrayed against popular institutions, he awakens and excites personal feeling and indignation, by his appeals to the conscience, as with demonstration and energy he exposes the odious sin or vice to view, causing the evil-doers to behold and comprehend its enormity, and seek for its removal. In such a position, people are influenced by interest or prejudice in deciding on the reformer's character. One doubts his sincerity, another his talent, another perhaps, his object—as being unworthy of popular excitement or attention. Thus it is, and however self-denying a reformer may be, his efforts obtain him little credit for disinterestedness of purpose or benevolence of action. So selfish are mankind generally in their aims, that they can hardly conceive how any person can be actuated by different motives from their own, they not having experienced the divine principle of love, which animates his spirit in every obligation, and in every pursuit of life. For these reasons, the writer has dwelt somewhat in detail, on minor points of interest, deeming them essential, in no small degree, to the delineation of a true picture. Could these memoirs only stimulate others, to a life of greater self-denial and perseverance in the cause of the persecuted, she will have fully attained her object.

C. S. R.

# CONTENTS.


## CHAPTER I.

His descent—Birth—Natural activity and love of business—His Guardian Sister—His experience of a new life—and choice of Profession . . . . . 13

## CHAPTER II.

Family Letters—Christian Experience . . . . . 15

## CHAPTER III.

Studies Divinity at Hamilton—Continuation of Correspondence with his Sister—Letter to his Parents and Brother . . . . 23

## CHAPTER IV.

Second year at Hamilton—His Practical Efforts in the Cause of Sabbath Schools—Missionary Letters—Journal . . . . 32

## CHAPTER V.

Continuation of Letters and Journal—Third year at Hamilton—The Mission Family . . . . . 41

## CHAPTER VI.

Labors in Western and Central N. Y. for the promotion of Sabbath Schools—Leaves Hamilton and studies at Homer—Becomes a Lecturing Agent in the Cause of Temperance . . . . 50

## CHAPTER VII.

Preaches at Westfield, N. Y.—Trials and Persecution—Is publicly whipped, &c.—Labors in Pennsylvania—Lectures in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society—An Epistolary Address to the Senior Class of Hamilton Institution . . . . . 70

## CHAPTER VIII.

Settlement at Beaver—Receives Appointment of Agency from the A. S. Society of Western Pennsylvania—Persecution—An attempt to throw him into the River Ohio—"Delivers the Spoiled from the hand of the Spoiler"—Efforts to advance the Cause of the Slave in his own Denomination . . . . . 79

## CHAPTER IX.

Receives Appointment of Agency for the Western Education Society—Leaves Pennsylvania—Visits Massachusetts—Continues to Labor in the Cause of the Slave . . . . . 88

## CHAPTER X.

Commission from the Massachusetts Abolition Society—Settles at Northampton—Private Correspondence—Death of his Sister—Letter to C. P. Grosvenor . . . . . 92

## CHAPTER XI.

His Anti-Slavery Position—The Political Contest—Correspondence —Leaves Northampton—Subsequent Settlement at Sand Lake, N. Y.—Continuation of Letters . . . . . 98

## CHAPTER XII.

Removal to Albany—Labors in behalf of Refugees—Engages as Publisher of the Tocsin of Liberty—Formation of the Eastern N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society—Fugitive Slave cases . . . 114

## CHAPTER XIII.

The Slave Hunter—Scenes of Outrage—Rights of Colored Citizens invaded—No Legal Redress—Interference of Mr. Brown in behalf of the injured—Consequent Indictment—Proposition to Lecture—Mob Elements Combined—Mr. Brown is burned in Effigy, &c.—Clay Indictment—Circular—Explanatory Statements—Indefinite Postponement of Trial . . . . . 128

## CHAPTER XIV.

Scenes of Domestic affliction—Death of his wife—The two White fugitives—Report of Vigilance Committee—Lewis Washington, the Fugitive Slave Lecturer—Mr. Brown visits Massachusetts—Our first Acquaintance—Correspondence . . . . . 144

## CHAPTER XV.

Visit to New York—Subsequent Marriage—Anniversary of the Eastern N. Y. A. S. Society—City Association in behalf of the oppressed—Labors in New York—Convention in New Jersey—Phrenological character of Mr. Brown given by O. S. Fowler 154

## CHAPTER XVI.

The Slave Musician—A Western Tour—Letters—Visits Massachusetts—Return to Albany—Continuation of Efforts in behalf of the Slave—Mr. Brown's Political Views—His continued interest in the Temperance Cause—Letter to the Mayor of Albany 160

## CHAPTER XVII.

Letters—Anniversary of Eastern N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society—Mr. Brown visits Western N. Y.—Labors for the Cause in various counties . . . . . 186

Riotous scenes in Troy . . . . . 195

My own personal Observations of his views and character . . 207

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Family Circle—The Visit of Alvan Stewart—His Letter—Our Parting—His last Journey for the Slave—His Visit at Rochester—Free Mission Meeting—The last Letters—His Sickness and Death—Correspondence of the Mosher Family—Effusions of Grief—Funeral Services—An Obituary Notice—Resolutions—Monumental Inscriptions—Conclusion . . . . . 212

# MEMOIR OF ABEL BROWN.

## CHAPTER I.

His descent—Birth—Natural activity and love of business—His guardian Sister—His experience of a new life—and choice of Profession.

The subject of this memoir, was born at Springfield, Massachusetts, in the year 1810, Nov. 9th. His parents were respectable, inasmuch as they were christians, and trained their family by precept and example in those virtues that adorn the christian character. Abel was the third of six children, including an only and dearly beloved sister, of whom some account will be given in succeeding pages,—indeed, sufficient to throw light on the subject of this volume. His father, Abel Brown, was native of Springfield, son of Collins Brown, "a respectable farmer of retired habits, known but little abroad." His mother was native of Hadley, Massachusetts, whose name was Joanna, the daughter of Timothy Lyman, who graduated at Yale College in some year between 1775 and '78, and afterwards studied the profession of medicine, in which capacity he settled in the vicinity of Northampton. The ancestors of Abel, on the maternal side, were members of the church in charge of President Edwards, and his mother seems to have imbibed much of the spirit of those times, when the Lord moved as upon the face of the waters, the vast multitude who thronged to listen to the eloquent pleadings of the inspired preacher. In those days of earnest devotion, to be a christian, implied something more than "a name to live." Who knows the ex-

tent of such an influence, even to the present hour. It is for this reason, I notice the membership of those venerable fathers and mothers.

Abel spent his earliest childhood at the home of his parents, in the place of his nativity, until his removal with them at the age of eleven years, to the state of N. Y. Madison County.

In size he was of ordinary stature, with proportionably large head and chest, affording him much of the sanguine, united with a quick nervous temperament. His forehead finely arched, indicated intellectual powers, of no ordinary character; while with a cheerful, yet steady and determined eye, he pursued every object of his undertaking with resistless energy. Still, "easily governed as a child" by persuasion and appeals to his consciousness of filial obligation, yet not a subject for arbitrary discipline.

His swiftness in pedestrian plays with his school-fellows was somewhat remarkable,—as with the speed of an antelope, "he would often outstrip them in the race." Of dancing too, he was fond. It is needless to say, however, that with him, it was mere pastime in an hour of childish glee, confined to his younger days—the ebullition of a joyous heart, when nature showed nought but a sunny face, (the mirror of his own) and the world itself, seemed one enticing charm. Such is infancy—and sin alone unfolds a different view to the weeping eyes of manhood; throwing its darkening shadows over all that is beautiful and fair, and filling the cup of life with bitterness and woe.

He was said to be "a natural scholar, and quick to learn;" yet when young, was sent to school as convenience would permit, rather than receiving the benefit of a systematic course of instruction (I should judge.)

It is certain that at an early age, he manifested a disposition for business. Some kind of employment, he ever sought. Inspired by this natural disposition, enhanced by necessity, the child of poverty—at the age of twelve (as he himself informed me) he was extremely solicitous to enter a store—and accordingly did—business of some kind seemed to be his life. Affable in his manner, and prompt in his

calling, he gained many friends. I have heard him speak also of assisting in the care of children, in a family, when young, and of visiting with them and sharing equally in all their privileges as social guests. This fondness of children and tender solicitude for their welfare, was very noticeable in after life in his intercourse with families as a lecturer abroad, and was a subject of remark. I have heard him speak also, of hearing political discussions in stores, which may have contributed to interest his mind in matters of this kind.

He is represented in the following terms, in the numerous credentials he received as clerk, at different periods, as being "faithful, trustworthy, competent, &c." and as "never having abused the unlimited confidence reposed in him."

---

## CHAPTER II.

Family Letters—Christian Experience.

The correspondence between himself and sister, evince a kindred sympathy and interest in the welfare of each other. Indeed his sister seems at an *early* age, to have been to him a guardian angel, to keep him from temptation, waywardness and folly.

Deeply imbued with the love and knowledge of Divine truth, she was abundantly qualified to counsel and advise her younger brother, and her little sermons undoubtedly exerted a salutary influence over his heart and life. While at the Academy at Fredonia, Feb. 8th, '29, she writes—

I feel much interested in your prosperity, and hope you enjoy yourself in G———. Yet remember Abel, that perfection is not to be found in any person or situation in

life. Let me entreat you, dear brother, not to seek happiness from the things of this world exclusively, entwining your affections around them as your only treasure. Consider they are of the earth, earthly, and must soon return to dust. We ourselves also, are passing away fast as the wheels of time can carry us. Religion will prepare us better to enjoy the things of this life and fortify our minds to meet all events with calmness and resignation.

In another letter she remarks—Abel, if we have so far sustained a good character, it is highly important that we strive for it through the remainder of life.

At nearly the same time, he writes to his brother Edwin,

"Since leaving home, the Lord has (I trust) shown me my perilous condition 'out of Christ.' I have been made to feel that I was a great sinner. I have thought of joining the church in this place, but do not know that I am fit to belong to a people devoted to God as much as that body *ought* to be. Such a responsibility is resting on a person of *this* description, that I think and fear I should be a stumbling block to poor sinners.

Brother, do you think of the obligation you are under to live as a christian? Do you think of the Covenant you made with your God when you was buried with Christ in baptism? Oh, if you do, as you value your soul, do not break it.

"He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the Kingdom of Heaven."

"During this period (at nineteen years of age) he joined the church at Fredonia, and immediately became interested in Sabbath Schools and the cause of God universally—and in whatever he engaged for the cause of Christ, he entered with his whole heart."

Even from his first experience in the divine life, he seems to have been confirmed and established in those high and holy principles of religious obligation, which he ever manifested in after life.

FROM HIS SISTER.

. . . . I am exceedingly anxious that you live devoted to God. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy path. Your young companions may forsake you, but let them take knowledge by your life, that you have learned of Christ. After relating her own experience, she farther adds,—A. let us live a self-denying and Cross-bearing life, and that Being who has been the God of our dear parents will be ours also.

While interceding at the throne of grace for ourselves, let us not forget our dear brothers at home.

*Dunkirk, Sept. 4th,* '30.

Dear Sister,—As I am deprived the privilege of attending Covenant meeting this afternoon, I write you a few lines. I was quite disappointed in not attending Association, yet endured it very patiently, but Mr.——— informed me that I could no more attend meetings during week days, while I live with S. H. & Co. I have heard you had a good meeting at Carroll, and am glad others can have the privileges and enjoy them if I cannot. But Cynthia, I hope I shall not always be obliged to live as I now do, although I think it is all for the best. I have enjoyed myself much this afternoon thinking of my dear brethren and sisters. Oh Cynthia, how pleasant it is to get away from the cares and troubles of this world and sit down with those we expect to meet in heaven!

From a certificate of commendation given him (at twenty years of age) by a Mercantile Company, it seems that he was eminently qualified for business, and that "his integrity and moral character were irreproachable."

He was alternately engaged as a student and behind the counter, as a means of support in the prosecution of his studies—while his sister was much employed in teaching school. There seems also, to have been a reciprocation of favors between them, always so delightful and praiseworthy in families.

At this time his sister writes thus:

"I believe our trials have served to increase our union and strengthen those ti's of divine love, which should entwine around the hearts of all the children of God. Oh yes, Abel, I begin to think trials are good—they only serve to make the path of the righteous to shine *brighter* and *brighter*. We all the time need something to wean our affections from this world and cause us to love and serve God more and better. I do sometimes feel to confide in God, 'Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief.'"

March 31st, '31. To a friend Abel writes, as follows; I never, until within a few days, felt to give myself up to the service of God in *all* respects, but I now feel willing to put *all* on board Zion's ship and give God the helm.

Mr. P. is getting the Presbyterian yoke on so hard, that it will gall his neck (I think.)

Remember me to all friends. Tell brother Hale, that God has seen fit to bless me in a straight forward course, &c. What my *future* destiny is, I know not—my only desire (as respects myself) is, to live so that I shall be approved in that day, when I am called to the judgment seat of Christ.

FROM CYNTHIA.

Sept. 30th, '30.

. . . . I plainly see that I love this world so much, that there is very little of the *Father* dwelling in my heart. A. undoubtedly, you think, you have many trials and disappointments to encounter—well, these are the common lot of all God's people. "Through much tribulation ye enter the kingdom of Heaven." You and I have but just entered the field of battle—shall we desert at the commencement? No, my brother—the victory is for those who fight. Let us endure as good soldiers of "Jesus Christ, the great Captain of our salvation," who will shortly bear us conquerors, through him who hath loved us, away to His heavenly mansions, where we shall sing "the song of Moses and the Lamb, forever and ever."

Do Abel, trust in God for direction in every affair of life. Let us pray for each other, long as health and life remains.

In a subsequent letter to his sister, he writes—"As for the things of this world, I have come to the conclusion, that it is all vexation of spirit. The more I engage in them the more perplexities I find."

Lockport, May 6th, '31.

Oh, my Dear Sister,

What shall I say—In viewing the situation of my father's family—those near and dear to me by the ties of consanguinity. I am almost resolved to say, I will turn my attention (exclusively) to their temporal welfare and to the affairs of *this* life. The Lord has (I trust) taken from me the *desire* of possession in this world, with all its vain pursuits and delusive charms—and I now think myself willing to relinquish *all* for the service of Christ, could I only see my dear brother (for whose interest I feel deeply) in a way to obtain an education. Yet God is able to banish all my fears and place all my hopes on His blessed cause. Think calmly while you read. If I could see you, I could then unbosom my feelings, but I tell you, and I hope in the fear of God (strange as it may seem) that I feel it my duty after asking of God as I trust —*to preach*—and my *dear sister*, if you ever felt to *pray* for your brother, *pray now*, that he may be willing to go forth and discharge his *duty*, relying on God alone to bless and sustain his efforts.

When I look around and see how "white are the fields," —and the laborers so few, I feel anxious for the time to go and thrust in the sickle and share in the bounties of so glorious a harvest. I feel as though I want to wear out this body and these lungs in the service of God.

The path to riches and honor in this world look easy, but not inviting. It is nothing to be rich in this world, but to be rich in grace, is all I wish—or to be more plainly understood, I desire (I think) nothing so much as to be a faithful minister of Jesus. God has seen fit to bless me

abundantly since I tried to serve him—and he has said, his grace is all-sufficient.

The church in this place, has of late received some precious jewels, although some are dead weights in Zion. Should Providence permit, I shall go out to Chautauque in about two months, when I hope to have a message for some of those who *sleep* in Zion. Oh remember me at the mercy seat.

P. S. I expect to leave the business I am in, in about six or eight weeks if the door of Providence is opened. (My employer is now in New York.) You may keep this letter within your own breast, until you hear from me again, as I may be deceived on this subject, but talk to God much about it. I hope all will trust in God, not in Abel,—I cannot give the things of this world. A. B.

Many things of a family nature in their correspondence, (not suited to the public eye) tend equally with the preceding, to exhibit his character in the kindred relations he sustained—such as proffers of assistance to his brothers in obtaining an education, which were duly appreciated and readily accepted.

Such simple exhibitions of his views and feelings, as these frank and unassuming letters present, carry far more evidence of his true character, than the most labored arguments in Ethics, or the mere solution of intellectual problems in divinity. In consideration of so valuable testimony, it is hoped the compiler will be excusable for making so copious extracts therefrom.

Lockport, June 17th, '31.

"Dear Sister,

Yours I have—Jesus reigns—Let the earth rejoice—all I can say is, what hath the Lord wrought! I have often thought of the youth in fair Chautauque, and when in a measure, I have realized their situation at the bar of God, I think I have felt in heart to say, Lord, save or they perish! Let us for one moment look back, when *we* were without hope and without Christ in the world, busily engaged in decorating these mortal bodies, which

soon must be food for worms, and see if we are not under obligation to serve God while we live for even permitting us to bear some humble part in accomplishing his purposes. Oh, how humble should christians feel when God in his infinite mercy has vouchsafed unto them his Holy Spirit, to guide and direct them into all duty—and to assist them to speak and pray to divine acceptance. Christians should ever realize that their strength is perfect weakness, and depend alone on the strength and merits of Christ.

If you who are Baptists, are now, *all* only willing that *God* should reign, and will lay by your party feelings, you will soon be built up a spiritual house, against which the prince of darkness or his followers cannot prevail. I hope you and those dear sisters with you, will do and realize, that the cause of Christ is worth infinitely more than all earth beside—and pray God to keep you humble, that you may never cease your efforts, until you see "the church coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the blessed Jesus." All that is required of you is, to perform the duties allotted to you as individual christians, in the love and fear of God, and leave the event with Him who knows what is best for his children. Christians are apt to have an unscriptural anxiety about God's affairs, are fearful he will not manage just right—but if you ever feel any thing of *this*, be assured that *you* are not right. Don't trouble yourself about the affairs of God, he will permit *error*, delusion, strife and tumult to reign just as long as he sees fit, and then will bring it to an end.—Would that I were more reconciled to the will of heaven. I wish to make a few plain remarks to you, and others, could I see them, on the example those in your situation should exhibit. For several years you have professed religion, yet you are still young. Those younger than yourselves will probably make the same profession; to whom will they look for example? To sister Brown, Burgess, Mallery, &c. If then young christians should thus look to you for instruction, what conduct should you bear towards them? In the first place, you should always greet them

with that pleasant salutation, *sister*. Oh, how my feelings have been dampened by the title Mr. from one whom I really thought to be my *brother*. This affectionate salutation is often omitted in the presence of strangers—but it is wrong so to do—for see, says the stranger, those christians are ashamed of each other.

2d. We should be careful to enquire after the welfare of their souls, whether they enjoy the presence of Jesus or not—and very soon, it would be our greatest delight to tell each other how much of heaven we have enjoyed since last we met.

3d. Let our conversation be in heaven from whence we look for the Saviour.

Finally, we should endeavor so to act that we can look up implicitly toward heaven and ask God for a blessing on our labors. We are apt to forget to pray together. We should make it a practice (on all proper occasions) when we meet and when we part, to begin and end at the mercy seat."

Again he writes—"I am at present busily engaged in the things of this world, but expect ere long to be liberated, and with pleasure I look forward to the heavenly employment, to which I trust, my Saviour has called me. Although, I must say with one of old, "Who is sufficient for these things." "Praise the Lord," for the arm of the Jehovah is *Almighty*. I love you all dearly, but hope I love Jesus and his cause more. I want more humility; I cannot tell you all my wants, but Jesus knows them. The road to heaven lies through this world, and as our Captain went before, let us follow and submit cheerfully to the temptations of Satan and all the enemies of God, recollecting that "they work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Then shall I be satisfied when I awake in his likeness."

Let us so live, that when called upon at *death*, we can say,—I have done what I could. That we may be permitted to reign together in heaven, is the earnest prayer of your brother, ABEL.

## CHAPTER III.

Studies Divinity at Hamilton—Continuation of correspondence with his sister—Letter to his parents and brother.

Although kind offers of commission were presented him (at this age) in mercantile business, he declined, on the ground that "the Lord had *other* work for him to do." And being still desirous to continue his studies with reference to the ministry, he entered the Lit. & Theo. Sem. at Hamilton.

Soon after his arrival in H. he thus describes his journey from Forestville, &c. being a review of former scenes and acquaintance, together with his new abode.

Oct. 29th, 1831.

My Dear Sister, . . . . . I arrived in Lockport Sunday after I left you about ten o'clock—found all warm friends and well. Started on Monday Morn, "on board boat" with Elder Tucker. Arrived at Elbridge in time to hear the first sermon at the sitting of the Convention. Elder Elliott stood in the pulpit and spoke from Rom. 8th : 3d and 4th verses. I think I never heard a sermon from mortal lips, that exhibited more of the greatness, goodness and love of God. He indeed showed himself to be a man of talents, eloquence and powers of reasoning, yet he appeared desirous to use them all in showing the loveliness of the *Saviour* and not himself. It was a very interesting season, and they indeed appeared to sit together "in a heavenly place" in Christ Jesus.

Thursday, proceeded on our way and arrived at Syracuse in the evening—heard the converted Jew preach. Started in the morning and arrived at Morrisville about noon. I now feel quite at home. Called on most of the friends, visited the grave yard, and there saw the little mounds raised over the bodies of many whom I once beheld walking the streets of Morrisville. There is a sweet-

ness in the thought, in viewing these sepulchral homes, that the *mortal* part only rests there. It seemed very pleasant to read the names of those who (as I trusted) died in the triumphs of faith, for while I gazed on the earth that hid their bodies from sight, I looked—and by the eye of faith, saw them rising in the likeness of Christ. I saw the grave of Miss L. (Oh, that fair form is now wasting away.) I felt as though I could weep, but something whispered, she has gone to God who will do no injustice.

All my young acquaintance received me very cordially: those of us who were once boys and girls together, now, apparently took more delight in conversing with each other than ever. But my sister, they don't love Jesus. I endeavored in my feeble manner, to tell them that Jesus had died to save sinners, and that they must believe on Him if they would be saved—yet none but God can turn them. I hope I love to pray for them. I went to Messrs. ———; the young ladies inquired particularly about you and expressed a wish to see you, which I think was real.

I arrived here last Monday evening—called on brother Dean and was welcomed to his abode, and for the first time was permitted with him to address a throne of grace.

We rise in the morning at half past four—assemble in the Chapel at five and attend prayer, (O Cynthia, it is a pleasant place.) Breakfast at about half past six,—have porridge and bread for breakfast,—meat, sauce and bread for dinner, or leave the meat and take butter, as we choose. For *tea* we take *cold water*, bread and butter. This is the fare of most of the students or of the abstinence society; but tea, coffee, &c. are furnished for those who wish them.

Cynthia, the word self-denial means a great deal. Inform yourself in what duty consists, and "go thou and do likewise." Sister, I would write more on this subject, did room admit. I do not like to write such a letter as this, but knew you would expect it, therefore comply. I had much rather be telling you about the Saviour, for He appears exceedingly precious to me at this time. The

closet has been very sweet to me, although I have the same temptations of sin and of Satan to withstand as ever. I hope you grow in grace every day, for this is your privilege. I think I feel more sensibly the presence of God—that He is ever looking into the innermost recesses of the soul. It is a fearful consideration,—but if we can hide under the Saviour's wings we are safe. What unholy creatures we seem, when we realize that the all-piercing eye of Jehovah is upon us!

*To all.* I hope none of you meet at the mercy seat without remembering Abel, especially in a family capacity. God will hear prayer.

Remember me to all the dear brethren and sisters—especially to those who bade me such a hearty farewell.

Yours in a precious Savior, A. B.

22d Feb.—This morning have been reading the 18th chapter of Matthew. I find that I owe God ten thousand talents, and that when I had nothing to pay, He, as I trust, forgave me all the debt. On examining my heart, I find also that I have been like the wicked servant who took his brother by the throat, when he owed him but one hundred pence. O, shall I ever possess the forgiving spirit which characterized our Saviour. I have often thought if I could go to F., I would with pleasure confess to those who stood opposed to me in opinion, that I did not feel the forgiving spirit of Jesus. My sister, it is our duty, if we do wrong in the least, even to a person who has all his life-time abused us, to go to that person and confess our fault. We must confess and forsake our sins, if we would find mercy. Have all the dear brethren and sisters in Forestville church, confessed all their wrong feelings toward and expressions about their opposing brethren and sisters? If they have not, they cannot expect to be blessed in soul, and they certainly have not done their duty. We must *do* those things in which we ask God to bless us or we cannot have free access to the mercy seat, and if we are shut from that blessed place, we are surely in a lamentable condition.

Sunday Eve, Feb. 26.—I have just received a letter from brother Thomas. He tells me he hopes he is a christian. I hope you will lead him along. I want to talk with you about self-denial. Bear with me a little longer. I find it is our duty to deny our taste as well as any other vain desire. I find by experience that I enjoy good health and live without pies or cakes, tea or coffee. A plain, simple diet is for our health; it costs the least, and God approves. A contrary course injures our health, costs more, and God disapproves. I only mention this subject, and leave it with you to pray over. In doing the will of God, there is great reward.

Hamilton, May 25, '32.

Very Dear Br. Edwin:—I know not how to address you as you may be in eternity before I am ever permitted to see you. I know not why you are afflicted, while I enjoy health. You cannot be a greater sinner than I am, therefore *that* cannot be the reason. I can only say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." I hope, my brother, you will neither murmur nor repine at your lot; for the Lord does all things well. He knows when it is best to send affliction upon his children, and when best to take them to himself. Only resign all into his hands and trust in Jesus for salvation, and you can meet death with a smile. Do not think your situation and lot hard; for when compared with others they are not. A short time since, I was at the County Poor-house — went around among the sick and conversed with them about their eternal interest. I found many without hope in Christ; two in particular were miserable, compared with your situation. They sent for me to visit their chamber. I immediately complied with their request. I went to the bedside of the first, a black woman, about middle aged. She was in great distress—told me she had a hope in Jesus and expected soon to be with him. Yet, said she was willing to bear all the pain the Lord saw fit to inflict, as he would not send one too many. The other was an intelligent looking young woman, whose husband had become a drunkard, and left her, with a dear little child after bring-

ing her to this land of strangers, sick and alone, without any friend but the mercies of the public. In this situation she was carried to the poor-house. She was almost overpowered with grief. She said that she had an aged father and mother in Massachusetts; but they were unable to render her any assistance, and she was unwilling to have their hearts broken by the sad intelligence of her situation. After telling her about Jesus and his suffering, she, looking at the little child, said, " Were it not for this, I would willingly die." I looked at her and then at the black woman, who asked me if I was willing to pray with them. I kneeled by her bed-side, and tried to commend them in the name of Jesus to Him who hears prayer. After I arose they thanked me for what they esteemed kindness, and I soon retired. I have reflected much upon the scene since that time, and have endeavored to compare their situation with yours and mine. They have no father who prays for them; no mother to soothe their anguish and answer their calls; no affectionate sister to sympathize with them in their affliction, and no friend to call and tell them about Jesus. I hope, my brother, you will be calm and undisturbed when thinking of your situation, and try to realize that you are not at your own disposal; but that God has sent this affliction upon you for some wise purpose; and although you may not think or see why it is so, yet, trust in God, and believe him when he says, " all things shall work together for good to them who love him."

The only desire the christian should have to stay in this world, should be to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. The Lord knows when to take them to accomplish his purposes. You may at last meet around the throne with hundreds of immortal spirits, who were brought to see their situation through the instrumentality of one converted at your death.

Death, to the impenitent sinner is the " king of terrors"; but to the christian, it is the beginning of life. Is it a terror to be free from sin, and to be like Jesus? The thought of being like Jesus has many times filled your soul with joy inexpressible. But, O my brother, what will the

reality be! Now we look only by an eye of faith into Heaven, seeing Abraham, Isaac and Moses, with angels and Jesus—and even this infant glance almost overcomes us; but what will be our joy when seated in their midst! I have sometimes been ready to inquire, why am I not one of their number? It is because this clog of clay holds me down to earth. But I trust you will soon have the privilege of leaving this hinderance, and death alone can separate this mortal from immortality. Then do not fear to die, for death is no more than raising the curtain which hides Heaven from our view. We should be willing to stay here just as long as God would have us, and bear with patience all the afflictions he sends upon us; for we never can suffer as much as Jesus did. I want to see you very much, but do not expect it in the flesh. There will be no death around the throne of God. There, we can praise that Jesus who died to redeem us without interruption. O how sweet his name will sound when sung by an immortal tongue! Were there not a world of sinners who never heard the sweet name of Jesus, I would gladly go with you to His Father's mansions. I must bid you adieu. I shall, in my feeble manner, try to pray that God may give you a calm and unmoved spirit; and that, whether He permits you to live or die, you may be His. Oh, my brother, *trust* in *God* and *fear not*. Farewell.

In the prosecution of his studies he was obliged, as he had hitherto been, like many other students, to rely entirely on his own exertions for support, excepting occasional favors from his family, always given with a good will and a hearty "God speed," which to him was more than an encouragement to effort.

In his sister he never failed to find a sympathizing friend to cheer him onward in his course, as from her lips and pen she dropped the words of consolation and of love.

Hear her say in that angel voice, "Go on, my brother; my soul says, go—Yonder is the prize laid up in Heaven above." Then pointing the way she proceeds—"but ever be mindful that through much tribulation we enter the

kingdom of heaven. There are many enemies to encounter; but they shall be destroyed, and we come off more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us. Oh that I could do something for God during the little time I may be permitted to live. I feel that my life is almost spent. Had it been spent in usefulness, then I could meet death with a smile — but Jesus lives; therefore have I hope. I have enjoyed many pleasant seasons in my little retired chamber since you left. Sweet have been my meditations on heavenly things, and you, my dear brother, have not been forgotten. May the Lord ever be your guide is the prayer of your unworthy sister. I now retire —" and there, in the sanctuary of a sister's heart, was he again and again remembered.

In a letter dated, Hamilton, Dec. 5, '31, he thus writes:

Dear Parents: — I trust, I have felt and do still feel grateful for your unceasing kindness to me. I am led to thank God for permitting you to live, and be a guide to me in youth. But the privilege of receiving religious instruction in childhood, is one that I never have realized as I ought. Where should I have been or what my fate, had I not have had religious parents to instruct me—God only knows. I think I have (of late) had a small view of the blessings resulting from praying parents.

You appear precious to me when I think of the circle around a father's fireside, or when I think of you as earthly friends, who will always sympathize with me in affliction, but when I think of you at the mercy seat, pleading in my behalf, then it is, the cord is fastened in my inmost soul. Then we are cemented together with a Saviour's blood.

We ought to be very humble before God for permitting us to labor in His cause. We should not think, we are making sacrifices, when we are called to give up Father, Mother, Brother or Sister, or even our children for Christ's sake. I hoped to have been permitted to have supplied your temporal wants, when old age deprived you of strength —but I trust Jesus will then lend you His sustaining arm on which to lean, and will not only go down with you to

the borders of the grave—but will lead you through the valley of death—and present you spotless before the throne of His Father, while he exhibits His wounded side and points to Calvary, saying,—*there* I purchased these with my blood!

N. B. I hope, you will not trouble yourselves about my temporal welfare. A. B.

Writing his Sister, Dec. 25th, '31,

In view of the heathen world, he was led to exclaim—Where is the christian, who thinks enough of the Saviour and the souls of men to leave the parental roof and all civilized society, to go and teach them, how to escape the wrath of God. I have asked myself, are you willing to make these sacrifices, leave home, Father, Mother, Brothers and Sisters and America with all its enticing charms, for the privilege of teaching poor benighted heathen that Jesus Christ was crucified that sinners might live? I do not know what to answer, but sometimes trust, I can freely say — here Lord, am I — if thou canst accept of so sinful a creature. I know not *where*, it will be my duty to labor, I must leave it until future years to determine; hoping, I shall be willing to go wherever the Lord would have me. You are bound to me my sister, by endearing ties, and I vainly hoped to have strewed your path with temporal blessings, but the Lord in mercy has shown me (in a degree) that *this* world is neither an abode of pleasure or of rest, and that we ought not to think of resting here below, but rather be anxious to wear out these mortal frames in the service of our Divine Master. With these feelings I ask you solemnly—are you willing to become a Missionary? Are you willing to live, labor and die, pointing sinners to the Lamb of God? I do not ask you to go to Burmah, there are heathen *this* side of that benighted region—I only ask, are you willing to give yourself up to the cause of Christ, and pray God to open the door and make you willing to enter in. The poor Indians call—The distant vallies of the west cry, "come over and help us"; and on *all* sides the voice is heard, "tell us how

to escape an eternal hell—and who Jesus Christ is." I feel as though I could with pleasure give you the parting hand and say, go, labor for Jesus. I know we are not fit or worthy to be Missionaries; but Jesus is worthy. These feelings are not of the moment, and the more I inform myself upon the subject, the more I long to have my desires granted. It is not impossible for God to open a door that you may go out and labor for Him. I trust we feel that we are the Lord's and not our own. We ought not to have any interest of our own separate from Christ; and Christians must devote their time, talents and influence to the cause of Christ before the isles of the sea shall rejoice, or Ethiopia stretch forth her hands unto God.

To his youngest brother he writes:

Dear Brother Lyman:—I love you dearly and want to see you very much. Yet I am not sure that I ever shall see you again in this world. I wish you to remember that you are not too young to die; and if you die a wicked boy you can never go where Jesus is. Jesus loves to hear little boys pray, and delights to see them good boys. I hope you go to the Sabbath School and to meeting every Sabbath. I send you this little map, in order that you may find the place where Jesus was born, and where he was crucified. And when you find these places, think that this Jesus died and was crucified because we were sinners, and that He might save us from going down to hell.—Please to keep this map very nice, and learn to answer all the questions in the table. Go to school and learn all you can now, while young, so that you may know something when you come to be a man. I want you to write me the first opportunity you have of sending a letter, and tell me whether you go to sabbath school or not, and what you study at the day school, and all about what you are doing, and what is done in Forestville. Tell brother Edwin, I want to see him very much. From your brother, Abel.

## CHAPTER IV.

Second year at Hamilton—His Practical Efforts in the Cause of Sabbath Schools—Missionary Letters—Journal.

He seems to have considered a Theoretical course of studying Divinity, as it is termed, best promoted by a divine course of action. He therefore was not satisfied with being cloistered within the walls of an Institution, without doing something toward the great object for which he was preparing himself. He accordingly was much engaged in exhortation and prayer with his fellow students, and in study of the scriptures, with stated seasons for meditation and devotion.

In writing to his sister, he casually remarks: — I have charge of two Sabbath Schools and two Bible classes; one in each.

Severe in self discipline, he practised every self denial requisite, with his limited means, in the prosecution of his studies—which also served fully to develop his principles and mould his character to the requirements of the gospel. He also improved whatever time he could command, in publicly teaching the gospel of Christ, as indicated in his journals and letters.

Hamilton, Feb. 6, 1832.

My Dear Sister: — I know not as this will ever get to you, but will pen down a few thoughts.

I have just returned from Morrisville, where I have spent three weeks, it being vacation. Have attended meeting almost every day in the village and vicinity. I have visited most of the people in M. with whom I was acquainted, and tried in my cold hearted and feeble manner to tell them about Jesus; but I know so little about Him myself that I could neither do or say but little. Oh that I was more like my blessed Master. While I live, let me labor for Jesus. This world, my sister, how vain it is! What will

the heathen do — no Saviour to shelter them from that Almighty storm that is fast approaching. Can we meet them at the judgment seat of Christ, and stand ourselves acquitted, unless we do all we can to deliver them from this awful state. The youth of our land must come up to their rescue. I hope you will train the dear children under your care, with the blessing of God, in such a manner that they will not live for themselves.

TO THE SAME.

14 Feb. '32.

I have thought, and am daily thinking, concerning the subject I have before written you; but no favorable opportunity has yet presented itself for consideration. I trust that you are laboring for the Lord where you are. We should make it our object to glorify God in every position of life. Self must altogether be laid aside, if we would labor acceptably in his cause.

15th Feb'y — I was unexpectedly called to lay aside my pen last evening, therefore resume it to-night. I have been thinking what I have done for Jesus in my life, and my feelings and thoughts I cannot describe. I received your letter to day, and this evening I have been thinking about you, and have thought God would humble you at the feet of Jesus, if he never did me — That he would permit you to labor for him successfully, if I am not. I think if I could see you I should talk as follows: —

"Dear sister, we profess to love Jesus, and say that we wish to labor for him; therefore it becometh us to lay aside every thing that keeps us from the Mercy seat and hinders us from serving Him. Now are we willing to show by our actions what our words say we desire; are we willing to put off the fashions of the world—our fine clothes—and are we willing to sacrifice our good names—willing to be called singular, enthusiastic, self righteous, fools, and all other slanderous names which a wicked world can heap upon us. Are we willing to deny self entirely and take up our cross and follow Jesus, if he leads us into the burning furnace? The blessed Jesus had not

where to lay his head. Methinks I hear you say, gladly would I make any sacrifice; or, I would not think any thing I could do for Jesus a sacrifice.

I have not mentioned the subject to any one, and shall not until I hear from you; and if you answer me as I trust you will, I shall use my influence to obtain for you a situation, that you may go and labor until you hear the voice, "Child, your Father calls, come home."

I take great pleasure in meeting you at the mercy seat. Adieu, my sister. ABEL.

In his Journal he thus describes his labors on a preaching tour.

*Springfield, Sept.* 8, 1832. I have only a moment to write. I have been in town two weeks, and the Lord I trust has been with me. Have preached nine times.—The Lord appears to be hovering over this place. (Chicopee Factories.) I have not as yet had time to visit any of my relatives; but am under the delightful necessity of meeting an audience every evening. There are about eight hundred inhabitants in this place. My heart entwines around this people; but duty will soon call me to leave them. I have had some views of eternity, and of the awful condition of the sinner in the world of spirits. Oh, when will men learn to be wise and consider their latter end! Have seen Eld. Ezra Going to-day, and heard him *preach*. He is a *going* man, and may the Lord bless his labors.

I take satisfaction in praying the Lord to forgive and "wake up" those drowsy professors who clog the wheels of Zion. The time has already come when Christians must show, by their acts of benevolence, that they are such, or be accounted drones in the hive of Christ. I feel to bless the Lord that the *youth* in the church of God begin to live and act some as Jesus did. Our *Saviour* became poor, that we might be rich. And dare we refuse to follow his example? May heaven forbid.

*Avon, Hartford Co. Conn. Sept.* 13.

I am attending a protracted meeting in this place. God has seen fit to bless me since I came here—but I stand almost alone. Ministers do not preach here as in N. Y.; and christians are not awake to their eternal interests. I I do not know why I have been brought to this place, or what the Lord is about to do with me. I hope I am willing that God should do with me as seemeth good in his sight. When I look back, and see where most who have lived upon this earth have gone, and reflect that most, *now* on the stage of action, are hastening to the same dark abode, *what can I do*, but throw myself in the way, and try, with all the powers which God has given me, to stop men from plunging into the abyss of woe. A soul in hell eternally! how *awful* the thought! who can endure it?

I came through Hartford on my way to this place, but had not time to go about the city much—took a view of the place from the top of the Baptist Church. It is pleasantly situated, and contains about ten thousand immortal souls. There appears to be much wealth and talent in the city. Oh, that it was all devoted to the cause of Jesus! But let others do as they may, here Lord, accept of my unworthy self — time, talents and all — and for Jesus' sake use them to promote Thy glory, or take me from the world — "Thy will, Oh God, be done."

*Springfield, Sep.* 15. — Arrived here this morning from Avon. Have had a precious time during my absence from this place. It appeared to me that God was willing to save sinners; but his professed ministers and people stood in the way. In view of this, I felt to pray "in groans that cannot be uttered," before the Throne, that God would break the hearts of His servants.

On Friday morning, the man who preached on Thursday P. M., with a heart apparently almost insensible, this morning got down upon his knees, being the first who had kneeled, and offered a petition, with all that childlike simplicity with which the ministers of Jesus should pray. It was pleasant to see the tears roll down his stately cheeks.

The church began to weep, and sinners began to cry, "Pray for me." In this situation I left them.

*South Hadley Canal, Sept.* 18, 1832. — On Saturday evening last found myself very much fatigued, but attended meeting. Tried to preach two sermons on the Sabbath at the Factories, and one at Willimansett in the evening. The great God, I trust, helped me. On Monday came to this place—shall continue about two hours.

During his visit in this region, he notices the attention and kindness of various relatives; also the respective character and condition of their families, in all of which, he manifests the most lively interest for their spiritual welfare. Some are represented as being without hope in Christ; others as devotedly pious.

"J—— is like the man in the gospel, 'I have married a wife and cannot come.' R—— has built him a house and is soon to be married. His heart is all full of farms, houses, cattle and sheep, and every thing else, except Jesus, and his religion. Grandmother Pendleton is still living, although 94 years old. She is a poor, helpless, insensible old lady. I have visited the house and farm where I was born; but it does not appear as it did in childhood. The beautiful bed of lilies is gone. The stately oak has been removed—the shed has fallen and decayed—the fine peach trees are not seen, and even the house itself is decaying, and fast falling to pieces." On this scene he makes no comment; for he never allowed himself in vain regrets and sad reflections. This was a peculiar trait in his mental disposition. He was too much engaged in the duties of the "ever varying present," to indulge in the dreamy shadows of the past.

*South Hadley, Sept.* 26.

Last evening, tried to preach in this place, and realized in some degree the presence of the Saviour. I know not why I am thus favored, for I am fully sensible, that I am one of the most sinful beings on earth—having sinned against great light, and crucified the Saviour afresh, again and again. Still, God, in His unbounding mercy, has

seen fit to bless me abundantly. When I realize how this sinful world has used the lovely Jesus, I am constrained to wonder and am astonished that He has not left it to its own choice. I am aware of my indifference to the great concerns of eternity, compared with what I shall feel in the light of another world. Yet still, I am under the painful necessity of seeing those who are even more indifferent than myself—but they must soon awake or be called unprepared, to give an account of their stewardship.

To Cynthia.

With reference to a prospective field of usefulness in some Missionary Station.

*South Hadley, Sept. 26th,* '32.

. . . . . Ever be found using all proper means to facilitate the object you so much desire to accomplish. I love you as I do myself, but I love the cause of Jesus more than I love your society. I hope we shall get where Jesus is in a few short years: until that time, let us be willing to be separated, if the bleeding cause of a suffering Saviour thus demands. The poor perishing heathen call up all the energies of my soul at times. Were I prepared, I would gladly leave my native shores for those where darkness reigns. I have enjoyed myself very well since I have been in this section of country. I have spent most of my time at S. where the Lord is moving upon the hearts of the dear youth. I have preached every Sabbath but one since coming here. Six have been baptized, others are waiting and some are saying, "What shall I do to be saved?" The people in W. are in a cold dead state. Dea. P. is the most engaged of any among them, and he is not more than half awake. I have tried to talk to them, but there appears a mountain of ice hanging over them. Many of the old professors and even ministers seem to press me down into the dust. "Awake, thou that sleepest and Christ shall give thee life." The more I think, do and see relative to these things, the more I realize the importance of christians acting accord-

ing to their profession. But sister, there is a generation of youth coming into the churches, who will unshackle themselves from past errors in the church, and give their all to Christ and his cause. Be faithful to young christians, talk to them, pray with them and impress on their minds the importance of giving all to Christ. Not only do your duty to the world, but arouse others that they may help you in doing this great work.

*We* can do but little, yet if the multitude of youthful friends take hold with us, great things will be accomplished. When you see a young christian in an error, tell them frankly in christian meekness of it, and God will bless you and them also. I have of late, talked to some of our sisters about their curls, ribbons and rings—and to brethren about their watch trimmings, and nearly all of them have said, I am wrong. Some have even taken them off in my presence and said, I will no longer wear these unnecessary ornaments. The only way is, to be faithful, or these errors will not cease to exist. The friends, one and all, speak of you in the warmest terms, and seem to desire your welfare. Yours, ABEL.

CONTINUATION OF JOURNAL.

*On way to New York, Steam Boat McDonough, Oct.* 2d, '32.—I have just left the dear young friends at C. Factories. I have in that place, I trust, enjoyed the presence of the Saviour. Never have I found a company of young friends, who one and all, gave so many tokens of their love and untiring zeal in the cause of Christ. The spirit of Missions is fast rising in their minds. Last evening at a Monthly Concert of prayer, while relating to them the circumstances of Boardman's death, they seemed in heart to say, let me like him labor and die in heathen lands.

In conclusion of a scene—he adds, I often had the pleasure of hearing A. talk about Jesus, with a heart broken by his grace, and I saw her weeping when speaking of her sinfulness, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing her come rejoicing from the watery grave.

*Hamilton, Oct.* 8, 1832.

Arrived home on Saturday last, having been absent seven weeks. I have found the only way to do any good in the world, is to live in the closet. It is the only place in which I can at present take solid satisfaction. There I find Jesus, and He is always ready to hear. There I see my own sinfulness and exalt the blessed Saviour. There I feel for sinners and try to pray for them. There I get my spiritual strength renewed, and I catch some of the flame of Heaven. Yes, 'tis a blessed place, for Jesus shows his smiling face. I prize it above all other places below the sun, for there I get my daily food, and there I drink my daily draughts to slake my thirsty soul; and the water is ever pure, for Jesus has cleansed it with his blood.

He seems not to have been satisfied with entreaties to his sister to become a missionary, but actually made enquiries of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions in relation to the subject. On finding that "single females were not permitted to go out under their protection," he advised her to labor for the Indians at the West; and to this end an early opportunity presented itself, as the following communication will show.

*Hamilton, July* 7, 1832.

Dear Sister Cynthia,—Sister Bingham, a Missionary at Sault De St. Marie, three hundred miles from Detroit on the straits of St. Marys, is here, and informs me that she wishes a young lady to return with her or to go up this fall and join the Mission. She says that Indians have been down to the stations from many hundred miles west, who were desirious to have the Missionaries go and settle among them. The station is in a very prosperous condition, yet they want more help, and my sister, will you go and help them, if the door is opened? Think, dear sister and try to do as Jesus would have you. I shall wait all farther proceedings until I hear from you.

Yours in haste, ABEL BROWN.

The invitation found a welcome response in the heart of her who had long waited the mandate of her Saviour to some field of Missionary labor,—and now how could she refuse. Accordingly, the ensuing autumn she started for the expedition.

With reference to the departure of his sister, under date of Oct. 14, he writes,

I am unable to express the gratitude I feel to God for permitting me to beborn of parents who are willing to give up their children to the cause of Christ. My father and mother never appeared so precious to me as within a week past. I am almost led to think that I never loved them before. Yes, my mother, it is better to wear out this mortal part in teaching Indians about Jesus, than to lay it in the tomb before the vigor of life is spent. Let her live among the heathen—labor and die among them. Then when Gabriel shall blow the trump of God, let Cynthia rise with the dear red sons of the forest, and go up and reign with Christ.

Nov. 9, 1832. This day closes the twenty-second year of my life. On reviewing the past, I am constrained to say, I have done nothing for the Saviour who died for me. My childhood passed thougthlessly away. The days of my impenitency were spent in such a manner that I cannot think of them without shuddering, and even since I hope to have loved Jesus, I have continued to disobey his just commands. As to my own enjoyment, it is so much obstructed by sin that my course is very much retarded,—still, can but love Jesus and put my trust in Him. "He is my soul's bright morning star,"—and "He my rising sun." And on Him my hopes depend.

## CHAPTER V.

Continuation of Letters and Journal—Third year at Hamilton—The Mission family.

*Hamilton, Nov. 11th,* 1832.

This day I have been reading the Journal of Elder Judson, and while I have traced him over hills and across rivers, now walking until his worn feet prevented, then rowing his little boat up the Salwen—here preaching in the open air—there in a shed—writing his journal in the canoe and sleeping on the ground—I have almost thought I was accompanying him. I would gladly be with him, and trust I shall yet retrace his steps. The heathen appear to be willing to hear concerning Christ, and who can withhold the gospel from those who are seeking to know its influence? Surely not those who have the spirit of Christ. Gladly would I exchange these exalted shores for the delightful forests where Burmans and Karens rove. How pleasant to point them to Jesus. Surely I should want a thousand tongues that all might hear of His lovely name. When reflecting on this subject I almost forgot my own unworthiness—but Jesus is worthy and in his name I hope to go. I have promised the Lord that I will wear out this mortal frame in Africa—yet let his holy will be done. "Here am I Lord, do with me as seemeth thee good."

*Hamilton, Nov. 18th,* 1832.

Dear sister,—Yours of the 25th Oct. came to hand yesterday. I had been waiting for it with deep anxiety. When I think of the hand that wrote, as being where I have long prayed that it might be, I feel in a measure happy. Last spring, when you wrote that you were sick, my sweet anticipations forsook me. It appeared that the door was forever closed. I wept and prayed, but how

could I willingly submit that you must die before you had done any thing for the perishing heathen. But how good the Lord was, for He showed by that affliction that without his assistance we could do nothing. Blessed be the name of the Lord, that He has ever given you a hear to labor for Him, and more especially, that He has humbled it sufficient to make you willing to labor among the Indians. I doubt not, you often feel when looking over some delightsome forests to say, " where is the lamb for sacrifice." Your feelings accord with mine in this respect, but let us not be discouraged, for Jesus Christ is intersted in this work, and He will raise up men after his own heart who will gladly be sacrificed upon such an altar.

As regards my own views and feelings on this all-absorbing topic, I can only say, I delight in praying for the heathen and I hope to wear out this mortal body in laboring for their good, but in what part of our world, (if God should spare my life and make me humble,) I shall labor, is known only to him. When I read of the benighted Africans, I almost vow to render them my services. The islands of the sea, Burmah and the Indians are often called to mind, and I think of their wants and degradation with feelings indescribable, but cannot as yet do any thing to help them. I trust the Lord will keep me through his truth and make me willing to go where the cause shall most demand. You are aware how persons feel when they take a religious publication and read that assistance is wanted in Greece—Oh, say they, I will go and help them. They read again, that France is ready to receive the gospel,—they say within themselves, can I not help them,—and as they continue to read, other places are presented to view, until at last the *world* appears before them with all its wants. Then they cry " here Lord am I, send me where thou wilt." When I enjoy the presence of the Savior I have similar feelings. I have received two letters from mother since you left home. She says, sometimes I feel as though I cannot part with my children; at other times I commit them into the hands of Jesus that they may work in his vineyard. Her heart, she says, was

rent when you left her, but she feels reconciled to the will of heaven. When we think of the situation of our parents, we feel that it would be desirable to continue with them and comfort their hearts; so also the glories of heaven were inviting to the Son of God, yet He did not refuse to leave them for a season, even that He might die on the cross. May we not then gladly leave father, mother and all friends, for so glorious an object as the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom, and when the resurrection morn shall come, may we not hope to meet our friends in a world which knows no change, forever to dwell in the home of the blest. . . . . .

With reference to his brothers he remarks, you know that when the Lord called me to leave my business, it was with many tears that I gave up the idea of educating my brothers, but God has been better to me than either tears or fears. How unsearchable, &c. But dear sister, they have no hope in Christ.

Come my Cynthia, let us pray God for them and don't ask anything less than that He should make them faithful ministers of Jesus Christ. I find, God is just as willing to do *great* things for us as He is small, and the *more* we ask, if we ask aright, the more He loves us. * * *

In looking forward to the work in which I design to labor, I tremble at the thought of appearing before the bar of God, there to give an account how I preach. Not less fearful is that also, of addressing in the name of Christ my fellow men. Had I the views of the apostle Paul, I could cheerfully go forth with the assurance that God would bless my efforts; but who can do any good in preaching with such a heart as mine. I feel that all I am and all I possess is the Lord's, and that my life is to be sacredly devoted to his cause. I am aware that I can do nothing without the assistance of divine grace, and that I have abused all the blessings which God has bestowed upon me. Still, I cannot think of going back—and if I stand still, I shall only be a curse to the cause,—therefore go forward I must or perish. The subject of

self-denial, has occupied my mind very much since my return from Massachusetts. The great majority of professing christians appear to have just as much self-denial about them, as they can have and gratify all their selfish desires and appetites. Many say, what I have, is mine, I therefore have a right to eat, drink and wear what I please. If religion does not consist in loving God with all the heart and our neighbors as ourselves, and if these affections do not manifest themselves by our actions, I know not what evidence we have to think we are christians. It seems to me also to be very inconsistent, for christians to talk about loving Jesus and yet have no *desire*, consequently put forth no *effort* that others may enjoy the same blessings. Many say, that I err, in carrying the principle of self-denial to so great an extent, but if I am in an error I am with Judson, with Paul, and I think I may safely say with Christ. When I mention the name of our Saviour as an example of self-denial, I blush and am ashamed of my own. Oh Jesus, are there none to walk in thy footsteps? Help me, Lord, to follow Thee.

It seems from his own account, that the same abstemiousness of living still marked his course, only more rigid if possible—boarding himself, &c. With reference thereto, to his sister he remarks—never have I enjoyed better health, never was more thankful, never, if I am not deceived, felt so much for the cause of Christ, and never was permitted to come so near the mercy seat as at the present time.

1833, Jan. 6, Sabbath morning.—I have for the week past been collecting some Missionary intelligence to present before our christian friends, and it sets my soul on fire, to go forth and bear the toils of a Missionary life. What a poor world this would be to live in, had we not the privilege of laboring for Jesus. What are all the social enjoyments of friends compared with the blessedness of preaching the gospel to the heathen.

Again he says, God in his providence has so ordered that I cannot go far hence to the Gentiles, unless He sees fit to remove the obstacle now in the way.

In referring to his views and feelings respecting those with whom he was called to labor, it seems that *the obstacle* preventing him from turning his attention directly to the "heathen world," was found in the obvious and therefore imperious necessity of laboring at home in his own native land. Still he held himself ready and willing to obey the call of God wherever it might lead him.—It is perhaps enough, that he possessed the spirit of a Missionary, for God only requires the heart, with submission to his will.

Feb. 18, 1833.—I have of late felt more anxiety about being filled with the spirit than ever before in my short life—I have seen many ministers who appeared to know and say many things in themselves excellent, while the spirit of God seemed not to be with them,—and I have observed that all such men do not seem to have their labors blessed of God, while the more ignorant and unlearned who possess piety of heart are blessed abundantly. These with some other things have been visible witnesses to me that unless one is endowed with the Holy Spirit, he can be of no use as a servant of Christ. Then follow his hours of retirement and study in his little Bethel, (as he was wont to term it) into whose sanctuary I would not farther intrude. Suffice it to say, such was his idea of preparation in rendering himself able to "impart the word of life skillfully" and with success to others, aside from mere technical theology.

Hamilton, Feb. 28, 1833.

My Dear Absent Sister,—I have this P. M. received your letter, and while I have been reading and thinking where the person who wrote it labored, I have felt to say with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings, then would I fly away" *not* to "be at rest," but to lead the poor heathen to the Lamb of God.

Never, my dear, did you appear so precious to me as at present. I loved you when we thought not of God, because you was my only sister,—but now I love you because I see you putting on the image of Jesus. I love you as a

sister, a christian, and a missionary. Believe me when I tell you, I esteem you too much to wish you even here. Every time I think of you, I feel more and more to say, Oh Jesus, spare her and permit her to labor for the Indians, and bring us at last to dwell with Thee.

Relative to separation from home and friends, he adds,—

There is a consolation in the thought, that Christ will help us to overcome those affections that would debar us from his service. True, we must pray much and "wrestle with the angel of the covenant"—but soon he will say, your name is Israel, for you have prevailed with God. In view of the work of the Missionary, we need neither fear nor despond, for it must and will prosper. The more we become like Christ, the more the powers of darkness will rally their adherents to obstruct our way, but what are all the wicked men and devils and evil passions combined, to hinder us when we have an Almighty Christ to intercede for us. In view of the agonies in the garden who would not labor, and with a bleeding Jesus before our eyes, who would not deny self and suffer all that earth and hell can inflict, for the privilege of telling the poor heathen about so dear a Saviour. Dear sister, go on,—my soul says go. Keep the glory of Christ and the worth of deathless spirits in view, and God will nerve your arm for the conflict while on earth, and at last receive you to his embrace in heaven.

Mar. 3d, 1833. I sensibly feel my unpreparedness to write you, and were it not that you are my only sister, and were you not expecting me to write I should lay aside my pen, but bear with me if I am not as much like Jesus as yourself. Realize that I have not loved Jesus as long as you have, and if we had grown in grace every day—you would have been at an immense distance in advance. But sister, the more I see of the loveliness of Christ the more I long to be like him. I do not desire so much to go to Heaven now and be clothed in his likeness, but I want the humility, devotedness, self-denial and self control, and love

for dying sinners which he possessed. I see so great a want of personal piety in myself, and in far too many of tha servants of Christ already in the field, that I almost despair ever being of any use in the vineyard of my Master. We must feel as did one of old when he said, "rivers of water run down mine eyes because men keep not God's law," and then when we address sinners we shall see the effect. Jesus could weep—and Paul could weep in view of the condition of sinners, and *cold* must be the heart that refuses to feel when called to address those who are more than eighteen hundred years nearer the judgment seat.

During a temporary visit of his sister home, he writes the following.

*Hamilton, July 4th,* 1833.

Very Dear Sister,—By your letter of the 26th ult, I was happy to learn that you were at home, but happier to know that you are soon to return to the wilds of the forest. You say you would be happy to see me, and I assure you I should be happy to spend a few weeks in your society, yet I know not that it will be consistent for me to gratify that desire. Believe me, when I tell you it is not because I love you the less, but a sense of duty alone keeps me from my parental abode. Dr. Bolles from Boston was here, when I received your letter, and after knowing your situation and that of brother Meeker and wife, said that if brother M. had prepared a new alphabet for the Indian language, he would have to stay in Boston until a new font of types could be cast, which would probably detain him five or six weeks, therefore, as you doubtless know what brother M. is expecting to accomplish, you can easily judge whether he will be detained longer than you wrote me or not. Brother and sister Wade are here teaching four brethren and five sisters the Burman language. Brother and sister W. appear to live as they have so often (by their letters) said that others should.

My Dear Cynthia, bear with me if I raise a warning voice, for I assure you I do it with the best wishes of my

heart. I do not imagine that you have overcome all the inclinations of the natural heart, even though you have become a Missionary,—neither do I think you are above temptation; therefore just permit me to say, that as you have seen the vanity of the vain trash of earth, so I hope you will show by all your intercourse with others, that you esteem it of too little worth to have your attention even for an hour. Manifest the same self-denying spirit, whether among heathen or sitting amid the splendor and pomp of an enlightened society. You may perhaps be presented things, which would not be consistent for you in your present situation to receive or use—in such a case try to act the part of wisdom. I sometimes think, that many christians think more of seeing and pleasing Missionaries than of pleasing the Saviour—to such, say with one of old, "*Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world?*" There is one other way in which, if I mistake not, the devil will try you—and that is, by getting persons to intimate to you, or tell so that you may hear of it, that you are very pious and Christlike—but I pray you listen not to such insinuations, for if you do, I can tell you by sad experience, you will be deceived. Do not understand me by these remarks, to think you are destitute of piety,—for this is not the case, but I do not think you are as free from sin as our Master Jesus. With very little piety we may be called pious by a majority of professing christians, but let us ever remember, that it is vastly different with us in the eyes of a holy God. Whatever be your situation my dearest sister, live so near the Saviour that you can say, "none of these things move me." And now I commend you to God, hoping and praying, that through his grace you may be enabled to live above the flatteries or frowns of this deceitful world, and that while on earth you may ever be found faithful in the service of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Concerning the reasons, for denying himself this last and only privilege of seeing his sister in this world, he thus writes:

I am extensively engaged in Sabbath Schools in Madi-

son, and if I should leave they would doubtless lose their interest in such a degree that many children who have been taken from the paths of vice would again return. We are also preparing the most flourishing school for a public examination, and I cannot leave should our object be accomplished. There are other young men better qualified to conduct Sabbath Schools than myself, but there are none acquainted in that town to whom I dare resign my place; furthermore, some of MY CHILDREN begin to feel that they are sinners, and how can I leave them? I know that I should receive much benefit from a *personal* interview with you, but I cannot go unless duty seems to require, and this is what I know you wish me to consult. Weep not, sister, for if we deny ourselves this gratification for Christ's sake, He will gratify us with the blessed influences of his spirit, which is far superior. I say then, my dear sister, go on and labor for the good of the perishing heathen, and if I never see you again on earth, may I meet you in heaven with the fruits of your labors and the crown of your rejoicing.

## THE MISSION FAMILY.

Having received instruction from the Board to leave St. Mary's and remove west of Mississippi river, Cynthia had embraced the opportunity, while preparing for the expedition, of returning home. After spending four weeks, (in the words of her mother) 'she then took her last and *final* farewell of us all,' and joined her co-laborers at Cleaveland. They left that place during the summer, and directed their course to the Shawnee Mission, N. W. Frontier of the State of Mo. On the last of October, '33, Mr. Merrill and wife, with Cynthia, proceeded on their route for the purpose of visiting new tribes, for the same benevolent end. With two young men for guides, they pursued their way through a trackless prairie, inhabited only by wild beasts and Indians. They were out a number of days longer than they anticipated, and consequently, became reduced to a very scanty allowance of provision They lay at the Platte river four days before they could

cross, on account of the wind and ice, with nothing but their tents to cover them, and those afforded but a slight protection. On the 5th day they crossed and arrived at the settlement of the Ottoe Indians, where they formed a *new* station.

In allusion to these circumstances of trial and suffering he is led to exclaim, how sweet must be the cold that is endured for Christ's sake. Oh how luxurious the hunger that is felt for the sake of carrying the gospel to the heathen.

EXHORTATION TO HIS SISTER.

Be not faithless but believing, for "it is through much tribulation that we enter the kingdom of God," and although "clouds and darkness are round about you," yet retain an unshaken confidence in God, and He will provide. Lift up your head and rejoice in the God of your salvation, and continue to go on cheerfully in teaching the perishing Indians. Flesh and blood may fail, but only to give life immortal to the soul. Let others do as they will, but may we labor and die to bring the souls of men to God. *Farewell.* ABEL BROWN, JR.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Labors in Western and Central N. Y. for the promotion of S. Schools—Leaves Hamilton and studies at Homer—Becomes a Lecturing Agent in the cause of Temperance.

In addition to previous efforts in the cause of S. Schools, he now labored continuously, for three successive years, in the same benevolent enterprise—pursuing his studies at intervals as time and opportunity would allow. He seemed to deem it sufficient in his Theological course,

to have entered the school of Christ, whose matchless example, was illustrative of the principles he taught—and as His disciple, he endeavored to conform his life thereto; receiving the doctrines of Inspiration as of literal import and direct application in all the walks of life—when with too many, those same truths were received as accompanied by great difficulty, sacrifice and self-denial; these however, he never looked at except to brave. He therefore went forward as one having a divine commission to preach wherever and in what way the indication of Providence might lead him. Preaching on the Sabbath relative to the utility and practicability of S. Schools—then surveying the ground of operations, visiting families, conversing with children in the high ways and by ways, and indeed, in these actual observations, he found ample scope for missionary effort, even in the enlightened State of N. Y. A few citations from his well stored journal will suffice in relation to *this* part of his career.

*Hamilton Institution,—*
*Nov. 4th, Sabbath Evening.*

Have just returned from Brookfield where I have been engaged in efforts to promote the welfare of the youth in that section. The parts visited are destitute of S. School instruction and most of the people are willing to remain thus. Had the opportunity of addressing the first church on the subject of S. Schools. Soon as I mentioned my intention of speaking in behalf of this cause, some began to gaze with a jealous eye—and when I commenced the subject eight or ten left the house, unwilling even to *hear* concerning the nature and object of this Institution. Those who stayed gave good attention, and before the close of my remarks many wept, and others seemed to say, I will do something to relieve the dear children in our land.

Nov. 10th. This day have again visited B———, and there rode from district to district, and ascertained the situation of the children residing within those limits. The whole town, a few districts excepted, is a moral waste. Professing christians are cold and indifferent.

My heart is pained, in looking at nearly seven hundred children in that place, growing up without any of the restraints of the gospel.

His sermons show him to have been well furnished to the good work, and should have met with the hearty response of every professed lover of Christ; and this *was* the case in those places where the subject was fully understood and appreciated. But the ignorance and prejudice attending the introduction of this system, form a strange contrast to the zeal and enthusiasm with which this Institution was hailed at a *later* period in almost every portion of Christendom.

When wearied with exertion, and faint with toil in the arduous duties of his calling, he says—there is a happiness in retiring to the forest and there rolling off the burden which my soul feels for the youth of this country upon the Savior.

Nov. 24th. This has been to me one of those days of hard labor, to which every person who is engaged in the cause of Christ is subject. Have been at Nelson, Cazenovia, Eaton and Woodstock. In these towns there are hundreds of children growing up destitute of religious instruction. How long it will be thus, time only will determine; as for myself, I cannot cease my efforts, until hey are differently situated.

*Institution—Sunday Eve, Dec. 8th.*

Last Sabbath I spent in Smithfield and had the pleasure of tarrying with Mr. G. Smith. I had seen the man in public and in private, in both of which places he is to be admired and beloved; but far more in his family does he exhibit the father and the christian. His conversation was replete with interest and instruction, and his singing was "with the spirit and understanding." He read the Scriptures with reverence and godly fear, and prayed as if filled with the spirit of Christ. With delight on Sabbath morn he went into the S. School, and with the simplicity of a child, did he talk to the children of Jesus and urge them to repent without delay. Mr. Smith is one of

the few men who possessing great natural and acquired talents is equally at home in the councils of State and with the little child, as with a paternal hand he would lead it to the fold of Christ.

The S. School in Peterborough is well conducted, and where many souls have been born of God.

Dec. 19th. This day has been one of deep anxiety for the impenitent. Have had free access to the mercy seat and some faith in God, that he was about to pour out his spirit without measure upon this place (Hamilton.) Visited S. School at 9 o'clock A. M. and had the privilege of talking to the children. Many wept over their condition, others seemed thinking deeply, and eight or ten have lately given themselves up to Christ. The female teachers especially, are agonizing for the souls of their Scholars. Attended church at eleven, and this evening—and have preached to an assembly about two miles distant,—a deep solemnity seemed to pervade the audience and I felt as though God's spirit assisted me. Jesus seems more and more precious, the closet a paradise, and praying a casting off of my anxieties upon Jesus—*there* I find peace indescribable and faith which takes hold of the promises of God.

Again he was led to view himself as expressed in the following extract from his journal.

God has seen fit to teach me that I have not even had the form of godliness. I have labored by night and by day to benefit my fellow men. I have prayed for them with a feeling of sympathy even unto tears, but that I have had any thing more than *human* sympathy in trying to pray, I do not much doubt—or that the glory of God in these exercises has been my object, I do as much doubt. I have prayed, because it was a privilege—and I have labored, because I longed to see my fellow beings in a better condition, and could not bear to see them following the downward road to perdition. True, I have not wished to engage in any thing but the service of Christ, but my views of a holy consecration have been as great as the heathen have of the true God. But blessed Savior, I

thank thee that the spell is broken, and that Thou hast raised my mind and enlarged my views of thyself and word, and that I now no longer see Thee at a distance, but that I can dwell in thy presence and feel thy spirit pervading my inmost soul. I am less than nothing—Christ is all in all. Thou hast taken the clay and used it thyself, whilst the vessel has been striving against Thee —but here am I—form, Oh form me to the image of Christ. Oh Savior, drive from my soul every thing but Thee.

Oh how heavenly is the place of prayer—for certain it is, that God is there.

At another time he seemed to himself "like a man who stands at the entrance of a delightful garden, gazing with supreme delight upon its pleasantness, but is not prepared to walk in its beautiful alleys." The christian often feels the necessity of consecrating himself anew and anew to the love and service of his divine Redeemer, and as he passes on "from perfection to perfection," the former seems nought to his present attainment. But the true idea of cosecration as here presented, was an entire renunciation of *self* to the will of God, and a feeling of utter helplessness in himself alone, and reliance on Christ, not only as the Author but Finisher of the work of grace commenced in his heart, to his complete and final salvation.

So much more vivid were his conceptions, that he felt that he had entered *anew* the divine life "a life of giving up *all* to God, and living for Him." He says, I have for years thought that the gospel of Christ demanded that men should deny self, but never have so fully *realized* it as at present. It appears to me that if the spirit of God is to dwell with me, I must eat, drink, sleep, talk and think, and *act* with *direct* reference to his glory. God not only demands that I should *preach* for his glory, but that in the smallest transactions of my life I should have his glory in view. God has so far enabled me to overcome evil that I can, in most instances, govern my words and actions, but these sinful thoughts disturb my peace.

In these seasons of delightful communion with God, which He so graciously condescends to vouchsafe to the children of men, he was led to the following reflections.

This world has no charms, the society of friends is not inviting—every thing but Christ and his cause has dwindled to a point. Those who wish for worldly honor, can have it, but to me it is vain and contemptible.

Of his friends he says, "dearly as I love them, could I sit down with my father and mother and brothers in family converse, or were I permitted to see my sister in her Indian hut, they could yield me no comfort, for they could not hold intercourse with GOD for me, which alone can render me peaceful and happy. Christians are prone to think too much of themselves and too little of their fellow beings. In one of these delightful exercises of contemplation, he suddenly exclaims—but why should I allow myself to be thinking so much of my *own* enjoyment, while this earth is filled with misery. Oh ye who seek after honor, pleasure, ease or riches, how low and debasing are your joys. You despise the joys of the drunkard, in like manner do I despise your foolish pursuits. Oh how pitiable is your condition, seeking pleasure where misery alone dwells Why will you thus debase your noble powers? You think yourself rich, but Oh how poor. For you I weep, and for you will I pray and labor.

About this time he left Hamilton (having received a regular dismission from the Institution) and removed to Homer, to pursue his studies under charge of Eld. Whiting. In view of the responsibility of his calling as a minister of Christ, he was often led to exclaim, "if it be possible, &c." Still (he continues) I dare not cease, but how can I see men reject the gospel and meet them at the judgment seat and witness against them? Yet who could "hold his peace," while men all around are so unlike even the RESEMBLANCE of holiness. One thought has very much occupied my mind, namely, how I can bear to say "amen" to the sentence of condemnation pronounced upon my fellow beings, without having made the mightiest exertion to turn them from sin.

Extract from a letter to his brother Lyman under date of *Aug. 24th*, 1834.

. . . . . Thirteen years of your life are gone—and every moment of them which you have spent in idleness is lost—and you never, no never can live them over again. If for a moment you will reflect on the amount of time you have spent in play, I think you will very much regret that it was not better improved. Had you been as industrious as many boys of your age, you now would have been able to read the Greek Testament with as much fluency as you can your Virgil. Can you not see how much time you have lost? Make then every possible effort to improve what remains. Every moment, is a part of all the time which God has allotted you. Therefore, let each *moment* be spent in preparing for future usefulness. Do you enquire how this object can be accomplished? *This*, my brother, is what I wish to tell you. You remember that from our earliest days, our dear Father has daily commended us to God in prayer. He has done this because he has ever known that we could not live unless God sustained us—that we received our breath from God; also that he daily gave us our food, health and all the blessings of which we were the recipients,—and he also knew that God could take *away* these blessings and our lives, at any time. God also numbers even the hairs of your head and watches over you when asleep and when awake—and has preserved you from a thousand dangers, of which you knew nothing. He also sees you when you are studying your lessons, and at all other times; you indeed cannot see God, but He is nearer to you than any thing you can see. Now, as God is all around you and hears all that you say—and sees all that you do—and knows all your thoughts, how careful you should be to *think* and *act* in such a manner as will please Him. If you would thus meet His approbation and be useful, you must study your lessons; not that you may be a great man, a fine poet or an eloquent orator, and thereby gain applause—but that you may improve your mind, and obtain knowledge, and thereby, be able to learn more concerning God, and better

serve Him. Study to fill your heart with the *love* of God, and the love of those beings of His creation around you, and be satisfied, to be no greater scholar or finer gentleman, than these tempers will make you.

Consider, that every ignorant person and wicked boy that you see, is your *brother*,—and instead of despising, love him, for he was made in the image of God and if you hate him, you also hate *God* who created him. Never think or study how you may obtain the most money or be the most honored, but how you may *do the most good*. There are many other things, concerning which, I wish to write you, but I must omit them for want of time.

From your Brother,

ABEL.

To his Mother he writes the following:—

I received yours, of the 10th inst., and read it with pleasure. I am glad you are so careful to correct every seeming error of your sinful son—but rest assured, all your fears are groundless. H. must have received his ideas from the fact that Prof. Whiting and myself sometimes hold a controversy upon a subject, concerning which, we think alike—sometimes *he* takes the wrong side and sometimes I do—just for the sake of argument and better preparing myself to advocate the truth. I have at times advocated the doctrine of Universal Salvation, that I might thereby be shown its errors. Concerning the doctrine of the sinner's coming to Christ, we have the same opinion, only I do not know but that I am the strongest Calvinist. I am very far from believing that the sinner can or will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, unless the Holy Spirit enlightens his mind and changes his heart. I never advocated the doctrine only as above stated. . . . .

Why should I pray, if "I had renounced the Holy Spirit?" Concerning my plain manner of preaching, I have only to say, that to God I stand accountable. I hope, my Dear Mother, you will not regard every report that the impure breezes waft along, but first try to ascertain the truth, and then make me pay one and six pence for a good and

kind reproof. I hear many stories concerning myself and others, which I know to be false, but they do not trouble me in the least. I have heard that I was expelled from Hamilton—when I have a regular Dismissal in my pocket —but I never even take pains to contradict such reports; and now my dear parents pray much for me.

Yours, in the hope of Heaven,

ABEL.

In studying the New Testament in its original language, he remarks—there is an excellency in the Scriptures discernable only by those who possess the spirit of their Author. From his Dissertations also, it is obvious, that he valued the Scriptures as the medium of communication between God and man in making known His will and character, and therefore, claiming *preference*, over any *other "moral science," to his attention.*

With reference to his feelings for the impenitent at this time, in comparison with those at a former period, he says—*then* I could weep profusely over the condition of men—though much of this was a sympathy not the entire fruit of the spirit—but now, the distress of my soul is such, that I cannot weep; tears indeed might prove a momentary relief, but their flowing will not unburden my soul. I think, I *can say with Paul, "a constant heaviness of spirit," &c.*

Since gratitude is ever coupled with true humility, he was led to exclaim, in view of his unworthiness—"It seems as though God was about to *humble* me with His *mercies.*" At another time, he says, I have so much confidence in God, that I think, severe aflictions would prove the most kind blessing, yet I may be mistaken. Still, if I would only "get low enough in the dust," blessings would flow through rough channels.

*Dec. 7th, '34, Sunday Evening, 9 o'clock.*

This day has been to me one of some labor—have rode about 28 miles to ascertain the condition of the children in this County. Christ's gospel seems very precious to

night. The path of self-denial is also desirable. I would have the privilege of walking in it. O may I die daily, to every thing but Thee and Thy cause.

Passing over similar accounts to the one above stated, I will myself give a Compendium of his labors, from his S. S. Journal.

*Homer, Apr. 20th*, 1835.

Spent from 7 until 10 o'clock, in collecting money and adjusting accounts, for the examination of the Board—from 10 until 4 o'clock in visiting poor families in Courtlandville—saw *much misery—met the Board at 4 P. M.* Of one place visited, he says, the inhabitants appear to be given up to *cursing*. From thence I went two or three miles N. W. through a part of the town, where I am glad, no one lives. In writing of one congregation, he says, I became convinced that some of them were opening their eyes about half way to the importance of the subject. Their Pastor, Elder P., is really engaged in the good cause, but having formed his habits and manner of action in a different age from this, and having other excessive labors to perform, he can do little more than talk to his people in favor of the object. He will encourage any cause, calculated to make men better. Among the obstacles in his way, he says—There being such a multiplicity of denominations, that think it not proper to unite with any sect except their own, renders it exceedingly difficult, for the friends of S. S. to advance the good cause.

*Truxton, Sunday, Apr. 26th*, 1835.

Addressed the Presbyterian Church in A. M., and the Baptist in P. M.—met the friends at 3 o'clock, and formed S. S. Teachers and friends of S. S. Association in the town. The Officers are,—a Methodist, President,—Secretary, a Presbyterian,—Treasurer, a Baptist, and the Directors, were also from the different sects; all of which Officers, constituted an Executive Committee. In his excursions he did not fail to visit the most obscure villages, seeking the abodes of vice, poverty and wretchedness, that he might impart the words of instruction to the igno-

rant, administer the kindly warning, and gently reprove the erring, and to alleviate the woes of the suffering. Many affecting cases of the *last* named class are given; one in particular, of an elderly man who lived with his daughter —she "dependent on the care and protection," and *he* on the hospitalities, of a drunkard, (her husband.) After united prayer and conversation, the old man gave glory to God, for the friendly call, and the woman disconsolate and weary with watching beside the sick among her little ones, felt her hopes brightened and her strength renewed, by the unexpected visit. Thus in visiting families to ascertain their condition and want of religious instruction, he was led to see the misery of Intemperance, and immediately enlisted in the warfare to extirpate an evil so direful in its consequences, proving alike destructive to man's moral nature and to the relations he sustains to his Maker, and to his fellow beings; thus forming a mighty obstacle to the progress of truth and christian effort. He accordingly, sought every opportunity to portray the evil in the light of its own hideous deformity, by detailing facts from his own personal observation, and urging the necessity of reformation. Pledges of co-operation, were often given by devoted individuals, to sustain and forward this noble undertaking. In the rallying contest, to the soldiers of the cross, he seemed to say, as Lord Nelson inscribed on the Banners of his army—I expect every man to do his duty; and something was done (the Lord be praised) in the deliverance of thousands of poor, ignorant, and even degraded children in those sections of country wherein he labored, raising them from the paths of immorality and vice, to respectability and usefulness in society, and it is hoped, that to many, such efforts extended even to the salvation of their souls. *These* were beneficial results, to say nothing of the reflex influence on parents and S. S. Teachers in the work of instruction.

As a sample of his usual manner of *rest*, the following is an indication:

*May 20th*, 1835.

Returned to Homer and found myself so much fatigued

that it was necessary to rest one day. Spent it in writing Report for the Board and in reading general intelligence. Attended Temperance Meeting in Cortland Village in the evening.

From a general survey of S. Schools throughout the country, in one of his Lectures he remarks:

The destitution of the 458 counties upon the Atlantic slope may be learned in some measure, from the fact, that in the counties of Madison, Cortland, Cayuga, Erie and Chautauque, there are about 80,000 children, and only about 18,000 of them were in S. S. one year ago, and as many as 30,000 of them were destitute of either moral or religious instruction. Having been through all the counties except Erie, I am sure, that there are as many as the 30,000 who do not attend meeting or S. S., and have no religious parents to instruct them.

From his Journal, it appears also that he visited places in other counties contiguous to those mentioned. During the entire period of his labors in this cause, he also engaged in various Agencies for the dissemination of books and periodicals—collectively, forming a valuable auxiliary to the institution of S. Schools, wherever established.

As a Licentiate Preacher, he labored in Oswego, during the Summer and Autumn of 1835. Under date of Sept. 21, he writes:

. . . . . Attended a Prayer Meeting at Eld. Sawyer's. Brethren and sisters seemed to pray anew. My own soul was more deeply roused than ever, to pray for sinners here. Oh, how precious the souls of men appeared. Brother Norfleet, a colored man and minister, was present. He sung and prayed in his good negro slave style. Sunday morning, preached in the Baptist church. In the afternoon the house was filled and all in a mass, looked me direct in the face and perfect stillness pervaded the audience. Eternity was the subject. They all thought for the moment, and then I fear the world rushed in again. The dear old man seemed filled with Jesus' love, and all were interested in *him* personally, if not with his subject.

"He whom the truth makes free, is free indeed."

In a subsequent letter to his sister, (then a Missionary at Bellevue) a particular *friend* of the subject of this memoir, writes the following, under date of

*Sept. 16th*, 1834.

I received a letter from Abel a week since. He was well, and in his usual good spirits. Perhaps, it may not be wrong for me to say to you, that your brother is tenderly beloved by me. Four long years since, when I was a child, I gave him my heart, with a promise of my hand when I should be old enough; and never for one moment, have I repented of that promise on my own account, and a fearful change must come over me, ere I ever shall. I never have spoken to you on this subject, for I dared not begin, but have many times wished you would ask me, had the subject occurred to your mind, and then I should have told you all. If I have done wrong in speaking to you so freely, or if it seems to you unmaidenly, forgive me, and think it an error of the head and not the heart. After relating her recent experience in religion at that time and her joyful anticipation of seeing Abel, she remarks, I can now appreciate his *worth*.

From her superior education and intellectual endowments, united with her disposition to serve God, she was eminently qualified to unite in any benevolent enterprise, destined to elevate and bless her fellow beings, or raise the fallen from the paths of vice and degradation. In this devoted lady (Miss Mary Ann Brigham) Mr. Brown found a valuable assistant in the cause of Temperance, in the collection of facts, visiting families, &c. Accordingly in the Autumn of 1835 she accompanied him to Auburn, on his agency in behalf of this cause, and was kindly received and sustained by the friends in that place.

The following letter will serve to show the light in which her labors were appreciated:

*Albany, Oct. 15th*, 1835.

Abel Brown, Jr.: My dear Sir—I have just received and read with the most lively interest, the narrative of facts signed by Miss Brigham. Allow me to thank you both,

in the name of our Society and of our common humanity, for this labor of kindness and love. May you both hear the welcome plaudit—"I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." Oh that the healing and restoring influence of the Temperance reformation, could be borne into all those abodes of consummate wretchedness! Oh that *woman*, wherever dignified and elevated and blessed by the heavenly influence of Christianity, would lend her aid, to bear that influence onward, until all the dark places of the earth shall have been enlightened, and all its miserable sinks of sin purified! To this end let us toil without ceasing. . . . . .

I remain yours truly,
EDWIN JAMES,
*Cor. Sec. N. Y. Tem. Soc.*

While no feeling but that of gratitude was felt and expressed on the part of *friends* in the cause of Temperance, a very different sensation was produced among those, engaged in the ungodly traffic of selling spirituous liquors, the *venders* as also those who were made victims, to this degrading vice, and *sold* to beastly intoxication.

A short account of the affair, is found in his Journal, penned some months after the occurrence, in connection with that of similar treatment at a subsequent period:

I was whipped by a grocery keeper, last Fall in Auburn N. Y., also assaulted and seized in the street, and an attempt was made to drag me from the house or cowskin me in the same, and at last was forced to leave the place or submit to the fury of a mob, headed by a number of grocery keepers; among whom were Jonas Brown, Frederic I. Clute, Thomas Munroe and others of a similar stamp.

My "*crime*" was that of visiting about one hundred Drunkards' families, and telling to the community their wretchedness.

The Mob pursued me about eight miles. I left my conveyance and fled to the *woods*, and was hunted for until ten o'clock at night. At one time they came within thirty

feet of me. I often prayed for them and felt confident, that God would deliver me, yet I felt deeply the impotency of every thing but God to sustain me. I trembled, and often found myself saying, "they will have you yet." I never before could sympathize with David, when persecuted by Saul.

In a description of these scenes to myself, he said, that about 11 o'clock A. M., the mob collected, consisting of some five hundred persons, surrounding the hotel where he was, and that in consequence of a man rushing into the house to seize him, the Inn Keeper became alarmed for the safety of his house, and ordered Mr. Brown to quit, consequently, he was obliged to make his way directly through the assembled multitude; yet on account of his smallness in stature and swiftness in running, passed unobserved, and succeeded in reaching the conveyance in wait for him. On reaching a certain distance, as previously stated, he was overtaken by a man on horseback, who was employed for the direct purpose of taking his life. Those who were with Mr. Brown, had taken the precaution to fill the vehicle with clubs, &c, as weapons in case of an assault; and Mr. Brown said he thought, how *easy* it would be for them to take the life of this highway assassin—the next thought, that struck his mind, was the awful fate attending such a soul in Eternity. The man thus *employed* to commit the deed of violence, seemed also to relent. Mr. Brown, therefore, considering him as a *hireling* in the business, offered him five dollars to leave him, and then fled for the woods and was pursued, as before stated, until 10 o'clock at night; making a twelve hours chase from the starting point at eleven in the morning.

Rev. C. Van Loon, in allusion to the affair, told me that in taking lodging for the night at a house, he was received by the inmates, as a supposed convict from the State Prison, and harbored with the intention of returning him the next morning to Auburn. A satisfactory explanation, probably averted the design.

Friends were not wanting at this juncture of events, to

assist and sustain Mr. Brown, in his efforts thus to advance the cause of Temperance.

Among the numerous letters of sympathy addressed to him at this time, is the following:

*Albany, Sept. 9th,* 1835.

My Dear Sir:—I rejoice, that you have been persecuted for righteousness sake. It is one of the instruments God uses to advance His own glory, and we should rejoice to be His instruments, no matter how much we suffer. You can with great propriety congratulate *me* on this point. The persecution, I am now enduring is tremendous, and I have to withstand it almost singlehanded, except that I feel that God is working for me, and will support me in the opposition. I am now enduring from wine drinking Christians, Rum sellers, Beer makers, &c. &c. I pray God for counsel constantly. We must all seek direction from *Him.* But to the subject of your letter. Send us, my dear Sir, your Manuscript at once. We dare publish any thing that is true, avoiding personalities, and if these tales are of the character you name, they may be made a blessing to the nation. Should we conclude to publish them, we shall scatter them to the four winds. The time has come for increased effort, and we are prepared to increase our labors in any way and every way to promote the great work. We are now circulating almost millions of documents gratuitously, and we are trusting to Providence for the means—we never yet have trusted in vain. Should we publish your documents, then I suppose those who have desired their publication, and have subscribed, will help us.

I am, dear Sir,

Your Brother in being persecuted,

E. C. DELAVAN.

An Address to the Public, was also issued, commendatory of the course pursued by Mr. Brown, and relative to the attendant circumstances of those riotous proceedings, from which, the following is an extract:

"Mr. Brown, of whose good moral character we have

sufficient testimonials, came to this village a few weeks since, with a view of making it a temporary residence. Being warmly enlisted in the principal benevolent operations of the day, and particularly in the Temperance reform, and Sabbath School institutions, he determined to exert himself in the promotion of these two philanthropic objects in our village. Accordingly he proposed to visit personally the groceries, where, in open violation of the law, spirituous liquors are daily sold, to investigate their character—company,—and amount of sales—and from thence, by correct estimate, and actual observation, to trace directly the influence of the traffic on the families of their customers, and indirectly on the inhabitants of the entire town. And having obtained these facts, he designed at a general meeting of the citizens to lay them before the public, in the hope that these details of the misery and vice existing in our midst, would excite more activity in the cause of temperance, and thus remove, or mitigate that most fruitful source of evil, to our beloved country and village—Intemperance.

Whilst visiting the abodes of the poor and wretched, he also proposed to procure relief for the suffering and destitute—to secure the attendance of children at some one of the village Sabbath Schools, and enlist the feelings of the parents in the support of these institutions.

These were the objects, and these the motives that prompted Mr. Brown to enter upon a work so arduous and self denying. The very objects and the very motives, though exercised upon a diminished field, that prompted the immortal Howard, to trace to their miserable habitations the loathsome victims of vice and debauchery—to seek out and visit in their own wretched hovels the sons of poverty and distress.

He made known these intentions to a few individuals, who encouraged him to proceed, and accordingly he had been engaged for weeks in prosecuting his labors—when on Thursday the 27th of August last, being then prepared to lay the facts he had obtained before the public, a paper was forcibly taken from his hands in our streets by cer-

tain individuals, and publicly read: Which paper, being a private memorandum, contained a list of drunkards, of grocers, names of families upon whom he designed to call—in relation to the objects he had in view. To which *actual enumeration*, rumor and mistatement added the names of other citizens, all of whom were represented as included in the same catalogue of confirmed inebriates—which names also it was confidently affirmed were designed to be published. Such rumors and false statements having soon gained general credence, an extraordinary commotion ensued, and Mr. Brown, without trial, was held forth and denounced as a libellous scoundrel and disturber of the public peace. A few who considered themselves particularly aggrieved in the heat of the temporary excitement, not mindful of the salutary laws of our land, attempted to inflict summary punishment by a resort to personal violence, from which attempt however, we are happy to say, he providentially escaped unharmed. And we are still more happy to be able to state, that some of his most determined opposers have since in a spirit of commendable candor and honesty, acknowledged their error, and expressed a regret that by a momentary ebullition of passion they were betrayed into so great an excess.

The above is a correct and unprejudiced statement of the grounds of the recent disturbance—and we are therefore prepared to make the positive declaration, that the excitement originated in no sufficient cause, but sprung solely from false and erroneous representations. That he designed to collect and publish facts in referance to Intemperance, we have said—and to *this* no friend to the general cause of humanity could object—but that he intended to publish *names*, we deny upon his own authority and assertion previous to the disturbance. He refused repeatedly to give the names to his most intimate friends—declaring that he considered himself honorably bound to some poor families from whom he obtained facts not to reveal names, and that he never would be guilty of such a breach of faith—and of this determination his friends at once saw and acknowledged the propriety. Should any think that

the mere having in his possession such a memorandum, is an evidence of his intention to publish it—we would simply ask how any person, being a stranger, could collate and properly arrange a mass of facts relative to individuals without a memorandum?

Thus, then it appears manifest, that the charge instituted against Mr. Brown, of an intention to libel our citizens, and create an unwarrantable excitement, is groundless.

Should it be said, that the manner of obtaining these facts is highly objectionable, as it is a disingenuous method of prying into the secret concerns of families, and an officious intermeddling with the affairs of others;—we would observe, that the character of such procedure depends, very materially, upon the *motives* which prompt to the investigations in question. What patriot, what philanthropist can object to the efforts of benevolence for the relief of misery, how delicate soever the circumstances, with which it may have relationship? All our sympathies, the spirit of benevolence, and the word of God, in which that spirit breathes pure and heavenly from the Throne of The Highest, urge us to the abode of wretchedness and wo, to weep with those who weep, to sooth the anguish of broken hearts, and to guide the young and helpless into the paths of virtue, respectability, and usefulness."

A sample of the facts were also given, of the most thrilling description, and the Report was signed by eighty individuals, whose names will be held in everlasting remembrance, by the lovers of Temperance.

Some months subsequent, he writes the following letter;

*Fredonia, Feb. 1st*, 1836.

MY DEAR AND ONLY SISTER:—You still share in the affections of my heart, although I was married to Mary Ann Brigham on the fourth of December last. I am laboring in the Sunday School in this County—during the present winter. . . . . Mary Ann's health is better than formerly, and my own is almost perfect—heat and cold, winds and storms are alike to me.

. . . . . The churches generally, are declining in

piety, but God is raising up some Ministers, valiant for the truth, and there will be a reaction. . . . .

All my S. S. efforts seem to be blessed. There is good coming out of the Temperance, Anti-Slavery, and Moral Reform Society. The cause of Christ is rising in our land; there are a noble few who fear none but God, who are marching boldly on. We expect opposition, but God sustains us. We have mobs, &c., but all does not deter us. I have been publicly mobbed, cowskined, knocked beside of the head, and assaulted five or six different times during the year past, but God delivers me, and puts all mine enemies to confusion. Our laws here are not our strength—"God is our refuge and strength," &c. Some of the whiskey manufacturers talk of whipping me, but I fear them not. All goes well with me, long as I pray. I have been talking *Temperance* during a part of the summer, and have endeavored to show the manufacturer and vender, that they are chargeable with the sins of the drunkard, and this makes some repent and others to gnash their teeth. . . . There are a host of children, coming under the influence of religious instruction The cause of Anti-Slavery has very much opposition, but it is advancing and will soon prevail. The truth will always prosper. I am an Abolitionist in the full sense of the word, yet I have found little time to say or do much in the cause. Labor on, my dear Sister. My dear wife sends her kind regards, and all send hearty love. Adieu.

ABEL BROWN, JR.

## CHAPTER VII.

Preaches at Westfield, N. Y.—Trials and persecution—Is publicly whipped, &c —Labors in Pennsylvania—Lectures in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society—An Epistolary Address to the Senior Class of Hamilton Institution.

The ensuing Summer, Mr. Brown was located at Westfield, in the work of the Ministry, some account of which is found in his Journal at this period.

*Westfield, July 23d,* 1836.

. . . . . For a few days past, have been in deep distress. Have before been whipped and pounded and hunted like the fox, by men more savage than wild beasts, and have had afflictions of various sorts, but never any thing that took hold of my very life, like the present. In prayer all is light, but elsewhere, all is dark. I have almost wished for death.

Have this day been making some enquiries relative to a religious Newspaper. The Pulpit and Press, with few exceptions, are silent, in reference to the sins of Adultery, and to *Intemperance*, in many cases, and Slaveholding—and but few men, do or say, more than what public opinion will sustain. As for real and entire consecration to Christ, there is little, except in *name* even among those who preach. Alas! Alas! Too true. For myself, I am ashamed, also for my Country and People. If I preach and live according to the truth, all men will hate me. I seem to be known and hated now, by many—or men seem to hate to hear about their own sins."

After giving an exposition of Bible truth in reference to prayer, at a preparatory lecture, he remarks—The truth was highly commended, but I fear, a *very few*, if any, will obey it. Enough are always found to *commend* the truth, but few to live in *accordance* thereto.

*July 28th.*

In the morning, Elder Zenas Freeman called. Had a

pleasant interview. Brother F. informed me of the speculation now in progress among the Ministers. The churches and leaders seem to be going after the world. The minister, who spends a portion of his time in business transactions, cannot spend the same time in preaching "*Christ crucified.*" The Apostles thought it not fit for them to leave the ministry (or preaching "Christ crucified") to even serve *tables* for their brethren, although some were neglected—and can it be best for ministers who have most talent, to devote so large a portion of their time to this work of gain? How would Paul have appeared attending auctions to buy land, and how do ministers appear *now* in pursuing a course directly opposite to that of Paul. The right course seems clear—"a single eye to the glory of God," in the conversion of sinners.

*Sunday, Aug.* 21, 1836.

Preached in A. M. to Baptist and Presbyterian Churches in Presbyterian house in Westfield. Text—Luke 3; 15. Pleasant state of mind during the exercises. All heard.

*Aug.* 23*d.*

Attended the Anniversary of the Chautauque Co. S. S. Union at Maysville. Talked temperance in the evening. As I went from the house to my lodgings, saw ten or fifteen men around a poor drunkard. The tavern keeper had sold him liquor until he could not walk alone, and then thrust him into the street. I could get neither house nor place for a long time, where any one would take him; at last, found a barn to which I led him, and he was laid on the hay until morning. He repented and confessed in the morning, and went home.

*Sunday, Aug.* 28*th.*

. . . . . At 5 o'clock, lectured at Portland Harbor. At half past 7 o'clock lectured at Westfield. Congregation large and solemn. Text—Eternity. A drunken man hallooed in the street, and disturbed the congregation until the cause was ascertained. He had been whipping his wife.

*Westfield, Sunday, Nov. 6th*, 1836.

Having received an invitation from the Presbyterian Church to preach in their house, the brethren of the Baptist Church thought proper to accept the same. In A. M. used as a text, "Rebuke a wise man and he will love thee." Showed the duty of Christians in reference to rebuking sin, and rebuked the sin of Gambling, Whiskey making, and other public sins.

*Nov. 9th*, 1836.

This evening while walking through the streets of Westfield, was attacked by Doct. C. Jones, who struck me about thirty or more times, with a rawhide.

I felt while he was inflicting the blows, calm and composed. Christ held my spirit, as quiet as when sitting by my own blessed fireside. My eye was injured by the end of the whip. The Doctor cursed and swore awhile, and commenced whipping again, but the blessed spirit kept my heart and lips. After my return home, had an hour of sweet communion with God, and could pray with a sincere heart, for him who inflicted the strokes. I have not even an unkind thought, although I was rather severely whipped.

There were ten or fifteen of the most enlightened haters of God about me, while I was receiving the lashes. They all seemed thunderstruck, and one (a Lawyer) who has threatened caning me, became as gentle as a lamb, and said to one of his fellows—"I should not think it possible, for a man to endure thus, and not become enraged!"

The reason assigned for whipping me was, that I had slandered him in the pulpit. I had been preaching against *gambling*, and the Doctor considered himself slandered.

*Sunday, Nov. 13th*, 1836.

Being earnestly pressed by the Presbyterian minister, (Mr. Gregory) preached in the Presbyterian Church, to the congregations united. The house was filled. The text—Rom. 12; 19. The congregation listened attentively. A class of Infidels, Gamblers, Adulterers, and Rum-

sellers, and Haters of God, having banded together, passed resolutions to whip, tar and feather, and otherwise abuse me. Bro. Gregory felt anxious to identify, *publicly* his interest with mine—and after service, said—"Together we live or die."

Mr. Brown continued to preach in Westfield and vicinity, for the space of several months, notwithstanding the opposition he was obliged to surmount, often being threatened with similar treatment in other places, by those who gloried in his having been whipped.

His sermons were not harsh, bitter or invective, but scriptural, full of point and seasonable rebuke.

The solemnities of eternity, afforded him a theme of warning and instruction to his hearers, in view of the final retribution of the wicked. "Christ weeps over Jerusalem," one evening, formed the subject of his discourse. In accordance with which, he says, "my heart was deeply impressed."

*Westfield, Dec. 9th*, 1836.

Dr. C. Jones: Very Dear Sir—"Prepare to meet thy God" is a warning given by God himself; and that I may not be found unfaithful to one, who has, unintentionally perhaps, caused me to hate evil and love Christ more ardently, I remind you of this awful, awful injunction. Since the unhappy evening, in which you were left to sin against God so openly, I have felt extremely anxious that you should be converted and become as a little child. You have not injured *me* in the sight of *God*, and whatever *man* may say, is of little consequence. It will be but a few days, before you and myself will stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Are we prepared? For myself, I frankly say, that the thought of meeting a holy, holy God, causes me to tremble. The sacrifice of Jesus, affords me the only consolation. "The blood of Christ, cleanseth from *all* sin." Therefore, I have *some* hope, yes, I have a perfect hope, that I shall eventually dwell with Christ.

Will not you, my dear Sir, repent of your sins and

ask pardon through the blood of Jesus. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

Your sincere friend,

ABEL BROWN, JR.

[Dr. J. whipped me November 9th, 1836.]

*North East, Pa. Aug. 9th*, 1837.

. . . . . Have been laboring at Westfield until 1st of May, when I expected to have gone to Ohio—even marked and started my goods—but those who owed me could not or would not pay me, therefore, was compelled to stop. The brethren at this place, entreated me to settle, and sent for my goods and brought them about the 1st of June.

While in Westfield, enjoyed some of the love of Christ. Mr. G. forsook me, when my cause became unpopular. Poor man, may the Lord have mercy on him.

When I came to this place, I found about thirty hearers upon the Sabbath, Church divided, and every thing but real *heart piety* abounding.

Have usually talked to four congregations on the Sabbath, and at present superintending two S. Schools beside.

. . . . . I feel myself, a poor vile sinner, unfit to do anything, and deserve to be condemned for not saying or doing much more.

His preaching was of that stamp, that his hearers could not easily occupy a *neutral* position.

. . . . . Concerning them he says—Some professors greet me with apparent delight, others are very outrageous, and leave church before I hardly begin to speak, &c. A revival of deep and extensive interest (through the blessing of God) seems to have been the result of his labors at this period.

*Aug. 17th.*

He writes—Visited Erie, saw Brethren Bakers, and made arrangements for forming a County Domestic Missionary Society.

On the 30th September (following) attended the Annual Meeting of the Erie Co. Domestic Missionary Society. Preached the opening sermon. 'Behold the Lamb of God.'

*North East, Pa., Nov. 16th,* 1837.

This day was ordained. Father Geo. Sawin made the Ordaining Prayer. He appeared to pray in the spirit. Felt calm during the exercises. Eld. Wm. T. Boynton preached the Sermon. It was such as the occasion required.

*Sunday, Nov. 19th,* 1837.

In the morning attended S. S. at half past 10. At noon baptized. * * In P. M. lectured two hours, in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society. In the evening, preached at Freeport.

From his correspondence, at this time, it is obvious that he was much engaged in devising plans, &c., to forward the cause of the slave.

The following Epistolary Address will serve to illustrate, in some measure, his views and feelings relative to the duty of Christians, in the upholding and sustaining the sin of oppression and robbery, in the form of human Slavery.

*North East, Erie Co. Pa., Oct. 30th,* 1837.

Messrs. Ira Corwin, E. E. L. Taylor, Wm. Everts, and others, late members of the Senior Class, in the Col-

legiate department of the Baptist Literary and Theological Institution at Hamilton, N. Y.:

DEAR BRETHREN—The acquaintance which I have enjoyed while a Class-mate with you, has given you a place near my heart; and in thus publicly addressing you, I would honor the cause which we all profess to love, and if I speak of what I think your errors, I will endeavor to do it with kindness.

You are watchmen upon Zion's walls. You are to hear the word from God's mouth, and faithfully deliver the same to the people. You are not to shun to declare the "whole counsel of God." You have finished a Collegiate course of study—received the approbation of your Professors, and applause of the denomination of Christians, to which we hold membership. You are now about to enter upon a course of Theological studies, under the guidance of those Divines whom we have been accustomed to venerate.

My object, in addressing you, is to endeavor to persuade you to leave that Institution immediately; I do this, because I think you will sustain American Slavery, by continuing members of the Institution in its present condition. My belief is founded upon the following reasons:—1st. That Institution courts the support of Slaveholders and their apologists.

Slaveholding ministers and laymen frequently visit the Institution—great pains are taken to obtain their favor. Nothing is said to them respecting the *sin* of Slavery, or if it is mentioned, it is only to say that the circumstances justify its continuance. The contributions of Slaveholders are received. In return, your Professors go to the South, talk and pray, but hold their *peace* in reference to "the peculiar Institution"—Slavery. . . . .

. . . . . Your Professors neglect to cry against the sin of Slaveholding. These men profess to be Teachers of the pure Religion of Jesus Christ. Their station gives them an extensive influence. I learn from the minutes of the last Triennial Convention of the Baptists in the U. S. held at Richmond, Va., that two of them were among the Speakers on that occasion. In the State of N.

Y., their influence is almost boundless. Indeed, it may be said, that the teachings of the Hamilton Professors are exhibited in almost every town in the State. If *they* neglect to hear the cry of the poor, ministers, less informed, readily think themselves excusable. Your Professors preach in behalf of the heathen, and correctly charge that man, who neglects the call of God through them, as lacking the essentials of piety; and a prominent argument, presented by the Agents of your Institution when soliciting funds is, that young men are trained within its walls, to preach the Gospel to the benighted nations of the earth. And is it true, that these very Professors hold their peace, when two and a half millions of Americans are forbidden even the Bible!

You are forbidden *speaking* against the sin, or the right of free discussion. The *evidence* of this is, that an Anti-Slavery Society formed by yourselves and fellow students in the Institution, "was dissolved by the Official request of the Faculty."

You are permitted to form Temperance, Moral Reform, Missionary, Colonization and other Societies, and their merits have been freely discussed. You doubtless recollect, the public dicussion of the merits of the Colonization Society, when our departed brother, Ralph J. Brown, exposed its foolishness, yet the Professors entered their protest against his arguments, and sustained the ignoble enterprize. These various societies prosper, and their continuance is thought to be advantageous; even weekly and semi-weekly discussions, are not only permitted, but considered useful. Time rolls on a little, and a few brethren form an A. S. Society. The Professors hear the news, and "post haste," one of that venerable body, is sent with a stiffnecked request, that the infant A. S. Society be immediately dissolved. . . . . .

The reasons for dissolving that Society were, I suppose, simply these. Anti-Slavery principles were rather unpopular. The South universally hated them, and the North did not fear God sufficiently, to preach what they must admit to be *true*. If the Society prospered, its members

would be ranked among the Fanatics, and as the Professors were known to control the internal operations of the Institution, they of course, must be considered as sanctioning the Society, and thus they also, yes, even the venerable Board of Professors of the Hamilton Baptist Literary and Theological Institution, with a double D. D. at their head, would be reckoned among the reckless fanatics. Methinks, such thoughts as these filled their mighty minds. There are Garrison, Tappan, Birney—good men—but over zealous, called fanatics by the world, and madmen by the Church. Our venerable names, noted for our candor and consistency—"cool heads"—our reputation will be gone, if it is once known that we sanction abolition. Again, it is not practicable. Slavery is a sin. It cannot be right to make property of a man, but it cannot be stopped all at once. Then, Abraham had servants. Again, there is the Baptist Denomination, just getting into lovely Union. Let the *Presbyterian* body fight Slavery. The Baptists have been contemptuously looked upon long enough. There are our Southern brethren, excellent men, good Christians. Our beloved Baptist Zion, it must not be distracted. Our Institution, just insuring the confidence of the Churches. Our candid and stable friends will leave us. "The gospel will destroy Slavery." O Lord, Thou great Head of the Church, direct us. Give us wisdom to check this abolition spirit in the bud.

Whatever might have been the reasons assigned, causing your Faculty to dissolve that Anti-Slavery Society, it is certain that it was a worldly policy, a bending of the truth for the sake of gain, and to win the confidence and favor of the votaries of this system of oppression, in violation of the dearest rights of humanity.

Yours, &c.,

ABEL BROWN, JR.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Settlement at Beaver—Receives Appointment of Agency from the A. S. Society of Western Pennsylvania—Persecution—An attempt to throw him into the River Ohio—"Delivers the Spoiled from the hand of the Spoiler"—Efforts to advance the Cause of the Slave in his own Denomination.

While at North East, a Church was established, through his instrumentality, on Reformatory principles. Soon as this wasaccomplished, he left the Pastoral charge of the Church and received an invitation to settle at Beaver, a city pleasantly located on the Ohio. The call was accepted, at what date I am not informed. He chose rather to itinerate, fearlessly preaching the truth, than to establish himself in any one place by a time serving policy. Neither can it be expected, that a minister will long be tolerated in openly rebuking the sins of a people, in such a manner, that they cannot fail to make the personal application, for his preaching was of that character, that it seemed to speak like that of Nathan to David—"Thou art the man." He continued to preach throughout that section as opportunity offered. Additional sketches from his Journal, sufficient to show the assiduity and zeal with which he labored, are given.

*Sunday, 15th*, 1838.

In morning attended Sabbath School at Bridgewater. At 11 and 2 o'clock attempted to preach. Prayer meeting at noon. Communion at 3 o'clock. At half past 4 went to Old Brighton, to lecture in the evening at Fallston. Felt very little in comparison with Christ, yet felt like warning men in view of the approaching judgment. . .

*Sunday, April 29th.*

Have preached four sermons and attended two Sabbath Schools. At the S. School at Fallston, 9 o'clock A. M. Some large boys gathered from the fishing places, came in and were instructed with interest (to myself at least), and

more apparent interest is manifested in all congregations than on last Sabbath.

I feel delighted in presenting the sublime truths of the Gospel, to the children of men, and although so vile and unworthy myself, yet I hope and expect a revival in this region.

*Sunday, May 6th,* 1838.

In the morning superintended the S. S. at Fallston. Good attendance and interesting. Children many of them gathered from "the highways and hedges." Some quite large, twelve or fourteen years old, who could not read. Others quite intelligent. Tried to plainly warn these young immortals. At 11 o'clock preached in W. Bridgwater. At 2 P. M. in Freedom. Congregation full and attentive. At 4 P. M. preached in East Bridgwater. In the evening at half past 7 preached at Fallston. Visited a number of destitute families. Retired at 10 o'clock rather fatigued and feeling myself miserably vile and sinful, in view of my own heart.

*Monday, 7th,* 1838.

Spent most of the day aiding my wife. In the evening attended and lectured at a Temperance Meeting in Bridgwater.

*Sunday, 13th.*

Spent the day as usual. Attended five services—at 11 A. M., and 2, 4, 6 and 8 P. M.; also a S. School at 9 A. M.

The following days of the week, attended an Anti-Slavery Convention at Pittsburg. Lectured each evening to large assemblies. The same spirit was rife, that caused the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, whose walls resounded to the motto, "Virtue, Liberty, and Independence," from the 14th day of this month, until the evening of the 17th witnessed its destruction, by a lawless Mob in that "city of brotherly love," and State so dear to the memory of Franklin, Rush and others, among the earliest advocates of human liberty.

On the 25th succeeding, Mr. Brown received an appointment of Agency from the Western Pa. A. S. Society.

Soon after, he relinquished his charge, as Pastor of the Baptist church in Beaver, and as "a Minister in good standing," received a cordial recommendation from the same.

He now devoted his time and talents almost exclusively to the cause of the Slave, zealously endeavoring to arouse and incite his brethren of the Baptist denomination to action. He was also employed as Corresponding Secretary and Agent of the Home Missionary operations of that section.

He seemed ready to act at once, and determinately, on any subject involving the duties of himself and co-laborers, with reference to the question of that "sum of all villanies"—American Slavery. The following letter on a subject previously entertained and suggested by himself, is full of interest; and was perhaps the dawn of a brighter day, both to the denomination to which he belonged, and the Slave of our country:

*Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 5th*, 1839.

Rev. Joshua Leavitt: Dear Brother—In the Emancipator of last week I see a proposition for holding a Baptist Abolition Convention. I think it very important that such a convention should be held in the month of May or June.

The alarming demands of a slaveholding church require that immediate and mighty efforts should be made lest an avenging God overwhelm us in deep destruction.

The Baptist churches in the South hold property in slaves, buy and sell men for the sake of gain,—even Baptists sell Baptists—part husband and wife—parent and child—advocate and sanction polygamy—rob the poor to replenish the treasury of the Lord—withhold the scriptures from those whom God has required to search them,—and then say that God has given them this liberty and requires it at their hands. Ministers, D. D's, commit these crimes, and even leave men and women to be sold at auction after their death. Baptists have been found on lynch committees, who have beat innocent men contrary to the laws of God and man. Northen Baptists have quietly beheld these

things, have fellowshipped and are still fellowshipping these "*dear southern brethren*"—have sent their agents to the South, asked and received a part of the profits of these Christian robbers—received *men-stealers* into their pulpits —asked them to preach, pray and commune with them. The leading Baptist periodicals have been silent under the command, "Open thy mouth for the dumb," have excused slaveholders and censured those who "*rebuked them sharply*," have seen their own brethren driven from the house of God by brutal mobs, have opposed a faithful editor until he was shot down at his post, and then rejoiced that the martyr was not a *Baptist minister*. Baptist ministers, D. D's, and Theological Professors, have limited "*human responsibilities*," expelled young men who feared God more than mortals from their "Schools of the Prophets," uttered gag laws, and defended practices at which hell itself would shudder. These statements may appear harsh to many, but they are *true*, and even this is not *all* the truth. Transactions far more degrading have been exhibited by Baptists. Many good brethren are not aware that slavery is thus sapping the very foundations of truth in our churches. They have supposed that such papers as the N. Y. B. Register, Gospel Witness, and Cross and Journal, published weekly a true account of all affairs of importance occurring in the denomination. They have never once thought that *they* were upholding slavery. Very many professed abolitionists have voted to send delegates to the Triennial Convention, without even suspecting that they were sending them as agents to welcome *men-stealers* into the bosom of our Zion, and thereby bidding them "God speed" How can the Baptist churches be aroused and enlightened upon this infinitely important matter? Can it be done more effectually than by calling and attending a National Baptist Abolition Convention? In such a meeting the whole subject could be canvassed, at least as far as human power is concerned,—many of the Baptist papers would publish the proceedings—new papers could be established if necessary, and thus this subject would be brought before most if not all the Baptist churches in the

North. The result would show whether the Baptists love slavery more than truth. My abolition brethren in the church, upon whom rests the responsibility of calling such a convention, if not upon *us?* Most surely God hath committed this blessed work to US. *Why* should we delay? Fifty thousand of *our colored brethren* in bonds ask us, *Why?* 3,000,000, who have never heard of Christ, will soon meet us before the throne of God, and in the silence of eternity ask, *Why?* Will not an insulted God ask, *Why?* And shall we, while the blood of Jesus is interceding for us, delay?

The place of holding such a convention is not very important. I propose Albany, New York, Utica or Philadelphia. Certainly many would meet at either place. Will not brethren Galusha, Tucker, Carpenter, Grosvenor, Ide, Colver, and others, immediately issue a call?

I have no apology to offer for thus presenting this proposition to the public. I almost daily see the poor heart-broken slave making his way to a land of freedom. A short time since, I saw a noble, pious, distressed, spirit-crushed slave, a member of the Baptist church, escaping from a (professed Christian's) bloodhound, to a land where he could enjoy that of which he had been robbed, during forty years. His prayers would have made us all feel. I saw a Baptist sister of about the same age, her children had been torn from her, her head was covered with fresh wounds, while her upper lip had scarcely ceased to bleed, in consequence of a blow with the poker, which knocked out her teeth; she too was going to a land of freedom. Only a very few days since, I saw a girl of about eighteen, with a child as white as myself, aged ten months; a Christian master was raising her child (as well his own perhaps) to sell to a southern market. She had heard of the intention, and at midnight took her only treasure and travelled twenty miles on foot through a land of strangers —she found friends. I gazed upon her intelligent countenance—I thought of the immortal but crushed intellect. That body which should have been the "temple of the Holy Ghost," had been, and was still intended by her mas-

ter to be a source of profit to him, realized even by the raising and selling of its fruit as would best promote *his* interest. But why should I write? Have not the Baptists hearts? Do they not hear the wailings of millions? Does not the wintry blast echo their howlings? Will they neglect to act? Will they forget the slave? Forbid it, slumbering justice! Forbid it, indulgent mercy! Forbid it, Almighty God!

Will the editor of the Christian Reflector please publish this communication?

ABEL BROWN, Jr., late Pastor of
the 1st Bap. Ch., Beaver, Pa.

From a Report to the Executive Committee of the A. S. Society, under date of December 3d, 1838, I make the following extract:

"I have been laboring during the two past weeks in Beaver, Bridgwater, Old Brighton and New Brighton, Fallston, Freedom and Chippeway. I have been in close action with the enemy. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, was one continued row. A mob drove me from the house on Friday night. Saturday night I could not get to the house unless through showers of stones, and Sunday, the house was found nailed up, and during one hour the friends could not open it; after it was opened, it was found too late to address the people without infringing upon the appointment of the Methodists, which must not be done, even to save all the souls of the slaves. The mob in Bridgwater was headed by . . . of the firm of . . . . forwarding merchants, . . . merchant, . . . and . . . butchers. There were *others* concerned in the matter, but the two first named gentlemen, gave the "character and standing" to it. I suppose, perhaps, some went even greater lengths, than was anticipated by the leaders. Who threw the stones, I am unable to say, but stones were thrown. The house of a friend of mine was stoned, and his wife barely escaped being hit in the head, as the mob threw at me. The door was accidentally left open. It is hardly safe for me to walk in the street after

dark. The cause of these things, is simply, because there is no minister in the place who opens his mouth for the dumb. The presiding Elder in this region, is one of those haters of abolition, of which the Devil should be ashamed. There has been a great "Revival of Religion," among the Methodists in this place. I mean the religion of *this age*, not the religion of the Bible. I shall be heard even here, before many weeks, I am quite sure. I wish to state to the Committee, that it will be utterly impossible, for me to support my family with less than $700 per year. I am obliged to give my whole and undivided attention, and the best days and energies of my life, to the cause. I only regret, that I cannot do more. I must now be absent from home (if the northern county meetings are held) until the first of Feb., with the exception of only one or two days. In the month of February, I hope to be obliged to attend four or five county meetings. My family are so situated, they think it impossible to "board out." This is a matter however, that I leave with the Committee. I cannot think it my duty to leave Beaver, until I find a more needy and wicked place. I would give up the cause in this region, and seek the retired spot from whence I came, (which is proffered me) if I was not sure, that it would be running away from duty. I know the truth will ultimately prosper, even here. Indeed, even the leaders of the mob, who on Saturday evening stoned me, are afraid to look me in the face. I have had a personal interview, with one of them this day; he turned ghastly pale, and even these God defying ministers, seem ashamed of themselves, although I have not uttered a word, for or against them. . . . . .

Of farther riotous proceedings, he writes the following letter, without date:

Rev. Robert Crooks: Very Dear Sir—I cannot express all the satisfaction and grief, I have felt in reading your short, instead of long, as you say, letter. I thank God and take courage. Be assured, that it will be of vast benefit to our common cause; this, I know, is all the reward you desire. I intend having the three articles published in an

extra sheet, and scattered through this region. It will probably be as well to omit your name and residence, as the effect here will be the same.

Last night, I came home in deep distress. This morning I received your letter, and it is indeed refreshing. While lecturing, on last evening, a ruffian rushed into the house, seized me by the collar, and started to drag me from the house. His associates who were in the house followed, but the friends of truth were too strong for them. As I went from the place I was stoned. There are a few such men among us at present. It was I think the enemies last struggle in that place (Brighton, Beaver Co.) I drop my pen, to return to the same house this evening and lecture.

Some additional circumstances are found in another account, probably refering to the same event during a *series* of meetings in Old Brighton, in the month of Nov., 1838:

. . . . . Returning from the school house after lecturing, I was egged, &c. Sabbath following, preached to a large assembly in this place. On Monday evening, a respectable audience convened. There was considerable excitement. I saw the mob as I passed up the street, and most of them soon followed me into the house. They exhibited their wrath, by tearing down a picture, posted for the evening's use. After prayer, I commenced speaking. The mob kept quiet, perhaps ten minutes, when a person entered the room in disguise. His face was either painted or false (probably both,) with large false whiskers. His savage appearance rather surprised me—quick as thought, he rushed towards me with a hideous yell—seized me by the collar, and in connection with some associates, attempted to drag me from the house. "Making no resistance," the interference of his friends alone prevented the merciless treatment in store for him, as the victim of their rage and malice.

While residing on the Ohio river, it is said that Mr. Brown aided slaves in their escape from bondage. Indeed, all those who had been in the prison house of slavery, and were in the act of fleeing from the tyrant mon-

ster, ever found a welcome at his door and safety from the grasp of the pursuer.

From a verbal statement given me by a gentleman from Va., I have the following account, (omitting names not essential to be given,) pertaining to the case of a young girl in Alexandria, District of Columbia:

"Mr. R. (who gave the facts) was with Mr. Brown, and both labored to help her off. Mr. B. went to Baltimore—met R. there. He had previously written to him (Mr. B.) at Beaver. The girl was conveyed to —— at Baltimore, through Mr. B.'s influence."

"The advertisements were *ahead* of them, for her apprehension. Officers were watching at the cars, and also at the steamboats. Mr. B. was in a very critical situation. Suspicion rested on Mr. B., by one of the principal slaveholders. He was detained there three days, concealing himself; then Mr. B. obtained a carriage, took the girl in, and drove off, about 7 o'clock in the evening, and went on to Little York. "He was there arrested, and taken on trial. He disposed of the girl previous, by putting her under the care of Mr. J. A trial was held, but no evidence being found, and Mr. B. not being obliged to confess against himself, (in the eye of the law,) he was consequently discharged. Mr. Brown contrived to have her (the alleged slave) conveyed on, during the trial, and she proceeded to Canada." Mr. B. was engaged also, in a case in Kentucky with Mr. R. A slave was conveyed from Louisville to Cincinnati, Ohio, through Mr. Brown's influence. Many might have been aided, through his means, from the adjoining States, as his location afforded peculiar facilities for thus "delivering the spoiled from the hands of the spoiler."

An attempt was made while residing in Beaver, to throw him into the river, by twelve men assembled for the purpose of thus taking his life. Mr. Brown had been lecturing on the evils of intemperance. In relating the circumstances to myself, he said, the mob surrounded him on the Ohio—that he stood fearless before them, looking them directly in the eye and talking to them of the "judgment to

come." They all quailed and faltered from their purpose, except one, who was very determined in his purpose, but was restrained by his fellows from committing the act. At a meeting in the evening of the same day, those ungodly men presented themselves directly in front of him, as listeners to the preaching of Mr. Brown, whose life a few hours previous they had essayed to destroy.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Receives Appointment of Agency for the Western Education Society—Leaves Pennsylvania—Visits Massachusetts—Continues to Labor in the Cause of the Slave.

April following, Mr. Brown received the appointment of agency for the Western Education Society, formed the year previous, and in which he had taken part in devising plans and forwarding operations, to carry into effect.

The leading design of the Society, was to form "an Institution for the instruction of youth, in all the various branches of a Collegiate and Theological course of studies," on the basis of a free, moral and enlightened sentiment, involving the reformatory movements of the age.

The location of the Institution, in view, to be established at some eligible point on the river Ohio, communicating, by the canal, with Lake Erie, and regions of the West.

The College itself, to be instituted, controlled, and sustained by a body of men actively engaged in purifying the church from the contaminating influence of Slavery.

How successful in the result of their efforts, I am entirely unacquainted, but presume from the *nature* of the object, and the state of public sentiment, linked as it is

with a proslavery conservatism (in this "Republican age") that the project was never fully realized, or if, as was the fact, that the auspices under which it commenced, were favorable, would there be found principle, self-sacrifice and perseverance enough to *sustain* such an enterprize. Certain it is, however, that a joint stock Company was formed with a Capital of eighty thousand, about one half of which, (thirty-eight thousand) was taken up and the remainder, offered to the Eastern and Middle States.

Writing on this subject, Mr. Brown remarks: There is a great necessity for a wholesale business to be done, in educating pious young men and women for the work of the Lord in the west. A small number will not answer. At least, ten thousand Teachers of common schools are now wanted, to instruct over five hundred thousand children, now destitute in the valley of the Mississippi. I am overwhelmed with the thought—and that a *nation* is almost *sleeping* over this subject, fraught with such momentous consequences. * * * * *

One reason for starting a project, like that under consideration, may have been found in the alarming tendency, not only of a corrupt Protestantism, but in the increasing population of the Roman Catholics at the west, with all their auxiliaries in the form of Churches, Colleges and Missionary points of influence. The subjoined article written by Mr. Brown, contains an account of some of the obstacles in the way of progress, to advance the cause of emancipation and kindred efforts.

The missionaries employed by the Catholics are men who easily ingratiate themselves into the affections of a community, composed of such materials as are found in many sections of the west; and Jesuits as they are, they pass for kind, tender hearted and pious ministers, of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. They go into villages inhabited almost entirely by Protestants, and obtain Protestant churches and congregations, and there defend their religion with such cunning craftiness, as to cause multitudes to admire. Some churches which are denied to Baptist

ministers, and Anti-Slavery lecturers, are readily opened for Roman Catholic Priests. The Methodist Episcopal church at Wellsville, Ohio, has been repeatedly refused to Baptist ministers, also to the friends of the slave to hold a prayer meeting; and yet this church was opened last year to a Catholic Bishop, and such was his defence of the Catholic *Church*, and her blessed effects upon the nation, were so skillfully portrayed, that apparently all apprehension of evil results were allayed. From facts that have come under my observation, I am quite confident that many ministers in the west, would sooner aid and assist the Roman Catholics in their efforts to subdue the nation to the will of the Pope, than to suffer the Baptist Church, with its republican government, to be established upon that extensive field. The Catholics are taking possession, as far as their means will permit, of all the strong points, the large cities, the seats of government, &c. in the western States. They are at present, making a mighty effort to command the influence of the State of Illinois. They are erecting a College at its seat of government, thus preparing to win its Legislators to aid them in corrupting the morals, and debasing the minds of its future inhabitants. There are many other influences which hinder the progress of enlightened Christian efforts in the west, but the most potent of them all, is that of an aristocratic and domineering priesthood; that by their ecclesiastical power and personal influence, would prevent the people from hearing every sentiment, but such as they approve. The leading men in the Methodist Episcopal church, and too many in the Presbyterian and Baptist churches, are of this stamp. These men, knowing that the truth would uproot them, make every possible exertion to keep it from the people. There are ministers who are known by reputation in this commonwealth, as pious, devoted servants of God, who do not hesitate to connive at, and by their influence sustain mobs, rather than have the Truth, as God has revealed it, proclaimed among them. *Would to God, the Baptist church was free from such men!!*

Leaving Pennsylvania, on his way to the Eastern States,

Mr. Brown, in a communication to Rev. C. P. Grosvenor, writes the following under date of

*Rochester, May 16th*, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER:—Since receiving your last letter I have been very busily engaged in forwarding our cause, on my way from Pittsburgh to this place. I have visited many warm friends, and not a few stern opposers. Many influential Baptist Ministers are determined to shut the discussion of the subject of Slavery out of the church. . .

I was told yesterday, by one of the most influential opposers of abolition in the Baptist church, that the Faculty of the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution had resolved anew, that the students should not form A. S. Societies or discuss the subject of Slavery in that Institution. . . . . .

In reference to the appointment of Agents for the Christian Reflector, he says, "They will all do something." There is, however, a determination on the part of *many* in this (N. Y.) State, to keep all *Anti*-Slavery Papers, especially Baptist, away. Some men go on as if determined to die opposing the cause of Emancipation.

Your brother, amid scenes of strife.

* * * *

TO THE SAME.

*Ballston Spa., N. Y., June 3d*, 1839.

. . . . . I have conversed more with that class of ministers, who oppose the Anti-Slavery cause, and find most of them determined to sustain their ground. They say, slaveholders shall not be excluded from the church. They are also determined to sustain the "*gag laws*" at Hamilton and Granville Institutions, and the Baptist Register & Co. in their *neutrality*. The ministers say, they are the servants of the Church and must preach what the Church says. This is especially the doctrine of the Hamilton Faculty. A. M. Beebe Editor of the N. Y. B. Register, *denies* me a small place in his paper, even to state the principles upon which the Education Society intended to act.

He said that Institutions that permitted students to form Anti-Slavery Societies, should meet with no encouragement from him, and denounced us as a set of ultraists, doing more hurt than good. I see, we must as friends of the slave go on alone. Church and State have united with the devil to oppose the freedom of the slave, but go on, dear Brother, and in God's name you shall triumph. . . .

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## CHAPTER X.

Commission from the Massachusetts Abolition Society—Settles at Northampton—Private Correspondence—Death of his Sister—Letter to C. P. Grosvenor.

While in Massachusetts, he labored unitedly, in the Ministry and the cause of the slave. In the month of July, 1839, he received a Commission from the Massachusetts Abolition Society, and subsequently settled as Pastor of the Baptist church in Northampton.

A few extracts from his correspondence at this period are given.

To Rev. Elon Galusha.

*Sept. 5th*, 1839.

. . . . . I see by the Christian Reflector of yesterday, that through your instrumentality, a number of worthy names have been attached to a *call* for a National Baptist A. S. Convention. I wish to inquire, whether the persons whose names appear in the Christian Reflector, as far as you have been instrumental in obtaining them, are believers in the doctrine—

1st. Of the sinfulness of holding men as property under all circumstances?

2d. In the duty of immediate emancipation without compensation?

3d. That Slaveholders should be excluded from the fellowship of the Christian Church?

You will understand the reasons of this inquiry, when I say, that some of the persons whose names appear with yours, were bitter *opposers* of Anti-Slavery efforts, only a few months since. Will you tell the readers of the Reflector whether they have been converted or not.

Yours for the Slave, A. B., Jr.

Bro. Grosvenor—You can attach my name to the above if necessary. I fear that many of the names are of the "*prudent sort.*"

Quotations from family letters at this period:

. . . . . Our dear Walter is *very well.* A noble little fellow truly as we think. Mary Ann is usually well. She has been lecturing for the Moral Reform Society. She now has an invitation to labor for the New England F. M. Society. She will, if she can have time, do something in the cause I trust. . . . . I was lately invited to address a large audience in Boston upon this degrading vice (licentiousness)—five hundred houses of Infamy in Boston. We hope to accomplish something through the press &c., if time is not otherwise occupied.

. . . . . I attend, upon an average, about ten meetings per week. My health is good, very good.

. . . . . There is now a tremendous opposition from these old Congregational churches, and the open haters of truth, but all to no purpose. The Lord is with us, I trust. The Church are all united. . . . . Our religious denominations are becoming more and more conformed to the world, and filled with the spirit of human expediency. Consequently we must be the more faithful in rebuking and reproving their hypocrisy.

. . . . . .

I have very few attachments on earth. Yet, I love my friends, but I dare not spend time to visit them. Indeed, it renders all society irksome, when I am not benefitting my fellow men. It is also hard for one to attend to my business transactions. Indeed, there are such multitudes perish-

ing, that I cannot do less than labor without ceasing for their conversion. I do not expect that the old superstitions of N. E. will last very much longer. They are withering before the truth. . . . . .

I have no expectation of continuing here, longer than the Church can be sufficiently advanced to sustain the gospel.

. . . . . .

To his sister (Mrs. C. B. Mercer) then resident of Missouri:

. . . . . The cause of Anti-Slavery is marching onward. This is especially true in all the northern States. The slaves must be free. Yes, they will be free or *death* will overwhelm the nation. There are many abolitionists who will labor without any relaxation of effort, until slavery dies. I hope you will not be contaminated by that vilest of all abominations—American Slavery. Touch it not, but pour the burning fire of truth upon it, whenever in your power. Make no terms with it whatever. * *

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

*Northampton, Mass. Nov. 30th*, 1840.

MR. REUBEN MERCER: Very Dear Brother—A letter from my parents informs me that my dearly beloved sister Cynthia, is no more. She was my only sister, and much I loved her, and earnestly did I labor to aid her to that place where you first knew her. Indeed, I feel the loss. Not that I mourn, for why should I, since God has thus appointed it. It was not because I loved her less that I aided her to depart to a land of strangers, but because I felt that I could not see her live without being useful to this lost and fallen world. I thought then, and still think, that I did what was duty, and I would that I had another sister to live and die, if God designed, under such circumstances. Yours has been the lot to enjoy the society of her, whom I loved as I did myself, and I am quite sure that you have appreciated it. She was indeed, worthy of the society of a kind and generous friend.

I have not been able, on account of an overwhelming

pressure of duties, to hold a regular correspondence with you or my sister, but have heard regularly by my parents. I hope you will not give yourself to grief and over much sorrow. Death is common to us all, and we should daily be so conversant with it, as to be able to meet it with calmness and reconciliation. There is nothing about death that should really make us afraid, since Jesus Christ has been with us in life—he certainly will not forsake us in that trying hour, and if He is with us all will be safe.

I should be very happy to see you, and it would give me great pleasure to visit you. Should be very happy to have you visit this State.

Permit me to say, that inasmuch as you have found pleasure in the society of one who is now taken from you, be not given to melancholy, but commit your cares to the Lord, and think it not criminal to secure the friendship and society of another, who may go with you through this wilderness world. I am sure I shall not think you loved my sister less. I make this remark and leave you to make your own choice, whether to live single or otherwise. I shall ever think of you as brother.

But my brother, your dear and interesting wife is not dead. All there was about her that made her interesting, and that filled your mind with joy and satisfaction indescribable, still lives and will eternally live. That wife, who made your home an earthly paradise, has lost none of her sweetness. That which made all her form lovely, that which made her eyes to you more precious than gold, and her voice the music of heaven, still lives. All that is dead would never have been loved by us, had it not been the abiding place of that which never dies. You only think of that body, and of its loveliness, as enclosing the *intelligence* which made it all that was to you desirable, and you never would have wished its stay, if it had not possessed that intelligence. *That is not dead*, and that *only* was your wife. While that form was with you, there was a constant struggling within it, a desire to look beyond, an *indecribable something*, which was constantly seeming to say, "*unbind me, take off these fetters, cut me*

*loose, let me expand and be with God, and dwell with Him —see His glory and know His greatness. This temple is too small for me. I am immortal. I cannot thrive in mortality.*" God has heard those groanings after *life*, —has struck off the clog and set the prisoner free, and now she is where there is nothing to retard her progress. She is beyond every influence that affects mortal life. She is lost in the boundless contemplation of God. You would not bring her back. How calmly she watches all your ways. *Yes, she lives. Lives* did I say? Poor word, it does not half express the thought. *She reigns with God.* I can almost hear her saying, husband weep not. Dry up all your tears. I am happier than you could make me. You were overwhelmed with grief when I left that body which you so much loved, but to me it was the beginning of life. It raised the curtain which introduced me into this state of happiness, which to mortals I cannot describe. I cannot come back, but you can come here. Gabriel is here. Jesus is here, and is constantly saying, Father see my hands, my feet, my side. Forgive! O forgive. Could you but see him once, certainly you would love him, for he is beyond expression lovely.

Your Brother,

ABEL BROWN, JR.

P. S. I should be happy to have you preserve the writings of my sister, as I desire to write a small volume for the S. S. library. Therefore, any writings of hers which you may possess, and any account which you may give of her life, sickness, and death, I should be happy to obtain, especially her Journal. You will, of course, be willing that her friends should thus prepare a short token of remembrance, of an only daughter and sister. If you concur in this request or suggestion, I wish you would be so kind as to send such writings &c., as may be of service to me to Northampton, Mass. If you could copy what you think would be of some interest on to two, three, or four large double sheets, you would be at liberty to send it by the mail. If you cannot, please retain them until I

can get them, or you have an opportunity to send them to this place, or to my Father at Prairie Village, or send by mail, if the postage is not more than two or three dollars. Please write me soon. Yours, &c., A. B.

In reference to the Annual Conventions of the County A. S. Societies in the western section of Massachusetts, under date of January, 1840, he writes:

To C. P. Grosvenor.

. . . . . The Hampshire county meeting was attended by about 150 delegates. There were a number of ministers present, among whom I recognized our aged Father Nelson. He made a thrilling speech in favor of withdrawing fellowship from all slaveholding churches, and benevolent associations. The Missionary, Bible, Tract, and other societies, which ask and receive robbery for burnt offering, were shown to be unworthy of confidence, almost all of which are directly upholding slavery. The duty of christians, and especially abolitionists at the polls, was freely discussed. It was distinctly shown that God requires us to regard this cause when we vote. The wickedness of sustaining such papers as the Boston Recorder and Christian Watchman, was clearly portrayed.

In Hampshire county similar resolutions were discussed. That respecting withholding contributions from those benevolent associations, which ask and receive the "*price of blood*" into their treasuries, occupied about half of the time. It was stated upon authority which will not be disputed, that the A. B. of C. for F. M. held slaves only about two years since—that their missionaries had remonstrated with the Board, and had attempted to appeal to the churches, respecting the wickedness of slaveholding, and against the reception of money kept back from the slave by fraud, and that the A. B. of C. for F. M. had suppressed the communication. Also, that the abolitionists had remonstrated with these servants of the church, and yet they were conniving at the robbing of the poor. The A. Tract Society was begging for aid, professing to supply the destitute with the gospel, yet amid about 100 volumes of publications,

not a word had been said in behalf of the poor and oppressed bondmen in America. The A. Bible Society was and is still, do. do.

The A. Baptist Board for Foreign Missions had not only asked robbery for burnt offering, and through their corresponding Secretary, apologized and defended the Baptist slaveholders, but had sent a bold defender of slavery and an unrepenting slaveholder in heart, not in practice, to preach the gospel to the heathen—had made a notorious slaveholder president of the Convention, and still manifested no repentance for their evil doings. I heard all this and more also, stated in a public meeting of hundreds. Are these things so?

The Baptists in this region, are awaking to their duty concerning the slave. I hope the "watchman" will sound the alarm. May wisdom from above guide us all, is the desire of your brother in Christ.

A. BROWN.

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## CHAPTER XI.

His Anti-Slavery Position—The Political Contest—Correspondence—Leaves Northampton—Subsequent Settlement at Sand Lake, N. Y.—Continuation of Letters.

From the correspondence of Mr. Brown, it is evident that he had no sympathy, neither could he have had participation, in the origin of the secession movement in 1840, in opposition to the original Anti-Slavery organization. He, however, firmly believed and sustained a system of political action, which formed the *second* issue of the *new* organization; but not alone the ground of their separation. In the right, dnty and privilege of *waman* to act, speak and vote in the cause of the slave, he ever believed and maintained.

In a letter addressed to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, January 27, 1841, he writes—that "the Hampshire County Society became auxiliary to the Massachusetts Abolition Society the winter previous, in order that it might get rid of that "pestilent fellow, Garrison," and his (or rather *Christ's)* more humble doctrines of "Peace on earth and good will to men." A few of the more influential Abolitionists, were very anxious to be where their influence at the polls, and at the church, might not be retarded, by Garrison and his true-isms." This ground assumed, seemed less objectionable, and even *justifiable* at first, in the mind of Mr. Brown, who entertained a high respect for the *piety* of the churches, and especially of his ancestral town. In reference to which, he says of Northamption: It seemed that "the place where I stood was holy ground." But alas, my confidence for once was misplaced. . . . . The time came for the exercise of that mighty instrument, political action. The Committee of this same County, not only did not sustain their professed principles, but used every effort to defeat those who were desirous to remember, (even at the polls), crushed and bleeding humanity; many of them previously gave their names to secure the election of pro-slavery candidates." . . . . .

. . . . . "With one or two exceptions, the committee sustain ministers, who do not open their mouths for the dumb, and who are among the neglectors of Anti-Slavery efforts. Some members of the Committee, receive their spiritual food from, belong to, and *sustain* a minister, who is an open reviler of the Anti-Slavery cause at large, and a slanderer of the friends here, in particular. The church where they worship, is forbidden to those who plead for the slave." . . . . "Yet there are a few, who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

In the political contest of 1840, Mr. Brown found occasion for open and decided reprehension; and to the people of his charge, in the ministry, he did not fail, especially, to warn and dissuade from attendance on those con-

ventional exercises, in which log cabins, hard cider, and loud sounding hosannas in favor of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," were the prominent features, and the only visible arguments of partizans of that period. He also engaged, in endeavoring to correct the false impressions of the public mind, with reference to the *artifice* employed to insure the votes of abolitionists. Such a course, in opposition to the popular current of the times, called forth the most severe opprobrium; not only from private foes, but from the public prints—Professors of Theology and Politics, among whom were Prof. Stowe, and J. C. Calhoun—noticing a speech delivered by him in Boston, bearing on some points, relative to this eminent statesman.

The following letters from a correspondent, contains an exposition of Mr. Brown's course at this crisis of political excitement:

*Fredericksburgh, Va., Aug. 17th*, 1840.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—I have seen in the newpapers, a letter addressed by you to "Mr. B. F. Hallett," upon the subject of a letter, which had been circulated privately at the North, written by a member or members of Congress, "by authority from Gen. Harrison," &c. And I have also noticed since, in some of the papers, accounts that a *wanton outrage* had been committed upon your person—that you had been insulted and abused, &c., in consequence of some statements, which you made in the correspondence above referred to; which correspondence, it seems, grew out of some remarks which you made in a public meeting, in relation to the letter, which was written and circulated by authority from Gen. Harrison, to aid in his election. Being myself a minister of the Baptist denomination, and an ardent friend of human rights and liberty, I have taken the liberty to address you this letter, and to ask you to give me a full account of the whole matter. I am prompted to this by no one, but for my own satisfaction. I wish to know, if we as a people and nation have come to this, that ministers of the gospel, in their persons and effects, are not safe from the brutal assaults of the sons of Belial,

upon publishing without reserve their own views, or in giving a plain statement of facts, in relation to any matter, which may have transpired within their knowledge.

I have for some time, been thinking of taking a preaching tour through some of the northern States, and even on this account, I should be glad to know, to what extent the freedom of speech and the press is abridged; or to what extent, an abridgement has been attempted.

I know that the system of *Lynch Law* has been practiced in our country for several years back, to an alarming extent; and which, together with other scenes, which frequently occur under both religious and political excitement, makes me sometimes tremble for the Republic.

In addition to the facts, in relation to the assault, which is said to have been made on you, I should also be glad that you would give me the particulars of the "secret letter," if there is any thing of note, besides what you wrote to Mr. Hallett.

I am Yours, &c.

REV. ABEL BROWN. JOHN CLARK.

FROM THE SAME.

*Sept. 8th*, 1840.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your interesting letter of the 21st ult., was received, and as it had been intimated in some of our papers, that you had been abused, and also reports circulated, prejudicial to your character and standing, as a minister of the gospel, I have made your expose of the wickedness of the ciderites *public*, in which, the intelligent will clearly see the true cause of all the abuse and persecution which you have received.

The party now, will no doubt, devise some new mode of attack, as I understand, they have already declared here that you are an impostor, *politically* so at least, and that you only publish those things, to injure the whig cause. I trust, however, my brother that you will feel a *consolation*, in the midst of these afflictions, from the consideration, that "the master of the house," was treated in like manner, and for a similar cause; that of preaching against

wickedness. *He* hesitated not to testify of the world, that their deeds were evil.

My principal object in writing to you at this time is, to guard you against any letter or letters, which you may receive from here or hereabouts, unless subscribed to by me; for you have not many friends here, and they would not write to you without my knowledge, and your enemies may, with a view to entangle you, and expose you in the papers. Should you, therefore, receive any letter from this quarter, in which I am not recognized, you had better write to me upon the subject; that is, if you shall feel disposed to answer it at all.

This same cider party have been guilty, both in Ohio and Indiana, of the sacrilegious blasphemy of administering the *supper*, to their deluded followers and converts to Harrison, with *parched corn and hard cider*, saying, "take this in remembrance of Old Tip!!"

I will, if I can, put my hand upon it, and send you the paper containing the full account of these proceedings. I have thought, that certainly, the monstrous wickedness of the time, was without a parallel in the history of the world. . . . .

I remain yours, in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. JOHN CLARK.

The foolish excess to which the people had been transported, at this period of political excitement, must, in the cool reflection of "after days," appear like anything, rather than a rational procedure, to secure the highest gift of the people in the election of its chief ruler, however worthy the candidate of their suffrages might be.

In the midst of the most virulent opposition, Mr. Brown succeeded in accomplishing much good for the prosperity of the church over which he was placed; yet declined an invitation to remain longer as Pastor of the same.

In the spring of 1841, on his removal to New York, he accepted of a call to the Pastoral charge of the Baptist church in Sand Lake. He there pursued the same course

of faithful teaching, exhortation and rebuke, as occasion required.

A few letters indicative of his views and continued course of action, are herein inserted; together with an account of the progress of Temperance, in which Mr. Brown might well congratulate himself in having helped to achieve; written by that warm and distinguished friend of every good and noble enterpise, (E. W. Goodwin), addressed to the Editor of the Tocsin of Liberty.

GREAT MASS TEMPERANCE MEETING.

*Auburn, Feb. 1st,* 1841.

This is the day advertised for a great mass Temperance meeting in this place. Well, it is now, while I write, about 12 o'clock M., and it really seems as if the great fountains of the deep are broken up among the people. The principal street is one moving mass of men, women and children. In the mean time the great AUBURN HOUSE, (now kept by J. M. Brown, on Temperance principles) is overflowing. Gen. Riley is here, and a host of reformers, ready to take the platform as orators in the different churches, which will be filled to overflowing at 2 o'clock. Then there are bands of music, and choirs of singers, heading the masses as they march in, from the different towns, with banners and appropriate devices and mottos. Altogether it is grand beyond expression. I can hardly realize that I am not dreaming. How strange! A few short years ago, temperance was very small here. Now men are complete enthusiasts for it. Once the grocery interest held the dominion, and swayed an influence over the entire village. Now it is weak and powerless. Indeed all along my journey to this place east of Utica, men can scarcely think of anything else, talk of anything else or hear of anything else but temperance. They seem almost to have forgotten the ordinary avocations of business and gone to work *en masse* as moral reformers. Tell Abel Brown, that the man Clute—formerly the great embody ment of intemperance and rum selling, who whipped him while collecting facts and laboring as temperance agent,

has turned his liquor into the streets and signed the Reformer's pledge, and has become a good citizen. And that the same mob that howled and dogged him from the place, before whose ferocity he was compelled to flee for his life, are now, many of them as energetically engaged as reformers. *Ah, what an encouragement this for his reflection.* What an encouragement for all who may suffer reproach and shame and poverty in the holy cause of moral reform, to endure patiently, with strong hope. The *day* of rejoicing will come. * * * *

*Albany, Aug.* 23*d*, 1841.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison: Very Dear Brother—I am always happy when writing to you, because I feel assured that you will publish the truth, though it should render you odious. Go on, my brother. Toil here, and rest not, until Christ shall call you to himself. My spirit cannot rest, so long as my brethren are crushed by the iron hoof of oppression.

What follows may strike you with terror, but it is nevertheless true. Mr. Jones affirmed it to be so in the presence of Mrs. Stewart and Miss Briggs of Troy.

Slaveholders are received into the Mission churches; and the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Missionaries among those tribes, are unanimous, so far as he is acquainted, in sustaining slaveholders, as Christian brethren in the churches! That they (the Missionaries) neither preach against this practice, nor use means to put it out of the church. That almost all the Missionaries, either own or hire slaves of their masters to work, and pay the master for their services! That he has been obliged in cases of sickness, to do it himself. That the Rev. Mr. Mason, a Baptist missionary, was obliged to leave the country, because he *would* oppose slavery! Rev. Mr. Kellam left, I suppose, on the same account. That the Rev. Mr. Hatch and wife, Baptist missionaries among the Choctaws, left, because they could not conscientiously sustain slavery. That Rev. Mr. Flemming and Rev. Mr. Dodge, M. D., missionaries of the American Board, left

on the same account. That the Rev. Mr. Potts, Baptist missionary among the Choctaws, either owns or hires slaves of their masters, that he is open and public in this, and all understand that he sustains slavery, and receives slaveholders into the church, as good, pious Christians! That Rev. Mr. P., a Methodist missionary among the Choctaws, owns a number of slaves, and treats them as such; and that he *shot and killed a white man*, whom he supposed was stealing one of his slaves, and that Rev. Mr. P. is in full fellowship with the other missionaries! That he (Mr. Jones) has received the communion services from his hands &c.

It would need a man or woman of considerable faith, as they would perhaps mistrust that "a negro stealer," had come among them, and the Rev. Mr. Perry might be appointed to shoot the fanatics; especially, if he should be found among *his* negroes!

ABEL BROWN.

Elder John Peek of Cazenovia, in this State, who is (or was) travelling at the South, as an agent of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, writing from Alabama to the N Y. Baptist Register, says:

"I saw in this place a colored ministering brother, belonging to Montgomery church, named Cæsar Blackmoor, who is *owned* by the Alabama Association, and is appointed a missionary to the colored people, under the direction of three trustees, and preaches in the bounds of the Association and elsewhere, at their direction. Brother C. informed me that he has been very successful in his labors, and preaches to great acceptance to both white and colored brethren. He baptized last year on his mission one hundred and ten persons of his own color. As a man, a christian, and a minister of the gospel, his characther is irreproachable. He preached on Lord's day in the afternoon in the same pulpit that I had occupied in the morning, but my health would not permit of my going to hear him."

Shameful! An Ambassador of Christ made a Chat-

TEL! The *Minister of the Gospel of ONE color* is placed on a perfect level with the HORSE of his *Brother Minister!!* One ambassador the *property, chattel,* of another ambassador. The *Representative of Christ*, for such ministers claim to be, is made the personal property of Christ's church, and sent out as a *Missionary* to preach the glad news of salvation, "peace on earth and good will to man," *with a chain on his neck!* The *Bible in one hand,* and *the other chained to his back,* to keep him from running away! The proceeds of preaching used to send the gospel of peace to the Isles of the sea!

A Baptist Minister gave $100 to a Missionary Society, and asserted as a reason why he was able, that he had made a good sale of slaves!

The Board of the American and Foreign Missionary Society refuse to testify against slavery, because they could not obtain the support of the south if they should.

. . . . . .

We view the church as being in a very wicked position, and as deserving the frowns of offended mercy. We believe the frown of God rests upon American churches, and our *alarm* cry to them is and shall be, in earnest voice:

"Oh, rouse ye—ere the storm comes forth—
The gathered wrath of God and man—
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran."

* * * * * * * * *

*Sand Lake, June 13th,* 1842.

DEAR BROTHER BROWN:—I feel as if I could weep tears of blood over the apparent desolating prospects of Zion. Whether God is about to give up his people, and let them have the desire of their own hearts, or whether his judgments are fast ripening, that will be sent to bring them back to Him, that they may delight to do His will, requires the scrutinizing eye of that God, who alone is able to scan the motives, and trace the windings of the human soul. I feel as though we were called upon to contend inch by inch with the adversary of all good, for the right to our master's territory.

The cloven foot never appeared to me more apparent, and more deformed, than it did yesterday in our church, in the determination of our Deacons, that they would do what they could to prevent your going as a delegate from this church, to the Association at Poughkeepsie. The main objection of Dea. Fox was, that you would agitate the subject of slavery, and it struck him very forcibly, that you had neglected to take a letter of dismission from this church, purposely that you might get the delegation; and this he thought very *mysterious*. Dea. Gregory had objections, but he did not make them known, and although it was voted that you *should* go as a delegate, yet the vote was afterwards rescinded.

I hope the Lord will direct you in the way he would have you go, and if it is his will that you should, that all the causes of discouragement will not prevent your being present at the Association. Trust in God—he will sustain you. If means are wanting, I will bear a part of the expense. Yours as ever,

C. H. GREGORY.

*Sand Lake, Rensselaer Co.,*
*N. Y., June 28th,* 1841.

J. H. VINTON, MISSIONARY AT MAULMAIN, ASIA:

Very Dear Brother—You will, doubtless, recognize my name, as that of a brother of your acquaintance, in the Hamilton Institution. I trouble you only to make a few inquiries, as we are in perils among brethren. Whether they are false or not, "God knoweth." You know that American Slavery is upheld and supported by the Baptist churches, I suppose. I will, however, make a few *statements* in order that I may be fully understood.

There are about 125,000, or one sixth part of all the Baptist church members of the U. S., slaves.

Almost all the influential Baptists of the Southern States, both ministers and laymen, are slaveholders, and within two or more years past have come out boldly and published sermons, letters and pamphlets, making God,

the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the author and sustainers of slavery. Eld. Fuller, late preacher for the U. S. Baptist Tri. Convention, has just published a document, boldly advocating these doctrines. Dr. Wm. B. Johnson, the President of the Convention, is another. It is known that many of the southern Baptists raise negroes and sell, and almost every southern church upholds this traffic.

One year ago last April, a convention of Baptists was held in the city of New York to concoct, and carry out measures, for the overthrow of slavery in the Baptist church. The most we did, was to prepare an address to the southern Brethren, telling them our grief, and exhorting them affectionately to cease to buy, sell and hold men as slaves. Eld. Galusha was Chairman of the Convention, and signed the address. We sent them to every church and minister in the Southern States.

The result has been, that the southern churches came out plainly, and justified themselves; said that it was right in the sight of God, to hold property in man; and demanded that the northern churches, should either turn out the brethren who published the address from all and every office in the Baptist Benevolent Societies, and receive and fellowship the southern churches in buying and selling and holding slaves, or they, the southern Baptists, will withhold all money from the Treasuries of the Home and Foreign Mission and Bible Societies. The Boards of these Societies have written letters, and sent their agents to the South, assuring them that they utterly disapprove of the efforts of the Anti-Slavery brethren. The Home and Foreign Mission and Bible Societies have, at their annual meetings, rejected the Anti-Slavery brethren, even put out Eld. Galusha from an office in the F. M. Society, only because he was one of the brethren, who could not conscientiously receive slaveholders into communion and fellowship, in a Christian church. A number of the most strenuous slaveholders (Baptist ministers) have been in Boston, New York, Albany, and have been invited to preach, and received as Baptist Christians in good standing. This has been done by the South, I suppose, to see whether there

was any disposition on the part of northern Baptists, to put away slavery.

Again, we are exceedingly grieved, that these Societies should suffer their Boards to send agents to the southern Baptist churches, to collect a part of the money, which is robbed from the blacks, to send the gospel to heathen in other countries. Those agents which are sent South, are particularly understood as being such as will not reprove slaveholders, and indeed they all, I believe, are every month writing letters home to be published, telling what excellent Christians our dear southern Baptists are. They all oppose, and many publicly condemn those of us who are laboring to uproot slavery.

Again, I am exceedingly grieved, that yourself and other missionaries, should suffer yourselves to be supported by money collected from men who rob the poor, and some of the money is actually received from those who sell men, and is a part of the profits, and that too, without offering a single reproof, through the Board, for such robbery. The slaveholders make their boasts, that they are sustained by the missionaries in this way, and that the Board and agents sustain *them*, and condemn the *Anti-Slavery Baptists.*

Now, my dear brother, I have to ask you if you will not come out, and write letters to the Board, remonstrating against their sending agents South to collect money, robbed from the bleeding slaves, and also refuse to accept support from those who rob the poor. Rest assured, one such letter sent home, asking to be supported by money which is not the price of blood, will do much toward arresting the pro-slavery spirit, which is rife among us. And it will secure you and all who take a similar course, an abundant support. I have done paying money to a Board, that helps rob the poor. I cannot send money to those, who, at the same time, ask the price of blood, and sanction the crime of extorting it from my colored brethren under the lash. We sent the last $25,00 last week. But if the missionaries will come out and condemn this crime, and ask to be supported by the earnings of honesty, there are many brethren who would go from house to house and

from town to town, and collect money for their support. If you write letters to the Board, please send a copy to me, for the Board, I fear, will suppress them.

I am having no quarrel with any of these men—have as high a place among my brethren as I deserve. All I wish is, that God may be honored in setting the oppressed free. Since 1836, I have been travelling much—about two years on the Ohio river and vicinity—for the past three years in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. I have been laboring in behalf of the oppressed. God is fast breaking the yoke, and soon, I trust, I shall have the privilege of preaching Christ to the dying blacks of the South. I have been there and seen their abject heathenism. About two millions of them are as really heathen as those in Asia.

I have often desired to be with you in Asia, but could not, without being sent by a board, that takes the robbery of the poor for burnt offering. I have lived in constant persecution, until within a year past. Three times I have been publicly whipped, once, more than fifty lashes. I have been stoned and mobbed *very*, *very* many times, but always in the free States. Very many times have I been stopped by the leading ministers, when I was referring to the heathen at *home*, as we all do to the heathen abroad. Never, until this year, would Hudson River Association let a word be said in behalf of the slaves; but this year we discussed a resolution about two hours. I was called to order again and again, but the Moderator knowing that I was in order, did not stop me, yet they would not pass a resolution, saying that slavery was a moral evil. However, I think that good was done, and hoping in God, I trust, with his assistance, I shall persevere. The Association appointed me one of their delegates, to attend the annual meeting of the N. Y. State Convention, and the A. B. Home Mission Society, where they must know, I will bring up the case of the slave. The best of all is, God is with us.

My kind regards to your wife, Brother and Sister Howard. And now, may the blessed God help you to do just

what will meet his approbation, in consideration of two millions of heathen in this land, and another million that cannot read the Bible.

I shall probably make this my earthly home, for two years or more. The fatigues of myself and family for four or five years past, render it necessary.

When we meet where Jesus is, then we will talk over our trials and troubles, and blessings. I have had the happiness of baptizing about seventy, within the past year.

From your sinful brother, yet hoping in Christ,

ABEL BROWN.

To N. P. Rogers, Editor of the Herald of Freedom.

*Sand Lake, N. Y., Aug. 17th*, 1841.

Dear Brother:—In the last number of the Liberator, I find an article copied from the Herald, headed "*Rev. Jonathan Davis.*" In that article you call upon Bro. Murray, and consequently upon all Baptist abolitionists, to renounce the denomination. And you speak of him as having fellowship with the denomination, and as being one of the most worthy among the abolition host, among the Baptists. Bro. Murray is able to answer for himself. As you have cut loose from all denominations, I should be happy to have you point out to me my duty to the Baptist connection, if I am not already doing it.

1st. I am a regular ordained Baptist Minister, and a member of a Baptist church.

2d. I firmly believe that it is my duty to preach that men should repent, believe in Christ and be baptized; and when men or women, black or white, do repent and believe in Christ, I baptize them if it is their request. I then suppose they are members of Christ's visible church on earth, and are at liberty to associate themselves with a body of baptized believers, subject only to the laws and ordinances of Christ himself. They are subject to the laws or authority of no council, association, society, or convention, but elect whom they will, to teach and instruct them in the way of Christ more perfectly. *They* have power and authority from Christ himself, to ordain or set

apart ministers, deacons, or any other officers which Christ appoints; and such officers, when set apart, have no more authority, than any man or woman in the church. Each and every member has one vote, and only one, in deciding any matter whatever, which concerns the church. *No sin whatever, is to be practised by them, either in an individual or collective capacity.* If a brother or sister fall in sin, and cannot be restored in the spirit of meekness, fellowship is to be withdrawn from them, and the offender counted not as an enemy, but admonished as a brother. Of such a church, am I a member. As their minister, when permitted by Providence to be with them, I do not fail to rebuke and reprove sin, and when abroad I do the same. We would no sooner receive a slaveholder into the church, than we would any other *thief;* and I would as soon baptize *old Satan himself*, as a believer in, or a practiser of slavery.

3d. Whenever I am appointed by the church to attend any religious meeting, it is taken for granted, that I will carry out the principles held and practised by the church; that I will not, even by silence, give my sanction to sin in any form. If I am sent to attend an Anti-Slavery, or any other convention, and they refuse (like the National Baptist Anti-Slavery Convention) to obey the whole truth, I am in duty bound to faithfully rebuke them, and use my influence to bring the body to embrace the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If after faithful trial, the enemies of God prevail, escape from them; always remembering to bear faithful witness against their evil deeds.

4th. So far as the "National Baptist Triennial Convention" is concerned, I am free to declare, that its last meeting was composed of *thieves* and *robbers*, and *their abettors, as much worse than common horse and sheep thieves, as men are better than horses and sheep.* I fully believe, that those who sanctioned their proceedings, by neglecting to rebuke them, and by giving their votes for thieves and robbers, are partakers of their sins.

5th. These views I endeavor to advocate on all suitable

occasions. I have published them to the world. A. Brother was kind enough to take me aside from the Baptist Anti-Slavery Convention in New York city, in April last, and advise me to leave the Convention, and go off along with Garrison & Co., but I expect it will be duty to go back next spring, and rebuke your Bro. Worth, Colver & Co. There is yet some hope that they will come to repentance.

6th. I am not particularly anxious to be called a Baptist, but as I understand the term Baptist to mean "*opposition to all sin*," and as those who do not practically and really oppose all sin, are only *Baptist hypocrites*, I think it duty to still belong to a Baptist church. During the past year, amid all the opposition which Baptist hypocrites and their abettors could bring against me, it has been my happy privilege to baptize more persons, than any other Baptist minister in the western half of Massachusetts.

In conclusion, my brother, let me ask you faithfully to rebuke me, if I have not renounced the present Baptist denomination in the U. S., as far as duty requires. As you stand aloof from all church organization, you may be better prepared to judge than myself.

I do not patronize any of the hypocritical Baptist periodicals. I pay nothing to their societies, and receive nothing from them. I do endeavor to rebuke their sins, whenever an opportunity presents. In addition to these labors in behalf of common humanity, I still feel it a duty to preach, and baptize in the name of Jesus Christ, all who give evidence of repentance towards God and faith in the Redeemer.

Your brother in Christ,
ABEL BROWN.

## CHAPTER XII.

Removal to Albany—Labors in behalf of Refugees—Engages as Publisher of the Tocsin of Liberty—Formation of the Eastern N. Y. Antislavery Society—Fugitive Slave cases.

Early in the year '42, Mr. Brown engaged in labors for the slave in Albany; a city, which from its location on the banks of the Hudson, was the constant resort of fugitive slaves, when travelling in the direction of the North Star, to seek shelter under the wing of Queen Victoria's dominion, or happily, perchance, to find an Asylum in the nominally free States. To effect this, and also to render their flight effectual, and speed them on their course to the goal of freedom, it was found necessary that a systematic train of operations be devised, by Committees formed for the specific purpose of aiding those who thus sought the protection of friends in a strange land. Mr. Brown entered anew, into this department of labor, with all the zeal and benevolent enthusiasm which had heretofore prompted him, when alone on the borders of slave States, to pursue, in rescuing from slavery the helpless victims of American oppression.

He also engaged as Publisher of the Tocsin of Liberty, a paper conducted by E. W. Goodwin, whose ability as an Editor, was equalled only by his philanthropic zeal, and devotion to the interests of the slave.

It was then the Tocsin rung with the joyful intelligence of the arrival of fugitive slaves from the land of chains—and often too, sounded the note of alarm, to the watchmen on freedom's walls, who neither slumbered nor slept in their untiring vigilance, to *protect* these "outcasts" of humanity from farther invasion of southern man-hunters, and legalized robbers.

### Formation of the Eastern N. Y. A. S. Society.

Mr. Brown was one of the prominent movers in the organization of this Society.

The following is an account of the proceedings of the Convention, gathered from the Secretary's reports.

"In accordance with a call, previously published, the Convention met in Albany on the 20th day of April, 1842, for the purpose of considering the propriety of forming an Eastern N. Y. Antislavery Society, and for doing such other business as might legitimately come before them.

The meeting was called to order by Elder Abel Brown, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Shipherd of Troy.

The meeting was held at the City Hall and continued in session two days.

There were about one hundred names reported as delegates, representing twelve Counties, viz:—New York, Columbia, Albany, Schenectady, Washington, Saratoga, Schoharie, Montgomery, Fulton, Oneida and Madison. There were also several anti-slavery friends present from three other states, viz: Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, who by request took seats in the Convention and participated in its deliberations. With the exception of one or two occasions of differences of opinion, wherein some feeling was manifested on both sides, the Convention was characterized with unusual harmony, and a firmness of purpose to go steadily forward, towards the goal for which abolitionists started."

Among the speakers, during the series of meetings, were Gerrit Smith, Henry B. Stanton, and others whose powers of eloquence and effective address contributed much to the interest of the occasion. John A. Collins and Charles Lenox Remond, were also present at the solicitation of Mr. Brown, bearing with them the great *Irish Antislavery Address*, with its sixty thousand signatures, headed by Daniel O'Connell and Theobald Matthew.

Among the resolutions, the following is found in reference to political action.

We pledge ourselves in the words of Gen. Washington, who said, "Slavery can and *ought* to be abolished by *law*, and so far as my suffrage will go, it shall never be wanting."

In the election of officers, Mr. Brown was chosen Corresponding Secretary and General Agent of the Society. The counties embraced in this division, including all those bordering the Hudson, those on Long and Staten Islands, together with Delaware, Schoharie, Montgomery, Schenectady, Fulton, Essex, Hamilton, Washington and Warren.

The field of operations (thus defined) being comparatively new, even at this period of the Antislavery Enterprise, will account for the apathy and want of interest in some, and opposition in other places to the movement. However, there were a few "true and tried friends of the slave," who were neither slow nor weary in well doing in their efforts to upbuild this great and mighty cause, while traversing the vallies and hills of the noble Hudson. Although pledged in the various offices assigned him, to sustain the work in this department, (involving both his time and powers in no small degree,) yet Mr. Brown found occasion, still to labor for other objects, alike important to the public weal and to the welfare of individuals.

A few instances on record, designate his labors at this period, as also some articles published by him in the Tocsin of Liberty, concerning his agency for the Vigilance Committee and fugitive slaves.

1842, April 23d. Notified meeting (by writing to all members of Ex. Committee.)

28, 29. Spent most of the time preparing for, and getting up a meeting to oppose licensing the sale of spirituous liquors in Albany.

31. Sabbath—spent in preaching on dock, and resting.

The following advertisement from Mr. Brown, in behalf of a poor colored brother, shows, on what conditions, many slaveholders are willing to relinquish their slaves.

**$1,800 Wanted to buy a Wife and six Children**

*Albany, Mon. Morning, May* 1, 1842.

E. W. Goodwin, Esq.—Dear Sir:—There arrived in this city from Washington D. C. during the last week, a man by the name of Freemen, a carpenter by trade. He

has letters from gentlemen of high standing and respectability, in Washington, and also from gentlemen in Charleston, S. C. He has formerly been a slave of the Hon. Mr. B., late Sec'y of the U. S. Navy, from whom he purchased himself for the sum of $800. The said Sec'y now holds in bondage his wife and six children; and utterly refuses to give them up unless the husband and father will pay him the sum of $1,800, and has promised to retain them nine months, to give the father an opportunity of purchasing them at the expiration of that time: otherwise they are to be sold, and perhaps separated, never more to meet on earth. Mr. Freemen wishes to obtain in this and adjoining places, the sum of $200, which with what he has now in his possession, will enable him to obtain from that *Honored American Robber*, that which now justly belongs to him. He is willing to work for a term of years, for any person who will furnish him means to thus bless his family. Those who love to aid the perishing, are respectfully invited to send donations to the subscriber, No. 8 South-Pearl-st. Yours, in haste,

ABEL BROWN.

A fine opportunity was thus, not unfrequently, afforded those, who affirm so great a desire, that the slaveholder should be *paid*, for his living though actually dead "property" in human beings. This is a reward, however, that never should be granted, except, (in the case of no alternative) as a *ransom* in the liberation of a slave.

"May 2d. Visited Poughkeepsie, and lectured in the evening, to a small audience in a corner of the village.

The Churches were all closed against lectures from Antislavery Agents.

May 4. Visited Peekskill, but could not find even a hovel, in which to lecture for the slave. The ruminies threatened me with a *mob*, if I dared to lecture, and to pull down any house, that should be opened for the purpose. The Washingtonians, got me up a Temperance meeting, and cheered me on, until I was tired. Ascertained that my appointment was not out in Sing Sing—Saw one of

the Levites, as also a priest, from that place; but they were as far from doing any thing, as the Priests and Levites of old were, for the man that fell among thieves.

May 5th. Took passage for Brooklyn, and after a long and painful talk with pro-slavery ministers, arrived in New York and from thence to Brooklyn. The dear Christian Churches of that City, shut me out doors. Consequently, my appointment failed. The day following—Spent in obtaining a meeting hereafter, and in consultation with the friends—shall probably obtain a Methodist house soon, and have the assurance of the kind co-operation of the friends of the cause. All appear happy, that the Committee are willing to engage in this good work, and I find a few, to sustain us in all places.

June 3d. Wrote and prepared letters for the Am. & Foreign A. S. Soc'y—aided Fugitives. Watched Kidnappers &c.

4. Went to Troy, to watch a constable from Baltimore, and aid the friends in Troy, in knowing and watching him.

5. Sabbath—Preached on the Dock and in the Bethel, four times. (This he usually did on the Sabbath.)

10th. Spent most of the week in aiding runaways, and in sending off Circulars—Soliciting money and finding solicitors—Went to Sand Lake, and made arrangements to send a certain person there.

Amidst a variety of efforts to aid fugitives, Mr. Brown writes,—

"Lectured on the dock, four evenings, respecting Temperance."

A few short sketches (given by Mr. Brown) concerning fugitive slaves, are designed to show the ridiculous position, and the contemptible *meanness* of slaveholders, in their pretended ownership of the bodies and souls of men; also, the utter futility of their efforts to *regain* this species of flying property, when once in the hands of a skillful Committee.

[For the Tocsin of Liberty.]

**Kidnapper, Look Here!**

*Albany, June 20th*, 1842.

E. W. GOODWIN, Esq. Dear Sir:—The vigilance committee are up to their elbows in work, and are desirous to have you inform a few of those men who have lately lost *property consisting* of articles of merchandize (falsely so called) in the shape, and having the minds and sympathies of *human beings*, that we are always on hand, and ready to ship cargoes on the shortest notice, and ensure a safe passage over the "*Great Ontario.*" Please inform the following persons, that their property arrived safe, (though some of it was badly worn) and has been forwarded and arrived safe in Canada.

*Cheney Hutton* is hereby informed that two very large men, the one a market man and teamster, the other a first rate field hand, came up on the "Peoples Line" of steamboats, and marched right up to the office and handed out the following "Bill of Lading."

*New York, June 6th*, 1842.

"Shipped on board the steamboat R——, Peoples Line, the bearers, who are kindly commended to your care," &c.

W—— ——.

*Agent.*

They confessed that they were runaways and their countenances proved that they were guilty of being as black as a slaveholders heart. They did not appear to be ashamed of what they had done, but a gentleman present said, he was ashamed for them that they had not done one thing more, and that was, to have driven along the market wagon well loaded, as part payment for the robbery of about 30 years service. Friend Hutton may as well give up the chase,—for Benjamin and Phillip, will hereafter sell their own poultry, raise their own corn and own their bodies, and let Cheney Hutton do his own marketing or pay for doing it, as honest men do.

ABEL BROWN,

Forwarding Merchant, Albany.

**Albany Kidnappers.**

Mr Editor: *Certain gentlemen*, who take such a deep interest in the welfare of Miss Leah Brown, lately held in servile bondage by Mrs. McDonald, are hereby informed that Leah has no wish to return to the embrace of the family who have robbed herself and mother, and her brothers and sisters, of their inalienable rights, from their earliest infancy. Also, that she is beyond the *reach* of those men who have lately offered *one hundred dollars* for her delivery, to the woman who formerly held her as a slave. She earnestly hopes, that Mrs. McD. will treat her mother and sisters kindly, and not sell them to Georgia.

Will you please also, to inform the lovers of liberty, that the Vigilance.Committee are in great want of funds to aid in sending emigrants to Canada. They have just received a lot fresh from the Southern District.

*Please also inform* Robert Gilmore of Baltimore, that he need not give himself further trouble about his very intelligent and noble slaves, Marianna, Polly, Elisabeth Castle, and her fine little girl, for they have got safe over the great Ontario, where such men as his honor, would not look very well placing their feet for the purpose of kidnapping.

Tell him also, that his slave John Weston left here more than a week since, at full speed, in a fine carriage drawn by fleet horses, and report says, there were not less than six well loaded pistols in the hands of John and his associates. The carriage was driven by as fine looking and noble hearted a son of the South, as I ever saw. The kidnappers who came on from Baltimore after John, have great reason to be thankful that they were outwitted and did not overtake the carriage, for most surely they would have met a *hard* reception. John said he would die sooner than go back. I am quite sure that Marianna, Elisabeth, John, and the little girl, have had a joyful thanksgiving in the other land. (I hope Robert will not envy them their happiness.)

Tell the British Consul, that I sympathize with his afflicted wife, in the loss of Elisabeth, and if she will send

me her free papers, and give me the liberty of so doing, I will invite her to return from Canada, and make her an inmate of my own family. I will not however, pay the $50 reward which her agent offered for Elisabeth.

Inform Dr. Stewart, that *Mary Ann* had some fears when here, that he would catch her, but that the kindness of *friends* dried up her tears, and she too went over that awful lake, that smiles on slaves, and frowns on slaveholders.

I have a charge against Robert Gilmore of $15 for money paid to the order of John, and $10 for money paid to the order of Elisabeth Castle, and her mother and daughter. I shall charge the British Consul $30 for money and service rendered Elisabeth. I charge the Consul somewhat extra, because he is disgracing the country of his birth, by his American practices.

The kidnappers made it expensive transporting John, and Robert certainly ought to pay the $15 without ceremony. I told him he might go back free of charge, or he might stay in Albany if he chose, but he would listen to no other proposals than such as secured him a passage to Canada; there appeared to be a *charm* in that name. He started on foot, and walked until his feet were perfectly blistered, when a friend brought him back to take a *new* start. Here he found that wretched constable ——— of Baltimore, watching for him, but there were more watching the kidnapper than he could find to watch John, and even the aid of the entire kidnapping gang that hang around a mock *Justice* in this city, could avail nothing after the 'Vigilance Committee' had once taken him under their care.

**Kidnappers, look here!**

E. W. Goodwin, Esq:—The forwarding business is still good, and a little more ready cash would place us upon a sure footing. We have been making as permanent arrangements as possible, and considering the "*hard times*," and hard hearts with which we have to do, have succeeded as well as could be anticipated.

Not many weeks since, a licensed exhorter of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church arrived in this city, and came so well recommended that there could hardly be a doubt but that he was just what he professed to be, a pious christian man, who had been a slave more than thirty years. He had taken his wife and children, and in the night fled from the land of robbers. The woods and swamps, were the abodes of himself and family for weeks. He found at last a friend, who kindly offered to protect his wife and little ones, until he should flee to Canada, and earn sufficient to defray the expense of moving his family to that land of freedom. He came to this city, and had it not been for a despised abolitionist, he would have come in vain. We will not now, expose the contempt with which he was treated by many of his own brethren in the church. God says, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord." Their wickedness will *one day be exposed.* Then, those who condemned him as a thief, for taking possession of his own body, and of his own wife, and own children, and who turned from him with neglect, will know, that Jesus Christ was treated with neglect, in the person of that dear colored child of his. We helped the man all we could; so did some of the old fashioned Methodists.

There is one Mr. Woodford, living far below Baltimore, whom we wish you to inform at as early a day as possible, respecting that woman, Eliza Wilson, whom he pounded with sticks of wood, whom he stripped naked again and again, and whipped with the cat and nine tails, until her body was completely lacerated, whom he then washed with salt brine, to make the smart worse, whose eyes he also filled with salt and water, whose neck and head my own eyes saw covered with scars, caused by blows from him and his agents, whose back the women say is one complete scar, having been whipped several different times, until it was completely cut to pieces; whose head bears the mark of heavy clubs, in different places, whom he ever treated as a brute, a beast of burden, and whom he has robbed of the Bible and of education, from her earliest infancy; whom he made work on the field, and submitted to be treated like the brutes that perish.

Tell him that he had better repent of his awful crimes, for God's vengeance is out against him, and he will certainly feel even more than he has poured upon the innocent head, of perhaps his own daughter. But she is now beyond his reach. We want money to aid in sending another on the *same road.*

Tell Mrs. Widow Margaret A. Culver, that the reward of $100 which she offered for her slave Levi, put us on the watch, and sure enough, he came pat upon us and handed out his bill of lading.

We told him that the kidnappers of this city, were looking out. That man whom God will bless with a high place in heaven, gave him a piece of money and some food, and he passed on, where Margaret will never go. We refer the poor thievish widow to the letter of Sam Weller, found in another column, for further information respecting Levi.

We trust she will send us forthwith, $25,00, as a reward for telling her where he may be found. We think he is now about half way over the *Great Ontario,* on the steamboat *Freedom,* or at least Levi calls her Freedom, and if Margaret thinks her cause a just one, she had better call in her minister and have special prayer offered to the "Prince and power of the air," that he will drive that steamboat back, and suffer her to take care of Levi.

The forwarding business calls our immediate attention, therefore we cannot write more until next week.

Yours as ever,

BROWN & Co.

Forwarding Merchants, Albany, N. Y.

E. W. GOODWIN, Esq,—Tell *kidnappers to take notice,* that we have such an amount of business on hand, that we have no time to report progress.

One day last week eight noble persons arrived, all panting for liberty. It only cost about twenty-five dollars to colonize them. A certain knave in New-Orleans owned two of them, and another who intended to have come with them, and who laid the plan for their escape, was whipped to death by Joseph Wolcott. That same murderer has

sent his sons to a northern college, where they have been educated, and are now following the business of their ungodly father. These sons and their father have been courted by certain "*Doctors of*———" who live in the state of ———; yes, they have even given such murderers certificates vouching for their good moral character. But thank indulgent Heaven, Sarah and her little girl of four years old are safe, and her unborn child will, we trust, never feel the curse of slavery. May God have mercy upon the man who killed its father.

More when the shipping season is over.

BROWN & CO.

Forwarding Merchants, Albany.

The history of the slave woman, concerning whom allusion is made in the preceding articles is as follows:—

"Mrs .S. was born in the free State of New York; and at an early age went to reside with Mr. ——, New York city. At about the age of ten years, Mr.—— took her to New-Orleans as a waiter for his wife. At that place he sold her to Mr. Wolcott, who owned a plantation near the city. When Mr.—— left her, he promised to return within a few months and take her to New York; but he never returned. She bore her toil and oppression with patience, away from home and friends. She was kept as a house girl to wait upon the family. After six years, Mr. Wolcott brought home a young man by the name of Smith, and gave her to him for a wife. She found him to be a husband, indeed: he was a methodist, could read and write, and was a praying, Christian man. For six years they lived together, and prayed to be liberated from their cruel bondage. And finally, Smith succeeded in making arrangements with a gentleman to carry them to New York. Previous to the day appointed, it became known that there were certain slaves on the plantation designing to run away; the story was traced to Smith, and he was tied to the whipping post to make him reveal the secrets of the expedition. The lash was applied, but in vain; Smith refused to give them any information respecting it, or to reveal the names

of the friends who had aided him in his efforts. They whipped the man until life was almost extinct, and the noble man died the day following the laceration. His poor wife went to see her dead husband, but her grief was so great that the master drove her to the house, with the stern command to "shut up," and never speak again of her husband. Her grief in secret was indescribable, but it only renewed her desire to get away. Her husband had revealed to her the plan of escape, and when the night arrived, she in connection with two other female slaves, and her little girl of four years, descended the ladder placed at the window by those who aided in her escape, and they, amid the darkness of the night, were placed in the hold of a vessel that conveyed them she knew not where. She was secreted during the day, and in the night was permitted to come out while the passengers were asleep. She did not see the sun from the time she left New Orleans until she found herself on shore a few miles from New-York city.—They were put to the land in a small boat, with a few shillings of money, happy indeed that they breathed an air free from slavery. She found friends by whose aid she was sent to the committee at Albany. The master advertised her, which, in connection with other circumstances which she mentioned, found to be correct, was proof positive that she was the slave of Mr. Wolcott, and those who have been most intimate with her, have found her story to be at all times the same. She left N. Orleans about the first of May, a few days after her husband's dreadful death, and arrived in Albany in July. Her situation was such, that the committee dared not send her on, lest she die by the way. A place of rest was therefore provided for her, and after two weeks she gave birth to a son Her health is restored; she has placed her eldest child with a family near the city, while she is now at work in a neighboring county, and there paying the board of herself and free born child.

If the donors of the "Vigilance Committee" could have been at the office of the agent, when Mrs. Smith came and fell down upon her knees, and with tears of gratitude

gave thanks to the committee, for their kindness in providing for her a place of rest during her sickness, they certainly would have thanked God that they had ever been permitted to give to the objects of a vigilance committee.

"In another lot of these children of sorrow, was ELIZABETH CASTLE, the slave of Robert Gilmore, of Baltimore. By the wish of her master she took for a husband a slave of the same name. Being a dress-maker, she was quite profitable to her owner, and had reason to expect that she would be permitted to enjoy the society of her family in peace, but it was not so. The birth of her first child convinced her, that her master regarded her as of more value, as every child she bore increased his wealth and caused him to watch her closer than ever. She found to her sorrow that not only herself, but also her children were considered to be mere articles of merchandize, and would in all probability be sold from her as soon as the market would warrant a profitable sale. She resolved, therefore, to flee. Her resolution was strengthened, when she found herself in a situation that would render it less convenient to perform a journey of some seven hundred miles. In connection with her mother, daughter, and two female friends, she started for that snowy paradise a little north of the mighty Ontario, where a *woman* with a heart of flesh sways the sceptre of freedom, and permits even colored women to "bear children, without fearing that their helpless bodies will be torn from them by that American eagle which is ever watching to devour lawful prey."

The company came to this city, but were soon pursued by those hungry bloodhounds who are forever prowling about the kennels of slavery, but the noble women were safely conveyed by the committee to the *happy land.* A few weeks since, they were visited by a member of the committee: all were delighted with their situation. Elizabeth has opened a shop on her own hook, and is delighted in looking upon her free born infant, safe from the fangs of Robert Gilmore, who sent the constable of Baltimore to seize it, even before it was born. Elizabeth only asks one favor of the ever despicable slaveholder, and that is,

that he will liberate her husband, and suffer him to enjoy the society of his wife and children in a land of freedom."

Mr. Brown usually had one or two fugitives from the land of chains, accompanying him on his agency, and the licensed Methodist Exhorter, by the name of James Bulah, (concerning whom, allusion is made in a former account of refugees) was now his travelling companion and Exhorter, in behalf of his brethren and sisters in bondage.

Some curious specimens of introduction are found among Mr. Brown's papers, commending to *his* care and that of the Albany Vig. Committee, "certain travellers, going North, for their own accommodation." One is represented as a friend of the Saviour, going to Canada, on an important mission, &c.

A member of the Vigilance Committee of New York, (Mr. Johnson) writing to Rev. Mr. Garnet, says,—"The bearer is travelling northward, in quest of his wife (who obtained her freedom by operation of natural assumption,) and he is also endeavoring to secure to himself, the same advantage. I am under the impression, that she did not go to Troy, but was directed to Mr. Abel Brown, of Albany, to whom I have directed some *forty* or *fifty*, within a short time.

You will therefore obtain such information from Mr. Brown, as will enable our friend to find her. If Mr. B. keeps accounts, as a forwarding agent should do, he will find, she was shipped from N. Y. on the 16th or 17th inst.

*July* 29, 1842.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

The Slave Hunter—Scenes of Outrage—Rights of Colored Citizens invaded—No Legal Redress—Interference of Mr. Brown in behalf of the injured—Consequent Indictment—Proposition to Lecture—Mob Elements Combined—Mr. Brown is Burned in Effigy, &c.—Clay Indictment—Circular—Explanatory Statements—Indefinite Postponement of Trial.

The Vigilance Committee of Albany, often found themselves in personal contest with slaveholders and their abettors, on account of the infringement on the rights of colored citizens of Albany; by the Baboon insolence, (I know not what else to term it) of those prowling men-hunters and woman hunters, to recapture "slaves" under any pretence, that might best subserve their purposes. During the month of May, the following occurrence took place.

"A lady from Baltimore who has relations in Columbia Co. brought a slave girl with her to this city. Learning that she was free by law, the girl left the woman. The woman and her friends attempted to recover her under the false pretence that she had stolen something. A warrant was obtained for her, and committed to constable Charles W. Mink, and he, with another tool of slavery, undertook to search the houses of the free people of color, violating the just principles of the law which exempts the houses of the citizens from all "unreasonable searches and seizures." In searching the house of Wm.

Johnson, a reputable citizen, he was guilty of an assault aud battery upon Mrs. Johnson.

"The then justice of the police court refused to hold the ruffian to bail, and the Grand Jury refused to indict him, in consequence of the false representation of a prominent citizen. But public opinion, as expressed in large public meetings, condemned both the police and the jury, and threw an additional shield around the injured. When a member of the committee exposed the conduct of the police officers and the Jury, in the public prints, the servile Grand Jury promptly indicted him (Mr. Brown) for libels upon the jury, and Mink, Loveridge and others. It is a sufficient comment on the indictments, to say that those who obtained them have been *wise* enough to let them sleep. Another member of the committee, Mr. Goodwin, was brutally assaulted in the street for the part he took in the matter, and when denied redress, and outraged by the police magistrate, was promptly acquitted of all blame by an intelligent jury."

The outrage thus committed on peaceable and unoffending citizens in Albany, without any power of redress from a civil tribunal—also the corrupt public sentiment that would uphold and sustain the nomination of a slaveholder for the Presidency, called loudly for rebuke. Mr. Brown consequently designed to place before the public an exposition of facts, as stated in the following account given by E. W. Goodwin, Editor of the Tocsin of Liberty.

**Grand burst-up of mob elements, but nobody hurt ! !**

Our staid and quiet Albany was thrown into a most violent commotion on Tuesday evening last, by the appearance of the following handbill:

**War! War! War!**

*Don't be frightened, only a war of words.*

The subscriber proposes to give a course of street lectures.

1st. He will comment upon the abominable wickedness of the late gentlemen's Grand Jury, in conniving with kid-

nappers, and neglecting to indict a slave-hunter of this city. *The names of the Grand Jurors will be given.*

2nd. Show that there is a gang of kidnappers watching for prey.

3d. Will give account of the escape of fugitive slaves, and ask money to aid them to a land of freedom.

4th. Will give a few reasons why that notorious *Sabbath breaker, Swearer, Gambler, Duelist, Thief, Robber, Adulterer, Man-stealer, Slaveholder, &c.* HENRY CLAY! should never be President of these U. S. Lectures will commence on Tuesday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock precisely, near the Centre Market. ABEL BROWN.

*Albany, July* 18, 1842.

"Now in the first place it may be proper to state, that although Mr. Brown is the agent of the Eastern New York Anti-Slavery Society, yet he by no means acted as their agent in the production of that hand bill, as will be seen by his *own* private signature. And further, Mr. Brown did not counsel with any of the abolitionists; as he did not wish that any should share the *responsibility* but himself: 'I take the responsibility' was the position he assumed. It is true some of the abolitionists saw the bill before it was posted up, and advised a different course as more prudent: but their counsels did not prevail. Now, what was the sequel? Why, that Mr. Brown did not appear at the time and place appointed, but that the mob to a large number, (as we are told, not being present) did appear with abundance of wrath and cabbage, sheep's plucks, and other missiles, swearing and roaring vengeance on ABEL BROWN! The Mayor and police were there too, ready as we also *understand*, to take the "street brawler" into custody.

It is true also, that the mob threw a stone against the sash of one of the windows of the Tocsin office, breaking in a couple of lights of glass, and made several efforts to push open the doors, but without success. Here we owe a debt of gratitude to those excellent mechanics, the

Woleensack's, for a couple of their excellent and honestly made locks, for the preservation of our property.

Thus much premised;—now for the moral of this business. What was the difficulty? In the first place Mr. B. proposed to give his views or opinions, on the conduct of the grand jury, which refused to indict a man notoriously out of his official duty, in entering and disturbing, and assaulting a colored family,—alleging that he was searching for a slave, which had just escaped—the husband being absent. Was it for this the mayor and police were there?

2nd. He was going to tell the people about there being kidnappers in town! Who doubts it after what has been so publicly made known within a few weeks past.

3d. He was going to give the people an account of the poor fugitive slaves, who are constantly running as for life from a slavery far worse than Egyptian bondage, and ask the benevolent to aid by giving some money to help them on their way. Was this wrong? Oh no: it was the 4th thing he proposed to do that "touched the raw," that entered like seven daggers into the "proud flesh" of pro-slavery politicians—that pierced "like an adder," the very soul and *life seat* of those foul and dark spirits. It was THIS, that made them "gnash on him with their teeth!!"

They were afraid their great Idol, which they had sacrificed so much money and conscience to set up, would be endangered, and like their kindred spirits at Ephesus on another occasion, who clustered around to protect the shrine of Diana, by the existence of which they had their gains, like them we say, they began with one accord to shout "great is Henry Clay of Kentucky:"—"great is Henry Clay of Kentucky;"—and some whig abolitionists were able to sound the loudest bugle in the Babel chorus.

As to the charge Mr. Brown has preferred in his hand-bill against Mr. Clay, we have nothing further to say at present than this:—We suppose it will not be denied, that Mr. Clay is or has been, (and we have no evidence of reformation or repentance) a "swearer, gambler, and duel-

ist." That he is a SLAVEHOLDER, is notorious. And the Bible decides that "He that stealeth a MAN, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to DEATH." Are men "found in his (Mr. Clay's) hand?" "All men are created equal, and entitled to life, LIBERTY and the pursuit of happiness," says our admirable declaration. Does Henry Clay deprive any person or persons of their *liberty!?*" If so then what is he? What would that man be who in Algiers should deprive YOU of your *liberty*, though he might do it by law! What would you call HIM? You would call him a *manstealer!* Can any doubt then, that, when it is made out, that a man is guilty (morally) of the greater—that he is not also guilty of the lesser crime of stealing? Or in other words does not the greater cover the less?" . . . . .

In reference to the statements in the foregoing notice, Mr. Brown remarked to me, that he expected, at the time the bills were posted, that they would accomplish their own work, and thus save him the necessity of lecturing; which however, he was ready and willing to do, had not the bare announcement proved sufficient for his purpose.

Soon after the production of the hand-bill, Mr. Brown was indicted for an alleged libel on Henry Clay, and was held to bail in the sum of ——— for his appearance at court. Mr. Brown declared himself prepared to meet the indictment, believing himself able to sustain the allegations rendered, by a number of "competent witnesses," who had expressed their willingness to testify to the truth of his assertions. Having also secured the most eminent counsel and advice, in his friend the Hon. Alvan Stewart, who very generously contributed his services in behalf of Mr. Brown as defendant.

In reference to the alleged libel, Mr. Brown published the following Circular, entitled

## CHARGES AGAINST HENRY CLAY SUSTAINED, and Albany Grand Jury Exposed.

### The Charges against Henry Clay.

"A subject of some importance to the cause of humanity, and which my position has compelled me to watch over with solicitude, and which now for the first time has compelled me to speak, is the efforts which are making for the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency of this nation.

When these efforts first commenced, I supposed that they were only the efforts of a few reckless and unprincipled men, who wished to get themselves into notice at the expense of the principles of common justice and humanity. In this I have been sadly disappointed, time has proved that men who have heretofore passed as men, of more than common intelligence and honesty, were ready to use their influence in church and state, to secure the election to the highest office in the gift of the people of this union, a man whose public and private character has ever been a disgrace to a Christian nation.

And let it be distinctly understood, that I have made no *new* charges against Mr. Clay. Of the crimes specified in the hand bill, he is not only guilty, but notoriously guilty. He has himself published his own shame, if there is shame attached to these transactions. He has not even waited for political opponents to charge him with these crimes, but has let them shine with all their blighting, withering influence, upon the nation, as if he gloried in them."

In this place, it may be sufficient to state, that his *proofs* were adequate to his statements; and were afforded him by "living and credible witnesses," among whom was Mr. Coffin, a well known philanthropist—then resident of Philadelphia, who authorized a friend of Mr. Brown, to publish, that Henry Clay was not only a gambler, but that he had won and lost *human beings* at the gaming table. This fact, Mr. Coffin pledged himself to establish by the testimony of living witnesses, whenever those papers

which are endeavoring to palm the Kentuckian upon the people, would open its colums for their presentation. Also, the noted duels, in which Mr. Clay had either been accessary or principal, including that with John Randolph, and his influence or second hand in the death of Cilley!

Other statements were found in the public prints, such as his oath in the senate, when he said to a distinguished member of that body, when touching some point relative to slavery—Go home, &c. Another light in which Mr. Clay's conduct is considered in this circular, is presented under the following heads;—

"THEFT, ROBBERY, MAN-STEALING, SLAVEHOLDING.

As it regards the charges of theft, robbery, man-stealing, and selling. I have only to remark that the first two are included in the last two. If the writer of this article should meet a fellowman, black or white, in the public highway, and there by violence and force, take from him only the money which he had earned by the labors of one day, that act would be termed *highway robbery;* and for it, this commonwealth would compel him to spend a term of years in the State prison. How much greater would be the crime if the man was robbed of his earnings for life. Henry Clay not only robs the poor man of a single day's wages, but of the services of his *life*, steals his children, steals his wife, steals the man himself, &c. *Any who doubt this, please read the following from James Canning Fuller.*

Having a great desire to see the imported cattle on Henry Clay's plantation, I went thither. On approaching the house, I saw a colored man, to whom I said, "Where wert thou raised?" "In Washington." "Did Henry Clay buy thee there?" "Yes." "Wilt thou show me his improved cattle?" He pointed to the orchard, and said the man who had charge of them was there. As I followed his direction, I encountered a very intelligent looking boy, apparently eight or nine years old. I said to him, "canst thou read?" "No." "Is there a school for colored people on Henry Clay's plantation?" "No."

"How old art thou?" "Don't know." In the orchard I found a woman at work with her needle, I asked, "How old art thou? "A big fifty." "How old is that?" "Near sixty." "How many children hast thou? "Fifteen or sixteen." "Where are they?" "Colored folks don't know where their children is; they are sent all over the country." "Where wert thou raised?" "Washington." "Did Henry Clay buy thee there?" "Yes." "How many children hadst thou then?" "Four." "Where are they?" "I don't know. They tell me they are dead." The hut in which this "*source of wealth*" lives, was neither as good, nor as well-floored as my stable. Several slaves were picking fruit in the orchard; I asked one of the young men whether they were taught to read on this plantation, and they answered no. I found the overseer of the cattle with a short-handled stout whip, which had been broken. He said it answered both for a riding whip, and occasionally "to wipe off" the slaves."

Other testimony might be given, but his own confessions, and even boasting of being a slave-holder, render it needless. * * * * * * *

## Appeal to Christians.

You have before you a synopsis of a few of the many crimes which Henry Clay has been guilty. The fact that almost all southern and many northern public men, participate in them, does not in the least change their moral character. They are sins which God has declared utterly unfit a man for a ruler. God requires us to select such men only as rule in "*his fear*," and he "has denounced his most severe judgments against those nations who select any other." "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God,"—Is emphatically the mind of that infinite Being. And it is not left for us to decide whether we may or not choose any other. That is a concern which he has settled, and it is trampling the plainest commands of Heaven under our feet to vote for such a man as Henry Clay.

### Ministers of Christ.

Will you see this nation disgraced? Will you see God dishonored and his word disregarded? Will you see Christ, and his cross, and the holy commands which he died to establish, treated with scorn and contempt, by the election of another man to the Presidency of this nation who *profanes the name of God*,—who *disregards the common principles of justice and humanity*,—who *murders his fellow men* to gratify his own ambition,—who *robs God and buys and sells Jesus Christ* in the market as a beast of burden, and who, to cap the climax of his impiety, *lifts up his senatorial voice and warns the nation against any efforts which may be made to stop him in his unhallowed and God-defying crimes!* Be entreated to show yourself worthy of the name you have taken by uttering the commands of high Heaven against the election of wicked rulers. What will sooner call down the tremendous judgments of Almighty God upon us, as a nation, than the choosing of wicked haters of humanity, and God, and blasphemers of his name to rule over us?

### Those who Support Henry Clay.

The eyes of the foolish are blinded, and they vainly hope that by the election of a despiser of God and man, to the office of President of this Nation, to secure pecuniary relief. Vain hope! You may succeed in the former, but God will certainly disappoint you in the latter. How plain the case. The party seeking to elevate Henry Clay to the Presidency, assume to be composed of the more respectable and Christian portion of the community. They have designed to pass as the friends of Improvement, Education, Humanity and Religion. Admitting the truth of this assumption; how foolish to anticipate that a holy God will suffer them to prosper through the election of a man who is in principle and practice, directly opposed to the very principles which the party profess. Why not learn wisdom from the past. Only two years since, with the same high pretensions, the party joined hands with

despots, and secured the election of their favorite candidates. But where is the promised relief? The answer is short. That God, whom multitudes, even of professing Christians, dishonored by voting for a despot, took away your President, and left us all to the tender mercies of one of whom it may be emphatically said, "*When the* WICKED *bear rule the people mourn.*" That same God still lives to vindicate his own honor, by refusing you relief until you will cease despising him by voting to elevate vicious men to fill offices of the state and nation. It is really to be hoped that the party which is seeking to elevate a slaveholder, duelist and blasphemer, will lay aside all pretensions to Christianity, humanity or even decency.

### MINISTERS OF ALBANY.

This city is the seat of all the impious efforts in this state for the elevation of wicked men to office, and you are therefore under special obligation to raise your voices and hold up God's truth before this people. Many of you have warned your congregations against the evil tendency of the various excitements of the age, you have been faithful to the very letter of the *word* upon these minor points, will you not now, when an excitement is arising which if not checked, will overwhelm the nation and call down the just judgments of a holy God upon us—will you not, I ask, give the trumpet a certain sound, that the people may prepare themselves for battle. You that are Doctors of Divinity, I hope for the honor of the religion which you profess, will show that you have a sufficient regard for the Divine Law, to present a few truths like the following, in Ex. 18: Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people, able men, *such as fear God, men of truth*, hating covetousness: and place such—to be rulers, &c. Also, 2 Chron. XIX, 7. And He (God) said to the judges, "Wherefore now let the fear of God be upon you; take heed and do it: for there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts."

### Mob.—City Authorities.—Effigy.

The mob which made such a glorious display of tar, feathers, eggs, &c. &c. was got up by the Clay and pro-slavery leaders, of this city; and was but the revival of the hard cider and coon-skin arguments of 1840. Wonder if the Clayites are confined to such arguments as were exhibited at the Centre-market last Tuesday evening? Those Police officers who stood by and suffered the Effigy of a peaceable citizen to be burned, amid the shoutings of the rabble, are welcome to all the glory of the occasion. It was no more than could be expected from infidel and blaspheming men. It is also in perfect keeping with its object, for the Daily American Citizen to honor and puff the mob. We should expect it of any paper engaged in advocating the elevation of a man, who *if a resident of this state*, and guilty of the crimes which have ever disgraced his character, would be condemned to State prison for life. Surely such an editor deserves our pity. We hope he may yet repent and find forgiveness.

The other papers whose editors have so frequently favored us with editorial notices of a certain description, are left in entire possession of the field.

### Conclusion.

In conclusion, we wish to say to those who favored us with so much advice, that we have acted in this matter from a sense of duty, and as we should have desired another to act, were *we* pining under the lash of Henry Clay. ABEL BROWN.

*Albany, N. Y. July 25th*, 1842.

### Albany Grand Jury, vs. Humanity.

*Those Citizens of Albany who wish to obey the Truth.*

Respected Fellow Citizens:—My object in appearing before you through the press, is to give an unvarnished statement of facts respecting matters of interest to the cause of humanity and religion. For a proper under-

standing of the motive by which I have been actuated, and the interests at stake, it may not be improper to state, that I am acting as the corresponding secretary of the Eastern N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society, an office to which I was elected by a convention of citizens of Eastern N. Y. a small portion only of whom reside in this city. As the only official and General Agent of the Society, it becomes my duty to watch over its interests, and the humane object which it designs to accomplish, with the fidelity of a faithful servant.

Soon after entering upon the duties assigned me, I was informed that a portion of the Police of this city, were engaged in efforts to obtain unlawful possession of free persons of color, for the avowed purpose of reducing them to slavery. In one case a warrant had been issued by Justice ——— alledging that some unknown person had stolen an article of clothing, and that the same was secreted in a certain house, which the warrant gave them authority to search. The house was searched without any other success than that of being permitted to insult certain innocent women who resided in it. Then all their pretended *lawful* authority *ceased*, even the warrant of Justice ——— was dead. The officers however, without the least authority, (unless that of kidnappers) proceeded to search each and every house "that they in their wisdom saw fit," and that too in the absence of the older male members of the families. They abused, insulted and frightened unprotected women, and in one case committed a gross assault and battery upon an innocent female, wife of a respectable citizen of this city. These facts having come to my knowledge, I visited the police office, and made a few inquiries respecting the conduct of its officers, but immediately learned that they considered me interfering with concerns, which belonged exclusively to themselves. The language used by some of them was too indecent to be recorded here. The constable who had committed the assault, was (upon the oath of the injured woman) arrested, and brought before Justice ——— where the assault was clearly proved, but as a matter of

course, the offender was discharged, and the friends of the colored people left to infer that they would receive no countenance from that court. There was however one important fact elicited by the complaint, to wit: that the constable had not the least shadow of authority for searching the house of the complainant. With these facts fully before us, complaint was made to the Grand Jury of the June Term, and the facts definitely proved, that said constable and his associate did without any authority, enter the house of Mr. ——— a colored man of this city, and there pushed and jammed, and endangered the life of his wife during his absence, until she would suffer him to search the premises for a colored person, whom he alledged to be a slave, but who was as free as any reader of this article.

The Jury in their superior wisdom, refused to find a bill.

How they came to such a conclusion is not for me to say, and they probably will never inform us. It looks mysterious that so plain a case of assault was not noticed. It would be insulting their intelligence to suppose that they had the most distant idea that the offender pushed the woman for a lawful purpose, or in a lawful manner.

We should like to enquire of either of those gentlemen who was on that Grand Jury, who has a wife, if that constable had treated *his* wife as it was proved the police officer treated the one in question, whether they would think it justice to discharge the offender?

It may however, be proper to remark, that had that Grand Jury done its duty, the community would have been put in possession of many important facts, which might have led them to altogether different conclusions from those entertained by the police court of this city, and it might have opened the eyes of too many who are now blindly opposing the cause of the oppressed. The trial might also have brought to light some facts which would have made the slander suit, which Justice ——— commenced against the editor of the Tocsin of Liberty, less profitable to the plaintiff. With the Grand Jury I

am unacquainted, and that they might have erred unintentionally do not deny, but that they have by this neglect encouraged a class of desperate ruffians, I have daily abundant and increasing evidence. How large a portion of this community will sustain them, remains yet to be seen. * * * * * * * *

Yours, &c. A. BROWN.

Concerning this infringment of the colored man's rights in the invasion of his home, Mr. Goodwin makes the following comments:

"The poorest and the meanest white man can fly to our legal tribunals, and justice is swift to punish the man who has dared to do him wrong. . . . . .

That citizen was a colored man, and such is the coldness and apathy of our courts—such is the perversion of the administration of public justice, that our magistrates can wink at injuries done to the black man, and frown him away from their tribunals. The offender was a *white* man —the sufferer was a *colored* man. The offender was an officer, "clothed with a little brief authority," and his victim was of a *proscribed race.* We, however, acknowledge not the purity of that justice which shields its satellites, and permits them to perpetrate outrage with impunity. We wish in this matter not to be misunderstood. We claim for all men in our state but an *equality of rights.* We claim that the tribunals of justice should be open alike to all—that the white man should not be privileged to *oppress,* nor the black man compelled to *endure.* Public justice, like the rains and dews of Heaven, should fall equally on all; such is the spirit of our constitution, such is the genius of our laws. The law knows no distinction of color. The black man's home, and the persons of his family, are *as sacred* as those of the white man; and the magistrate who would create or sanction a difference between them, should be hurled from his seat, as a traitor to the principles of our constitution—a traitor to the beautiful system of equality of rights upon which our laws are based—as a caitiff that would poison the pure streams of

public justice, and wield the power of his office, not to redress the wrongs of the injured, but to protect guilt and crime."

The case was continued to another term, at which time, Mr. Brown again appeared as was stated in his Report to the Executive Committee, under date of Oct. 20th, '42—Returned to Albany to attend Court, and meet the Indictments against me. After spending a week waiting for the trial to be called, was duly informed, that if the case was ever brought to trial, the District Attorney would give me sufficient notice to prepare for the trial. Thus terminated the contemptible design of the Clay men of this City, to destroy the influence of one, whom they could not meet.

The Report of the E. N. Y. A. S. Society contains an account af the final disposition of this affair, after the following remarks by way of explanation:

"These indictments were instigated by the leading whig influence of Albany. They had at the time the sanction of almost the entire whig press. Mr. Brown was denounced as a Reverend slanderer, and as worthy of a place with criminals at *Sing Sing*.

The Judge who presided and charged the Grand Jury was a whig. The Sheriff who had charge of the subpœnaing the Grand Jury was a whig. The mass of the jury were whigs. The foreman was a very influential whig. Others were then and are now whig officeholders. The District Attorney was a whig. And finally, influential whigs have had the entire control and management of the affair. The indictment was pushed with the utmost rigor until it was carried up to the Circuit Court, where whig influences could not be brought to bear upon it. The District Attorney came to the very wise conclusion that the indictment might remain hanging over your Secretary as a kind of *whig rod* to protect Henry Clay from persecution, (as the whig papers termed it.)

The indictment remained in *statu quo*, when a change of Judges made a change in District Attorney, and among the last acts of the late District Attorney we find the following motion.

GENERAL SESSIONS OF THE PEACE, MARCH TERM.

*Thursday, March* 23, 1844.

Present—Hon. Peter Gansevoort, First Judge. Hon. J. Q. Wilson, Hon. R. W. Murphy, Hon. R. J. Hilton Judges.

The People vs. Abel Brown.—Libel on Henry Clay. On motion of A. G. Wheaton, Dist. Att'y. Ordered that a *Nolle Prosequi* be and the same is hereby entered in this cause.

The People vs. Abel Brown.—Libel on Thurlow Weed and others. On motion of H. G. Wheaton, Dist. Att'y. Ordered that a *Nolle Prosequi* be and the same is hereby entered in this cause.

Copy. WILLIAM MIX, Clerk.

The county paid the costs in this prosecution of Mr. Brown, instigated by the wealthy and influential whigs of Albany. The cost to Mr. B. for moneys paid out and time spent has been no inconsiderable amount.

The sequel has however demonstrated one fact, to wit: That the whig party, after all their pretended consciousness of the purity of the character of their candidate for the presidency, *dare not* suffer that character to be tested before a legal tribunal."

After the indictment was over, (on a refusal of trial,) the assertion was still industriously circulated, that Mr. Brown was a "Reverend slanderer," &c. Neither had his prosecutors the justice or magnanimity, to *retract* the charge or falsify the assertion. His name also appeared in a book entitled "Sargeant's Life of Henry Clay," in which he is represented as a slanderer of this popular Statesman. For these reasons, I feel it my duty, though a painful task, when I recount his sufferings and the persecution he received, to present the facts in vindication of his character from the assaults of his enemies; and to give an explanation of the whole affair, not by my own inferences, but from the account rendered by Mr. Brown himself.

No person held higher estimation of Mr. Clay's intellectual superiority and ability as a statesman than Mr. Brown. In reference to which, he used to remark, that his influence was proportionably the more dangerous to the interests of the slave question.

As a professed teacher of christianity, and of the God given rights of liberty to man, Mr. Brown could not fail to expose "wickedness in high places," as the only effectual mode of purifying the lesser influences, or *minor sources* of evil.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Scenes of Domestic Affliction—Death of his Wife—The two White Fugitives—Report of Vigilance Committee—Lewis Washington, the Fugitive Slave Lecturer—Mr. Brown visits Massachusetts—Our first acquaintance—Correspondence.

In the midst of various and conflicting duties at this time, Mr. Brown was called to witness the sickness and death of his beloved companion—his counsellor and friend, and one who, when foes thickened around—amid the stormy rage of persecution and strife, would bid him "go," saying, "duty is yours, consequences are with God."

The following Obituary notice is taken from the Golden Rule, published in Albany.

### Death of the Editress.

Mrs. Mary Ann B. Brown, the beloved Editress of the Golden Rule, died at her residence in this city, on Thursday, the 4th inst., in the 27th year of her age.

The sickness which has thus terminated the life of this excellent woman, was extremely severe, and of about eight weeks duration. The closing scene, however, was perfectly calm and peaceful—it was the departure of one,

"who sinks to rest,
With heaven's approving sentence blest."

Every friend of this paper will feel that the death of Mrs. B. is a great and personal bereavement; for we need not say, she was deeply and truly devoted to the interests it advocates. For the improvement of her sex, in whatever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report, she esteemed no sacrifice too great, no labor too arduous. Both the vigorous and graceful productions of her own pen, and the remarkably judicious and tasteful selections, which have appeared in this paper, will long remain to preserve and honor her memory.

But, beside the important relation in which Mrs. B. stood to the public, there were more sacred and tender ties which bound her to life. She was a *young wife* and *mother*. A husband, and two little children—the youngest but five weeks of age—survive her death. We mourn, but not as them that have no hope; for above the voice of our lamentation, is heard the sweet and earnest assurance of Christian faith—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." C. V. L.

Among the benevolent efforts of Mrs. Brown, she had succeeded (in connection with the Golden Rule Association) in establishing a home for Orphan girls, or an asylum for the destitute and unfortunate, which was in successful operation at the time of her death; and there was no subject of reform, or enterprise of the age, in which she did not feel and manifest the most lively and decided interest.

To his friends—concerning this affliction, Mr. Brown writes,—"She talked of death without the least apparant fear, and frequently said, I am not afraid to die. She would not give the least direction relative to the future arrangements of her family, only would say, that God would direct it all better than she could. My own feelings have been indescribable—but I have felt and known that it was all right. I have realized, during her dying hours, the meaning of that sentence—"Motherless children." My dear Walter, felt her death most severely—

He would not be consoled. He stood by her bed and kissed her again and again, and cried aloud, "she must not die—Ma' must not die." He says, she has gone to Heaven—but then he adds, that dreadful sentence, "she will not come back." He thinks Heaven is a good place, but Ma' will stay there—will never visit us again on earth. But neither tears—nor groans—nor prayers—nor sighs, could make her stay another moment. I laid my hand upon her heart and felt it quietly cease to beat—Oh, what an hour was that!

We closed her eyes and retired to our chamber, and there commended ourselves and friends to God, who is ever ready to listen to all our cries. The friends laid out the body. Walter got flowers and placed around that precious face. Often would he go and sweetly kiss that cold cheek. Soon after she died, he wanted me to get the Bible and read about the place where Ma' had gone—I read and gave him the Bible description of Heaven. He seemed pleased with it and listened with fixed attention, and burst into tears and cried—"Oh, she will not come back."

"Rev. C. Van Loon and Rev. George Storrs attended the funeral, and many went to the grave, although it rained incessantly. The colored people came to weep around her coffin. She had ever been their friend, and they deeply felt that in losing her, they had lost one who felt their dreadful sufferings. There are in the city, many who have been slaves—whenever I see them they express their grief, often in tears. They know and feel that they have lost one whose house was a refuge for the poor and the oppressed, and who knew how to defend them from the attack of their enemies."

Amid these scenes of domestic affliction, when the heart most needs sympathy, and the eye turns silently for relief and tenderness of treatment, Mr. Brown was surrounded by men of violence and blood; who, ere the remains of his deceased wife were removed, threatened the destruction of his house—and he often was obliged to seek refuge at night in some habitation of his friends, unknown to his enemies.

From the Reports of Mr. Brown, it seems that he was often obliged to prepare the way in making arrangements for himself and others to lecture; or in other words, to precede his own appointments. He thus performed much incidental business not connected with the official duties of his station. Especially, was this the case in the early part of his labors for the slave in N. Y. Much success attended his efforts at this period, and the attention of the community seems to have been effectually aroused to the great question of his advocacy. While in some of the numerous Conventions, held by Mr. Brown, perfect order and quiet prevailed, others presented scenes of violence and outrage.

In the autumn of 1842, a riotous scene occurred in Auburn (N. Y.) at a Convention held by Mr. Brown, concerning which, a few particulars are given from an account published by Mr. Hopkins, a well known friend of the cause in that place.

"At the hour appointed, a respectable audience had assembled to hear Mr. Brown's lecture, and the meeting organized by the appointment of a chairman, when the ruffianism, which had been in course of preparation through the day, came in, and began to manifest itself in hisses and continued stamping. When the noise had subsided in part, the chairman remarked that a large majority present were the friends of order, and requested that they might be allowed to hear the lecture undisturbed; when our heroes and their leader, again with one accord, began, "Nine cheers for Henry Clay," &c. Henry Clay was evidently a favorite, and when a voice could again be heard it was remarked that Henry Clay should consider himself under lasting obligation for this devotion of his friends. The meeting, however, was not restored to order, although the Deputy Sheriff was present, and (I am informed) other officers of the peace, and indications of a determination to assault the speaker, and threats of personal violence were made. On the suggestion of the Deputy Sheriff, the chair announced the meeting adjourned—and under protection of that officer, and the

friends of good order present, Mr. Brown retired to the store of a friend, followed by a mob apparently anxious to shed his blood. At this crisis, I take pleasure in stating that all political lines appeared to be forgotten by our respectable citizens, both of the Whig and Democratic parties, who seemed anxious to defend the right of discussion, and the reputation of our goodly village; and I am exceedingly mistaken if this disgraceful mob, got up by a few unprincipled *Whig* leaders here, to prevent the exposure of Henry Clay's robberies of more than fifty laboring men and women, does not open the eyes of good men who have heretofore identified themselves with the Whig party. *Honest men* cannot long be used as the tools to exalt such baseness to official station. The Christian portion of this community cannot long remain tied, in their political relations, to the support of a man for the chief magistracy of this nation, who buys and sells our Lord Jesus Christ, in the persons of his oppressed children.

On the arrival of the cars, Mr. Brown, surrounded by a large number of respectable citizens, proceeded from the store where he had taken refuge, to the car-house, followed by the mob, swelled by the accession of many, who, I am informed, had been in attendance at the Whig meeting. While proceeding to the cars, several attempts were made by the mob to assault Mr. Brown, but the firmness of his friends prevented. Some assaults were made with canes, but I am not aware that any blood was shed." . . . . . .

During this season of Southern emigration, Mr. Brown frequently invited interesting and intelligent fugitive slaves, to accompany him in the work of his agency. Of one who had been a slave more than fifty years, he thus writes, in giving notice of a lecture—"Mr. Ramsay will relate his experience and history while a slave in this *goodly* '*Christian* land;' also, an account of the heart rending scenes which occurred at different times in his family, while the ruthless tyrant tore from him his children to the number of eleven, and sold them to the unfeeling traders,

into the far South, to be worked to death on the cotton and rice fields and sugar plantations."

Concerning another attendant, Mr. Brown writes—

"*Rochester, Oct.* 19, 1842, 5 *A. M.*

"I arrived here about an hour since in company with the *white* slave, Wm. Johnson.

"Yesterday we called at Rome, and attended a meeting of the N. Y. S. Baptist A. S. Convention. There were present a large number of delegates, all of whom appeared to sympathise deeply with the slave. In the P. M. Wm. was introduced to the meeting, and gave them a brief relation of his experience. The assembly were deeply interested in his statements, and manifested their interest, by raising eight dollars to defray his expenses from Albany to Canada, whither Wm. will soon go. He will probably arrive in that happy land tomorrow. At Utica I called with William, on Hon. Alvan Stewart, who manifested his interest in his welfare by making him a liberal donation. Mr. S. also introduced him to his family, and it was truly delightful, to see that noble man and his family listening to the tale of sorrow of a poor oppressed brother; to hear and see their expressions of sympathy; to see William take courage as the tears of his auditors rolled down their cheeks. When we left, Mr. S. spoke many encouraging words to the affrighted and distressed fugitive, that greatly calmed his fears, and led him to exclaim as we passed from the yard, "God bless that man!" He's a good man!" "How I should like to live with him!" "If I ever come back I will call and see him!" From that hour, William began to feel that there were white men who could be trusted; joy beamed in his countenance. A few hours after, he received the kind hospitalities and aid of the Baptist Anti-Slavery Convention. It would have filled you with additional delight, after all you have witnessed, to have seen William after we got into the cars; he was perfectly happy; he sung; he jumped; he thanked God; he blessed the convention; he blessed Mr. Stewart; he said again and again, "God has delivered me."

Then he was filled with grief at the thought of his brothers and sisters in slavery. He told us of one* who drowned herself upon hearing that she was sold to go to Georgia. Oh that cursed system that has robbed such a man of himself."

Mr. Brown also labored in Western N. Y., "attended by Milton Clark, a white slave who was rescued by the patriotic citizens of the (Ohio) Western Reserve, from Kentucky blood hounds, who had caught and bound him, and were carrying him back into perpetual slavery. Mr. Brown held forth to large gatherings, and the people listened with marked attention." . . . .

In Nov. '42, Mr. Brown visited Canada, and in writing from Dawn Mills, describes a number of slaves, whom he had assisted in *Albany* to this home of the oppressed, as "well, contented, and happy; and unwilling to return to the kind embrace of their affectionate masters."

At this time a reward was offered by certain gentlemen in Baltimore, to one of the City Constables of Albany, of fifteen hundred dollars for the apprehension of Brown, Torrey and E. W. Goodwin; concerning which, information was published that "each of them would go to Baltimore for half that sum, provided the money was only deposited in a good bank, or any way, in which they might be sure that the money would be paid; as they were in great need of funds, to help the poor fugitives who were escaping from their ungodly man market—Sodomite villanies, and barbarian oppressions."

*Dec.* 12, 1842.

It appears from the first Annual Report of the Vigilance Committee of Albany, that "no less than 350 fugitives had been aided to a place of safety by the Committee, at an expense of more than one thousand dollars. Through the efforts of the Committee, every attempt to recover these victims of oppression, on the part of slave catchers in connection with Albany Constables, Police officers and

* This statement was corroborated by a member of Congress (Mr Gates.)

Judges, had proved ineffectual. In one case, the determination in the release of slaves was made on the ground, that the United States Court *alone* could entertain the question of slavery. That by the late decision of the court in the celebrated slave case between Maryland and Pennsylvania, the law of Congress alone, founded on the constitutional provision, could be applied to the recapture of runaway slaves."—*Vide Peters' Reports.*

At the Annual Meeting of the E. N. Y. A. S. Society,

*April* 26, 1842.

"On motion of C. T. Torrey, the following resolution passed unanimously.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be authorized to collect and disburse funds for the purpose of aiding fugitive slaves, at their discretion, accounting for the same to the society, as a part of the general duties of the committee."

The propriety of this resolution, will be seen from the fact, that some of the members of the Executive Committee, were already among the official members of the Committee of Vigilance in Albany. Mr. Torrey had also been instrumental in supplying the Committee with this species of merchandize, for transportation or disposal in the free States, as might best suit their convenience. One, who was thus assisted by Mr. Torrey and secreted by Mr. Brown, until the time arrived that all suspicion had ceased, or the chase was apparently over, afterward became his friend and travelling companion, in pleading the cause of the oppressed. Though unaccustomed to our northern winters, he travelled in connection with Mr. Brown—often through snows impassable, by any mode of conveyance except "on foot." At one time, they were thus obliged to walk twelve miles, or rather wade through banks of snow, to meet an appointment of a meeting. Although a strong athletic man, he could hardly compete with Mr. Brown in this kind of travelling. Yet all this he could cheerfully endure, and more, in view of his brethren and

sisters pining under the lash of their cruel task masters on a southern plantation.

In company with this fugitive (Lewis Washington) Mr. Brown visited Massachusetts, in the winter of 1842, when our acquaintance was first formed.

A few extracts from our correspondence are given, as farther illustrative of his efforts and character.

. . . . . "The suggestion which is made, respecting the efforts of Vigilance Committees, being only one branch of the subject of emancipation, is equally applicable to any other branch. One person cannot do every thing, yet the individual efforts of one may be the lever, which will overturn the great bastile of slavery. As well might we say, to help Lundsford Lane was only one branch; to help Geo. Lattimore is only one branch; to purify the church is only one branch; to oppose liberty party is only one branch, &c. &c. The facts are these: A person can make one branch of any subject a "hobby"—can spend all his talk and sympathy on one human being, or if he is capable, can spread out the great subject, and make one slave the representative of millions, as you truly remarked. I have spent halt a day in giving the history of a single woman, and when I had finished, I had told all that two or three hours would permit, concerning the entire system of slavery, and demonstrated the truth of what I had said, by the example before me. . . . .

I have not answered all of your enquiries, but my sheet is full, and I am obliged to see a man, who has just paid the last installment for his wife and eight children in Richmond, Va. We hope to make an agent of him. He comes recommended by the Governor of Va. He has worked fifty years, to free himself and family."

In relation to a respite from his labors, on a visit to his children, who, soon after the death of *Mary Ann* (his wife) were placed under the care of their maternal relatives, Mr. Brown writes to myself the following:

*Fredonia, April 3d,* 1843.

. . . . . "If you had been for nine months, driv-

en by the raging winds upon the boisterous ocean, you would know how to appreciate five days of rest, in the sweet retirement of home. . . . . .

The foolish think me reckless, and suppose that I rejoice and delight in arousing all the tumults and strife, which it is possible to excite in the community; but these are not the elements on which I live, or which give me any pleasure. In quietude as the stillness of the morning or silence of the evening, I should delight to live. My duty to God and my fellow men, alone urge me on and tear me from the sweetness of retirement and communion with God. Yet as much self-denial as it costs, I am determined, with divine assistance, to not suffer myself to be hindered by outward circumstances, from laboring to bless others with the blessings, which to me, are so dear. God will not suffer me to rest, while others are deprived of the precious blessings designed by our Heavenly Father for all mankind. . . . . .

ANSWER TO THE LAST COMMUNICATION.

. . . . . I was glad to find that you were resting at the quiet home of your dear children. Rest again, and again, but not give o'er, till the 'battle's fought,' the 'victory won.' I am afraid that you can not live long, amid so much toil and excitement consequent to a laborer, whose whole soul is absorbed in following Him who "went about doing good." Not that I would have you exercise less faith in Him who has said, "my grace is sufficient for thee, and as thy day is so shall thy strength be also." Yet, we should have some regard to our physical constitution and strength of endurance. * * * *

The extreme toil to which he subjected himself, caused the apprehension of his friends for the safety of his health, and drew from them many a gentle heed of admonition; neither could they see how he could do *less* with the numerous responsibilities devolving upon him, in a cause, the burden and privilege of sustaining which, so few are found willing to share.

In consequence of my own personal efforts in the Anti-

Slavery cause, I was suffering much opposition and reproach; and the circumstances of my position in the church and elsewhere, were both peculiar and afflictive; and a correspondence with so kind a friend as Mr. Brown, was indeed a consolation to my wounded heart.

In one of his letters, he thus expresses himself:

. . . . . How kindly this world treats me, when compared with the treatment of the Saviour of mankind.

I deeply sympathize with you in your trials and contradictions in H., and I have feared lest they might lead even yourself, to feel otherwise than the Saviour did, when he wept over Jerusalem.

. . . . . Oh how noble to rise above every feeling of impatience or hatred, and to look down with the deep feelings of pity and compassion, which possessed the bosom of Him, who, even upon the cross, cried, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." May that spirit constantly fill our minds; then and then only, do we become God like. Then and only then, do we assume the place worthy an immortal spirit. How elevated is such a high and holy position. . . . . .

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## CHAPTER XV.

Visit to New York—Subseqnent Marriage—Anniversary of the Eastern N. Y. A. S. Society—City Association in behalf of the oppressed—Labors in New York—Convention in New Jersey—Phrenological character of Mr. Brown, given by O. S. Fowler.

Agreeable to previous arrangement with Mr. Brown, I started from my home in Massachusetts for New York, on May the 8th inst. in a "Car of Emancipation" (literally) inasmuch, as it was exclusively filled with the friends of freedom, on our way to attend the Anniversaries of the American A. S. Society, and other meetings of similar interest, usually held in New York at this season.

Mr. Brown had previously returned to the city, on some preliminary business, connected with the Annual Convention of the Anti-Slavery Society of Eastern N. Y. In anticipation of my arrival—After giving some directions relative to travelling, Mr. Brown writes, "*I shall be at the Dock without fail,* (Providence permitting) I wish you would stand upon the upper deck of the Boat, as she comes up the dock, and then I will see you." On crossing the Sound, mid the starry brilliancy of night, cheered by the music of the Hutchinsons, like the voice of many waters, we arrived at the Port of New York at break of day, and while admiring the scene on deck, I found my ever faithful friend ready to escort me on shore. The week following, on May 15th, 1843, we were married. Our union was based on the immutable principles of truth and love, and therefore indissoluble.

Mr. Brown I esteemed for his zeal and valor in contest with the enemies of God and man. If in the days of chivalric deeds, many a heart was won, and many a song was sung, in honor of the "bravest knight," how much more worthy, (to say nothing of the pretended virtue of the former) is he, who has contended bravely in defence of the right;—not with carnal weapons, but through the instrumentalities of the spirit, aiming only at the destruction of evil for the perpetuation of good.

Having received an appointment of agency from the Executive Committee of the Eastern N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society, to labor in behalf of the cause, I had left home and friends, and all that my heart held dear in my native state, for the fulfilment of this object.

Subsequent to the Annual Convention of the E. N. Y. A. S. Society, a special meeting was held through the influence of Mr. Brown, for the purpose of forming a City Association, to facilitate the progress of the cause in New York and vicinity. The platform was free, and occupied by speakers irrespective of party organization, and the addresses from fugitives slaves, was a living demonstration of the need of such efforts, as were in contemplation in this city. A little white boy of five years old, was in-

troduced to the assembly, who had been purchased in Florida, at auction, by a gentleman who attended the sale, for the sum of fifty dollars. Another white slave (a fugitive) was also present, whose master had chased him to this city some years previous. Much interest was manifested on the part of friends in the objects of the occasion. A handsome subscription was collected, and such was the enthusiasm, that money was even thrown from the galleries into the desk while Mr. Brown was speaking. One girl, formerly a slave, very modestly gave ten dollars.

On the ensuing Sabbath, Mr. Brown preached at one of the colored churches. The assembly was to me, both a novel and affecting scene.

During our stay in New York (of nearly three months) we labored with direct reference to the objects of the Association—in the dissemination of tracts, public lectures, &c. in short, in every way that the exigences of the cause seemed to require. A strong hold is this metropolitan city for the oppressed. Slaveholding interest reigns in the ascendency here, yet faithful hearts are there too, who have pledged their lives to the sacred cause of freedom. One German, I remember particularly,—his wife an English lady,—they both devoted their time and money to the cause, and were exceedingly kind and hospitable to us as agents in the enterprise. Some young men were also ardently engaged in the cause. H. Dresser, a leading and efficient member of the Executive Committee, was often called to plead in behalf of the fugitive, on a writ of habeas corpus. Various meetings were held on those summer evenings, in behalf of the slave, and occasional interest was manifested. It was our privilege to board at a place in company with a literary gentleman, Monseiur De Cen Tremme, a zealous friend of human rights; and who was ever ready to advocate the cause on all suitable occasions. The ladies of New York, many of them were ready and willing to aid and assist in this philanthropic design. An interesting meeting of ladies was held at our rooms; three of the number had been slaves. One of them conversed fluently with the Frenchman al-

luded to. She having been the slave of a French woman, resident of New Orleans. She had visited France with "her mistress," and had always been a favorite attendant in their journeyings. She accompanied "her master" to New York. Suffering under a disease of the eyes, he had come to receive some ocular remedy. Being thus afflicted, he was obliged to walk blindfold through the streets, with his slave by his side. He had the impression (she said) that she would never leave him—but he was mistaken; she never left New York! The stories of all were of an interesting character. One female who had been a slave, called the same afternoon and showed me her arm, most dreadfully scarred by the whip. Those who were present, I hope will never forget the stories related by these daughters of affliction. Yet they seemed cheerful and happy on that occasion, for they found sympathy, and were conscious of freedom. Mrs. Lane, wife of an imprisoned husband, seemed alone sad. Much interest was excited in his behalf at this time; a tract in relation to his case, (having been writen by myself) and extensively circulated. Yet this same man, James D. Lane, lies now incarcerated within the walls of Richmond Penitentiary, for the alledged crime of assisting fugitive slaves; sentenced for twelve years from 1843. One half of his time only has expired! A woman called one day to see Mr. Brown, in relation to her husband, whom she suspected had been sold by the Captain of a vessel, (in which he sailed) for a slave on the coast of Brazil. She was filled with anxiety and fearful apprehension. Such being often the fate of the poor colored seamen on the Brazilian shores. Petitions have been sent to Congress, signed by hundreds of merchants and others in New York interested in commerce with the southern continent, in reference to their detention, for the sole purpose of reducing them to slavery. I mention these cases to show how we were employed, and what kind of work is needed in that city. In most cases, we could offer them only our sympathy, which is never lost to their wounded hearts. On one of our Antislavery trips across the river, we called

at the house of a colored friend, and there found a white man and his family, who had just escaped from the fangs of the slave monster in South Carolina. The man was about to have been sold by his half-brother, to defray the expenses of his wife's last sickness in paying the Doctor's bill. No trace of African blood could we discover; the indication was perceptible alone in his black curly hair. As a proof that his children were quite Anglo Saxon, I need only to add, that he took them to a colored school, and the father was told by the teacher, that she did not admit *white* children. A little fair white boy, (once a slave) concerning whom allusion has previously been made, was also present at some of Mr. Brown's meetings. He now stood (not upon the auction block) but upon a free table, at a meeting for liberty, while Mr. Brown portrayed the features of that vile and abominable system, that would thus rob an innocent and lovely child of the dearest rights that God has given.

The amount of good done, resulting from our labors, it is difficult to determine; especially in such a metropolis as New York.

Lewis Washington, the fugitive slave, and laborer with Mr. Brown, was with us part of the time in New York, and also accompanied us to New Jersey, where we spent a week enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. Sayres and family, at Elizabethtown. In this place and vicinity, a number of meetings were held, at which the colored people, (quite numerous) flocked around Lewis with the warmest manifestations of interest and good will.

Many of them had just emerged from the chaos of slavery, and I never shall forget their illuminated faces at our meetings. At one of them, a woman cried out, (amid much confusion in the assembly,) when Lewis was speaking, and said, "*it is true*, for I have seen the same in Washington."

Mr. Sayre's family once held slaves, but were now, in view of their former position, humble and penitent abolitionists. Mr. S. was often much affected and would weep like a child over his past sin of slaveholding; and he had

sent for us, through the interposition of a friend, to make them a visit.

His aged slave, or at least the one whom he was obliged to retain and support by law, was past the age of release. She was then more than fourscore years. Her name was Kate. Although offered a home by Mr. S. in his family, she chose to live with a little boy, a grandson, the only remaining one of eleven children; of nine or ten of whom she had been inhumanly robbed. Her husband, who was a coach driver, had been sold by his master, to meet the loss occasioned by his horses being precipitated into the river, through the falling of a bridge. The price of the slave (who barely escaped breaking his neck) was undoubtedly an equivalent in the mind of the slaveholder. She, the wife, had also been sold, and once for an old wagon. Many heartrending accounts were related to me by their weeping wife and daughters, concerning many circumstances in connection with slavery within their own personal knowledge; but I must forbear the recital, and return to those incidents, more immediately connected with the subject of my history.

During our residence in New York, Mr. Brown was induced to call at the Phrenological Office of the Fowlers, more as a matter of curiosity than otherwise. Being a perfect stranger, his policy was to say little as possible—assuming the most careless, indifferent air (a perfect nonchalance.) The chart given by Mr. O. S. Fowler, is considered by his friends as almost a perfect likeness of his natural traits and character. He pronounced him at once, a public man, and engaged on moral subjects, and as an advocate of human rights. His intellectual and moral qualities are represented as so combined, as to constitute a radical Reformer; and, as also possessed of those qualities, that rendered him eminently social, and an attached friend in the domestic relations of life. His mental activity, or nervous temperament, far superceded his vitality and strength of system.

He remarks in his written character, that he "is called imprudent, but is in fact *cautious*. Does things in an

original way—is sui generis and toto celo—mind naturally passes rapidly—possess *versatility* of talent. With the highest reasoning powers, he also united great firmness and stability of character, yet possessed of too little self-respect or esteem. This deficiency was however, in a great measure obviated by his strong love of approbation, and large conscientiousness. His organ of benevolence, he states of the highest order, with large ideality and mirthfulness, causing him to argue through the reductio ad absurdum;" and the satire sometimes intermingled with his lectures, may have caused in part the ire and opposition of his enemies. Of his propelling or executive faculties, he says, "you have enough high pressure in your composition to build two steam boats and keep them running—go through every thing with a positive force." "Is cautious in commencing, but when he has begun stops for no one and no thing." It was this determined force and resolution in acting, that caused many to suppose him reckless and imprudent; but this was not the case. No one calculated results or counted the cost more closely than he did; and the opposition he received in the moral enterprises of the day, were what he anticipated, in view of past history, the prophecies of Christ, and the present state of public opinion.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

The Slave Musician—A Western Tour—Letters—Visits Massachusetts—Return to Albany—Continuation of Efforts in behalf of the Slave—Mr. Brown's Political Views—His continued interest in the Temperance Cause—Letter to the Mayor of Albany.

Among the escaped fugitives, at this season of our sojourn in New York, two arrived from North Carolina, in company with a white man as their assumed master. One of the slaves had been a celebrated violinist, and

theatrical player in some of the cities of the south. His musical skill, manners and conversation were such as to evince the truth of his statements.

This summer, Mr. Brown was enabled to fulfil his long contemplated project of visiting "the West." We accordingly started from New York the latter part of June; having made previous arrangements to hold a series of Conventions on our route to Wisconsin. The fugitive slave musician accompanied us some part of the way, and his performances as a player, added much to the interest of the meetings. He seldom spoke, except when interrogated by the audience, and then his answers were always pertinent and to the point.

Agreeable to invitation, on "the Fourth" of July, we attended a County Convention at Canandaigua.

An extract from the Official Report in reference to the occasion, is as follows;—

The large Court House in the village, was filled at an early hour by the sterling yeomanry from every town in the county, and such firmness and determination as apparently influenced the immense assembly, we have never witnessed in any Convention of the kind held in this county heretofore. . . . . .

After an eloquent address by Abel Brown, of Albany, who in a clear and forcible manner described the influence of the slave power on the North—the sufferings of our enslaved brethren—the inevitable ruin into which slavery is rapidly hurrying the whole country, and the guilt of the North in sustaining this system of cruelty and blood,—the business Committee reported the following, among other resolutions of a spirited character, which received the unanimous assent of the Convention.

Resolved, That the wickedness and hypocrisy of the people of this country, is fully manifested—in boasting of their freedom and Independence, while they hold 2,500,000 of their fellow countrymen in chains and slavery; and we are loudly called upon to-day, to humble ourselves before God, to confess our sins and seek forgiveness—by breaking every yoke and letting the oppressed go free."

The Convention were much annoyed by the noise of a cannon, which some gentlemen of Canandaigua placed under the Court House windows. The motives which actuated those who placed the gun in that position, were duly *appreciated* by the Convention.

Thomas Pollock, a very intelligent fugitive, three weeks from North Carolina, gave a very interesting account to the Convention, of his sufferings and escape from slavery.

Liberty songs were sung by Mrs. Brown.

> "A nobler strife, the world ne'er saw
> The enslaved to disenthral;
> I am a soldier for the war,
> Whatever may befall."

JOHN MOSHER, Secretary.

*Canandaigua, July* 4, 1843.

A letter from our estimable friend Henry Bradley, addressed to C. T. Torrey, is given in reference to other Conventions in that vicinity.

*Penn Yann, July* 10*th*, '43.

Great anxiety, is every where felt by the friends of the slave and of humanity, to hear of the advances of the cause and of its triumphs; for it begins to have triumphs; or rather in the midst of the weary and desolate desert of long continued ecclesiastical, political and mob opposition, and violence, we have come to find not only an occasional, but frequently a refreshing *Oasis*, or what I suppose Alvan Stewart would call—the luxury of abolition. Last Thursday and Friday, we held an Antislavery Mass Convention, at the village of Branchport, in the town of Jerusalem in this county, where no meetings of the kind had ever before been held. The devoted and untiring agent of the Albany Vig. Committee, Rev. Abel Brown, with his young wife, who can both sing and speak for the slave, and a gentlemen from the south, nearly white, the son of a Congressman, who within a few days, has undergone the magic transformation which changes a personal chattel into a man, were present, and contributed greatly to the interest of the meeting. It is due the good people

of Branchport, to say that their doors and their hearts were open, the one to receive abolitionists, the other to receive the truths they brought with them. Never was hospitality more generous or unfeigned.

Mr. Brown came to this place from Canandaigua, where he had been invited by the friends of freedom, to address the people on the 4th of July. The cause of impartial liberty was *too unholy* to be admitted into the church, and was thrust into the Court House, that a shooting, drumming, *cold water* and *patriotic* celebration might occupy the meeting house. Not satisfied with this, a cannon was placed under the windows of the Court House, whose arguments were really much louder than Mr. Brown's, but, quite contrary to the intentions of the *pious* movers, only served to fill the honest yeomanry with disgust for such patrician arrogance. A committee was appointed to wait on "the powers that be," to have the gun removed; but the *people* interposed and SWORE that their minister and the deacons of the church were the best men in the world, and that if the cannon did not drive abolition out of the place, the church would be divided.

What a change has come over the land! A few years ago, all the demagogue-politicians, and all the vicious and profane, were every where crying "church and state! church and state!" to the top of their voices. Now we hear the same classes expressing the most tender solicitude for the ministers and churches, and often interposing their cannon and their mobs, to secure the former from injury, and the latter from division. Why is all this? Doubtless, God in his all-wise Providence, frequently brings upon ministers, churches and individuals, *tests* by which their *true* character is proved and developed.

In reference to the agitation produced by the Conventions, Mr. Brown writes,—The opposers had, of their own free will and accord, placed themselves in a hostile position, and were determined to make one desperate effort to destroy the abolition influence in Canandaigua; thereby rendering it absolutely necessary, either to forsake the field or batter down the fortress of the enemy. With

such a systematic opposition I was invited to address the Convention. I was thus placed in a situation which demanded a mighty effort on my part. That I did my duty faithfully, I will not say; that I rebuked as sharply as the case demanded, I do not believe.

That I did my duty, as far as I was capable, I freely confess. That I say hard things, I do not deny, but I never say them for the purpose of revenging any personal animosities, for I have none to gratify.

I regret the circumstances which rendered it necessary for me to talk as I did; I did no more than was necessary to remove the objections, which the men who feel themselves aggrieved had, unasked, publicly made against the cause of abolition. If their objections were futile, the fault was not mine. *Duty to God and his insulted poor, required me to utterly annihilate every objection to the Anti-Slavery cause.*"

The occasion was one of deep interest to the friends of the cause in this place (in connection with other meetings held at this period) and was indeed "the ever memorable Fourth," shadowing forth results far in the future, which time has since developed, in the formation of a new church established on those high and holy principles inculcated by our Saviour, who is emphatically styled the Deliverer of his people from sin and oppression.

On giving an account of a visit myself at Niagara Falls, in writing Rev. C. Bradford, under date of July 21st, Mr. Brown remarks;

I have been so overwhelmed with Anti-Slavery duties, that I did not have time to visit the Falls with Mrs. B. Indeed, I did not think she had sufficient health to attend all the meetings, and travel nights into the bargain; therefore gave her three days respite at the Falls. We are in good health, and leave on Monday, P. M. for the "far west." The lake is very fine and the shore inviting. My kind regards to all. Thankful for past favors and hoping their continuance—

I am as ever, Your Brother,

A. BROWN.

A few sketches of our western journey are given, mostly from the pen of Mr. Brown, written at intervals on our route, as time and leisure would permit.

*Steamboat Illinois, Aug.* 9, 1843.

DEAR TORREY:

Seated, between Chicago and Milwaukie, on the deck of this noble vessel, enjoying the delightful breezes of lake Michigan, I write you this letter. My wife is also engaged in writing you a letter; and as you are a great favorite among the ladies, and are always disposed to favor them, I shall not write a letter for publication.

I have sounded the Abolitionism of Michigan, and I assure you, that it is as deep as the sorrows of the slave and as abiding as the waters of the "great deep." It would greatly refresh you to enjoy the society of the noble men who compose the Executive Committees of the societies of Michigan and Illinois. . . . . .

Soon after my arrival at Chicago, a very fine span of horses, attached to a regular yankee wagon, drove up to the door of friend Eastman. The driver was a noble looking man, and there were two or three noble looking men with him, and they politely invited me to occupy a vacant seat, and enjoy a delightful ride to Grove, (30 miles) and attend an Anti-Slavery meeting. I soon learned that our driver was no less a personage than —— Collins, Esq. one of the oldest and noblest settlers of the city; and that the gentleman by my side was also a lawyer, and that the horses and carriage were owned by Mr. C. and are kept for the purpose of carrying a certain class of passengers, who travel north, for their own accommodation. Just think of it—a *Lawyer* keeps a team and uses it to *comfort* and bless the slave; and what is still better, this same lawyer, like H. Dresser, Esq. of New York city, defends these same despised slaves before the cruel courts, against the more cruel laws of the slavery-ridden Illinois. But to the ride.

We were soon nearly out of sight of land on the broad ocean of a prairie, (surely a splendid scene,) with here

and there a small island of timbered land, and a yankee residence. After about four hours ride, we stopped at the house of another Vermonter, and found his barn well rigged for a meeting, which assembled in due time, and was addressed by the gentlemen who accompanied me, as also by myself. The women were there and cheered us on by their words and smiles of approbation. The meeting was large considering the sparseness of the population. And the abolitionism was none of the half-way sort—there are no fence men here; but the friends feel deeply and think more deeply than many Eastern abolitionists. They are certainly more decided; they have more to contend with. Almost all of them are subject to indictment under State law, but Lovejoy-like they are unmoved. We rode back to Chicago after 10 o'clock at night.

My sheet is full, and I cannot now write of the very large meeting at Chicago, or of the kind hospitalities received there. However, they were worthy of the great land in which those who proffered them live. May God bless the friends of Michigan and Illinois! Their kindness will never be forgotten. The good will bless them—the slaves will bless them—and God will certainly bless them with life everlasting! Come to the West, if you want to see a people who are full of great hearts and great thoughts.

I leave the boat, to go still west, at Milwaukie. I will write you when I get upon the Mississippi.

Yours, as ever, A. BROWN.

*Milwaukie, Aug.* 18, 1843.

FRIEND JACKSON,

Through a kind Providence, we have been enabled to complete our journey in health and safety. Our route has been rather circuitous: for the purpose of holding Conventions at various places in New York, Michigan, Illinois and the territory of Wisconsin—and a most pleasant tour it has been, I'll assure you, which is all I can say of it at present, as it would take a *port-folio* to describe all I could wish, respecting its scenes, the beautiful

lakes, and more than all, the enterprise and intelligence of the inhabitants of this western world. I think I now begin to understand *a little* what is meant by the "Giant West," having seen a small portion of its noble features.

I must now give you a short account of our Anti-Slavery visits, numbering fifty or more, since we started from New York, during all of which we have been most cordially received, and have met with no opposition of a *public* character, with the exception of meetings at Canandaigua on the ever memorable 4th, and a little skirmish at Buffalo; however, it is hardly worth *mentioning*, if the cause is not hindered thereby, which is seldom the case, when Abolitionists are "on duty." At Detroit, we stopped a few days, and were kindly admitted to hold a meeting in the Baptist church. Some few seemed deeply interested for the slave, but from what I could learn, I judged that the community generally were in a quietus; they had received no lecture for some time, and it seemed that the subject was seldom agitated, except in the occurrence of a slave being judicially arrested, when the colored people exhibited no little signs of *practical* commotion. Anything, thought I, but a "dead calm:" rather give the powder and ball of Canandaigua, and let me hear the cannon's thundering voice; then I should know that something was at work. (I am a non-resistant you know.) The *church* seems to have thrown the death-pall over the slave's redemption, in that city, for I was told that on the anniversary of Independence day, a Sabbath School celebration was held, and that a delegation previous was sent from the African church to the committee of the three different churches, beseeching them to allow the colored children of their Sabbath school, to join them in the Universal Jubilee—and I cannot but weep while I write they refused! O my God, has it come to this that children who know no prejudice of color, cannot associate together, for an hour or a day, in the joyousness of their hearts, to thank God, and bless his name for the glorious privileges of the Gospel, and for the gift of his Son to save the lost and perishing children of men? And yet said a

young lawyer to me, with a very serious air, "the committee thought the parents of the white children would be unwilling that they should associate with the *colored* children, because of their degradation in *morals*." Query—was it not in *condition?* and even if it were in morals, was it not owing to the condition into which they had been *thrown* by their cruel *prejudice* and neglect for their spiritual welfare?

We next visited Ann Arbor, by invitation from brother Beckley, the able editor of the Signal of Liberty. Here we found quite a different atmosphere, and we could seem to breathe freer, and even the face of nature looked more pleasing, for we had found the liberty-loving spirit ever inspiring and active in the cause. Mr. B. is a preacher of *righteousness* in that place, and not of sect merely, I conclude, for he now supplies two different churches, the Methodist and Baptist, *unitedly*. Mr. B. is of the True Wesleyan order, and a seceder or "come-outer" from the Methodist Episcopal body. On the Sabbath, Mr. Brown preached as usual, and in the evening gave two Abolition lectures at the Baptist church, and the evening following at the Court House. The day after, we stopped at Jackson, where we found Mr. Treadwell, author of a highly valuable work on Slavery. Through his influence, we were enabled to hold two entensive meetings; much interest was manifested—and I ought to say, also, that much credit is due to Dr. Willson, the notorious rebel from Canada, who is now the proprietor of a fine Temperance House in that place, and a spirited character in every good cause. He told me that what grieved him *most* of all, as a "refugee," was the taunts given him by British royalists, saying, that while endeavoring to flee from a land of *civil* oppression, he had come to a land where a sixth portion of its inhabitants were deprived of *all* their rights.

On leaving Jackson, we passed through many a pleasant town, and among them Marshall, to which place six slaves had recently escaped, and were *overtaken* by their inhuman pursuers; but not a person could be *marshalled*

in this *noble* town "to deliver up the fugitives,"—so they were obliged to leave without them. I mention circumstances like these, to give you a clue to the prospect of Anti-slavery in Michigan, or in some of its leading towns, which generally amounts to about the same thing, for what is true of them serves as a kind of index to the whole State.

Proceeding on our way, we passed through the wilds of Michigan, or oak-openings, forming natural parks, where the wild deer roam, with an occasional lake or marsh, adding variety and beauty to the effect, (once the hunting ground of the Indian, whose marks might still be seen upon many a tree.) And here I almost forgot the slave, when I remembered the wrongs of the red man; and as the last glimmering rays of the sun lingered among the trees, so faded his dying hopes, as he gazed a long farewell to his forest home.

On reaching St. Josephs, we took a boat across the Lake to Chicago. This is a fine city, combining all the facilities and advantages of "the West." Here, again, we found Anti-slavery friends, among whom are found some of the most influential citizens of the place. Indeed, we are quite sure of finding some of the very best people on our way, for only such are engaged in our cause. We there held a series of meetings, in the First Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, to crowded and attentive audiences. The tide of public sentiment seems to be rising above their *laws*, and as a brother remarked to me, to be an Abolitionist *here, means something*, for we are obliged often to help off a fugitive at the hazard of the law, which inflicts a penalty of a fine for so doing not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding six months in the County Jail. And for this very reason the brother of the martyred Lovejoy, is soon to answer to an indictment for feeding, clothing and comforting a woman named Agnes. Mr. Lovejoy intends to plead his own case, at which time a good convention will undoubtedly be held.

Since coming to this Territory, we have held meetings nearly every evening during the week past, at Prairieville,

where the people are in a great measure already abolitionized. Here also we found the same frankness and readiness to hear on this, as on every other moral topic, which characterizes the western people.

To-day we arrived at Milwaukie, which name signifies a pleasant place, and indeed it is. The natural scenery exhibits a great variety, resembling that of New England somewhat, in its abrupt declivities, trees and shrubbery, and commanding prospect. The view of the lake is very fine, extending to a great distance. Yet amid all the loveliness of Wisconsin, what signifies flowery banks? A slave hunter is at this moment in pursuit of his prey, with his pistol in his pocket—a slave girl from St. Louis having escaped to this place for refuge. She is now secreted by the colored people, and will not probably be taken, for the simple reason that she cannot be found, though a posse of constables are laying in wait for her, at various points and stations.

At Prairieville we were happy to meet with a brother Abolitionist, by the name of Matthews, an Englishman, and a Baptist clergyman. He was sent to this region by the Home Missionary Society, but has withdrawn himself from their support, being unwilling to receive the "price of blood" from their treasury. Mr. M. informed me that he had travelled through the greater part of Wisconsin as a revolutionizer on the question of abolition. He says that societies have been established at nearly every part of the Territory, and that in the south-western portion, some abolitionists reside, formerly of Kentucky and other slave States, but who left from their utter abhorrence of slavery, that they might escape its influence.

It seems peculiarly important that the people of this Territory, should be set right in relation to this subject, in its infancy before they have assumed state laws and are admitted into the Union as one of the Confederacy.

We are about to start for home, in order to reach Buffalo on the 31st, to attend the National Convention, and anticipate much pleasure in our journey round by the lakes.

C. S. BROWN.

P. S. I have written at the request of Mr. Brown, as well as from my own inclination, that our friends might hear from us, through the columns of your paper, if you please. C. S. B.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBANY PATRIOT.

*Prairie Village, Wis. Ter., August* 18, 1843.

REV. C. T. TORREY,—Here in this land of "great hearts" I write you a short account of the progress of Abolitionism. The evening of my arrival there was a great meeting; the next day two meetings, and the next three meetings, and then one a day until I have now been six days here, and have been permitted to lecture eight times to very large audiences. The people here are wide awake, determined to trample slavery in the dust. The Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Miner, and the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Curtis, were not only ready to aid, but prepared the way before-hand for the reception of the truth, and were sufficiently grateful for it to feel in their pockets and make donations to aid those who proclaimed it. Be not surprised when I tell you that where this village now stands, five years ago two log houses enclosed its entire population. Now there are four Churches, an Academy; stores, taverns, flouring mills, &c. &c. The Anti-slavery meetings were cheered by the music of the excellent Pewakie band. It would have made you feel that slavery was dying, to have heard the liberty stirring strains from the instruments of those noble young men, as they died away upon the extensive aud fertile plains that surround that lovely village. I heard a slave catcher from Mississippi cursing the Prairieville Abolitionists. He said they were all a pack of thieves, and it was of no use to go there after a slave.

I came here to rest, but a few more such months of rest would send me to my final resting place. Within the last seven weeks, myself and wife have attended fifty eight meetings, in all of which we have taken a prominent part, and have travelled over 1500 miles. We have everywhere been received in the kindest manner, and every attention

has been shown us which heart could wish. I think we ought to call these western men "*great hearted Abolitionists*," for they are certainly the most noble set of men that I ever saw. Before them slavery begins to tremble, and ere long it will tumble to earth, and probably to the pit

Yours as ever, ABEL BROWN.

*Steam Boat Cleveland, 25th August, 1843.*

EDITOR OF THE COUNTRYMAN,

Dear Sir:—I am now half way between Detroit and Cleveland, on board this noble steamer returning from a delightful trip to Illinois and Wisconsin territory. We left Chicago on Tuesday morning last. Have had a very pleasant passage. This boat is worthy of the patronage of the travelling public.

You will be pleased, I doubt not, to learn that the cause of abolition is rapidly advancing in Illinois and Wisconsin territory. In the Congressional District occupying the N. E. corner of Ill. the liberty vote was over 1200, and that too, without any extra exertions on the part of abolitionists. I think that is the *Banner District* in the U. S. Living, as you do, about 700 miles from that State, you can hardly realize the difficulties which our friends are obliged to encounter. Subject to indictment and imprisonment for giving the poor a piece of bread, and surrounded by a class of men who delight to worry and devour them—constantly harassed with suits at law, and the more dreadful acts of mob violence, yet they quietly and with a firm step carry forward their benevolent efforts for the redemption of their brethren in bonds. I enjoyed a number of interesting meetings with the friends in Chicago and vicinity. They are usually men of piety and stern integrity, who are even ready to sacrifice their property, reputation and life if necessary to advance the cause.—They certainly deserve the prayers and aid of every friend of the oppressed.—Even at Chicago, I saw a number of men or monsters from Missouri, in pursuit of fugitives. They were armed with pistols and dirks, and have the law all on their side. Still I do not know an abolitionist in Chicago

who would not protect the poor fleeing fugitive to the last. *God bless the Illinois abolitionists*, is the spontaneous emotion of my heart.

In Wisconsin Territory I found a noble band of men. I lectured there, and in Illinois to very large audiences. I went there to rest, but a few more such rests, and I shall find my *final resting place.* They flocked to hear in great numbers, and told the slave catchers to their faces, that law or no law, they would protect any and every slave, that came among them. There were men at Milwaukie and in the vicinity, during my entire stay, in search of slaves. The law is on their side, but who can resist the people, when they arise in the strength of the God of Israel.—Sickness and weariness prevented me from visiting Delavan, but I heard a good report of that place. I had abundant evidence that the Devil and all his pro-slavery legions hate its very name. Old Perry may rejoice, that God accounted her worthy to plant a colony like that at Delavan. Those brethren, who went from your place and planted the standard of truth, lived not in vain. They are dead but their names yet live, and their influence is felt for forty or fifty miles around.

During my passage from Chicago, I have had as a companion, Rev. Owen Lovejoy, of Princeton Ill., a brother of the *Martyr.* He is truly one of the noble men of earth. He intends, I believe, to plead his own cause. He has been harassed by the slave power constantly, yet he does not appear in the least discouraged. Meets opposition with cheerfulness; murmurs not that his time and money are torn from him in the cause of the slave. May he long live to enjoy the luxury of doing good, and then rest with the just in that mansion above, where no opposition can disturb his repose.

Yours in labors abundant,

ABEL BROWN.

Cor. Sec. of E. N. Y. A. S. Soc'y.

On our return from Wisconsin, we attended the National Convention held at Buffalo, where some six or seven

thousand people were present, assembled within and around the great Oberlin tent, transported from Cleaveland, expressly for the occasion. Mr. Brown was quite anxious, it seems from a letter to C. T. Torrey, that the *South* should be represented in the delegation of certain fugitives, amply qualified to bear their testimony, respecting the peculiar institution, in their own persons and sufferings.

There we met our friend and coadjutor, Torrey, and joined together in holding meetings at various places, indirectly, on our route to Albany.

In September, we visited Massachusetts, for the purpose of seeing friends, and aiding the cause in which we were engaged. Mr. Brown being obliged soon to return to his labors in N. Y., I remained at the home of my nativity, until his return some weeks subsequent. During his absence, he wrote me a constant description of his labors. A few extracts therefrom are given.

*Albany, Saturday Morning, Sept. 23d,* 1843.

EVER DEAR CATHARINE:—I hardly know how happy I should be to see you this morning, but as I cannot, I forbear to say more respecting it. Well, we had a glorious meeting of three days continuance at Canastota. The large house was filled to overwhelming day and night, and the interest was intense. We had one discussion which lasted twelve hours.

. . . . . Torrey made a great war speech upon another resolution, but it was lost by one tremenduous "No." So we are no war and no insurrection men and women too. . . . . .

I almost forgot to tell you, that last night, I lectured on the steps of the Capitol, in connection with Torrey and Goodwin. Tomorrow I go to Quaker street. . . .

*Sept. 25th,* 1843.

EVER DEAR C. : . . . : Here I am in an Abolition meeting in the Court House of Schoharie County. Lewis Washington is talking, and all are looking upon him with intense interest. He is now making a most thrilling

speech respecting the miseries of the Slave; and I am writing to tell Catharine, I really wish she was here. . .

Could I sit down in your society, and have with us those dear, dear children, I should be as happy as outward circumstances would permit. The field that I am called to occupy is not pleasant to my natural taste, but one which I believe God requires me to occupy, and one from which I must not flee, if I would have the blessing of God; and one that I must continue for a space of time to occupy. Lewis talks with so much pathos, that I cannot write.

. . . . . .

My labors in this state are more appreciated than ever before. They say, I am more prudent, but they on the contrary are opening their eyes wider.

I am desirous of your company in the northern Counties, and think it would greatly add to the interest of all meetings. I also should be happy to have you visit the south eastern part of the State, should it be convenient; as also L. I. and New York, and in the spring we can, I trust, settle somewhere, and find as much leisure as will be proper for us to enjoy. . . . . .

I wish I was with you. O how pleasant that fire around which you all sit while I am in this cold office, plotting a campaign against the enemy of God and man.

Dear wife, adieu, for a few days only, I hope. May God bless you and your husband and all friends.

Yours as ever, ABEL.

*Chester, Warren Co. N. Y., Oct.* 11, 1843.

EVER DEAR CATHARINE:—I have to day been pent in, by mountains as high as grass or trees can grow, rising above each other in indescribable masses of rugged piles, which make me tremble as I approach—any part of Massachusetts is a plain, when compared with what I have passed to day. One mountain, which I think is located in the town of Warrensburgh, about twice as high as Wachusett, (I cannot spell it) was perfectly bare—a mass of solid granite; enough to build ten, if not one hundred such cities as New York. I had so much Antislavery to at-

tend to, that I had very little time to look up; and it is now of no use, as the rocks are so high, that I cannot see the top. Yet I am now in a very quiet place in a Temperance house, (parlor very neat and comfortable) thinking, what a fool I was, to let Catharine Swan Brown stay in that nest so good and lovely, and I wander off in this land of hills and glens alone. . . . . .

I received your letter with more than a glad heart, but was so overwhelmed with duties, that I had no time to write.

I was in Albany only from Thursday 3 o'clock P. M. to Friday morning 6 o'clock, and did not get the morning's mail before I left. Went to the printing office, wrote letters for two County Meetings, &c. &c. Ordered a cab to drive me back to my office—took my valise, bag &c., and was driven at a mad rate to the Railroad, just in time to take the cars—went like an arrow to Schenectady; met my noble companion, Lewis Washington, whom I found ready to join me in a hearty laugh. He took the cars at Troy on that beautiful road, and in one of the most splendid cars; and like any other gentlemen sat where he found a seat. The conductor came and ordered him behind the door. But Mr. W. asked if the seats behind the door were any cheaper, than any other seats; and was told, they were not. He then said, he was a gentleman, and should ride where he pleased; and they might help themselves if they could. After considerable wrath, they left him to glory in his conquest alone, once. After hearing this, I went to the office and asked the agent for the company, if they intended to insult a colored man, on the Troy road? and after considerable hesitation, was told, that they always required them to sit behind the door. So now for another warfare. . . . . .

We went on to Ballston Springs—Took our breakfast a few minutes before eleven o'clock—had a great County convention, and next day went on to Corinth, in time for P. M. meeting, where we continued two days; and left, loaded with invitations to return and bring my dear wife with me. Next morning, (Monday) rode down in sight of

a place where the waters of the Hudson river roll in majestic splendor, over a perpendicular rock of from sixty to eighty feet—a grand sight it would have been, for my dear Catharine and sister Clara. Then passed over a road, that made me glad to hope that I was never to see it again; unless I went to do penance—*the rocks, the rocks!* I cannot describe them. Five miles, brought us to the river again, and then a plain, and fine road to Glens Falls. Then to Sandy Hill, where I found my old friend Stephen Lee, an old Revolutionary soldier, with his wife most dear, and his daughter very kind. Good people—Heaven bless them. . . . . .

Next morning proceeded on our way to Caldwell, passing over a fine road through a beautifully romantic country, amid mountains and winding ravines, crystal streams, and beautiful Lakes, until we arrived in sight of Lake George, which lies with evening stillness, between towering mountains, inviting you to enjoy its sweet breezes and gentle zephyrs, with its beautiful Islands and overhanging and rock bound shores. How lovely, refreshing and enervating, must be its placid bosom amid the heat of summer. But the inhabitants of the beautiful village on its banks, are a slavery and rum cursed race; and where I expected to have found a hearty welcome—I was met by cold repulses. The Post Master said, there was no meeting, and only one Abolitionist within five miles; and no steamboat to convey me from such a miserable place. However, after much inquiry, I found a man (who lived twenty miles from there) who told me that an Antislavery Convention was in session at a distance of five miles, in a Baptist meeting house. God bless the Baptists, said I, and hired a boy for fifty cents to carry us on. Being in a great hurry to get his money, he drove his horse in "hot haste," and soon I found myself surrounded by an audience, who with earnest gaze heard me until five o'clock. Then the ministers who were holding a protracted meeting, politely invited my friend to occupy the evening; and I will only say, that we gratified them until eleven o'clock. A friend then took me in a carriage and carried me two miles to

Hon. Mr. Richards, who had sent and invited us to his hospitable dwelling.

I slept from twelve until six, and then found the parlor with a good fire, which was graced with the presence of a *Whig Representative*, a good man, who made us feel at *home* in company with his intelligent and truly worthy appearing wife and daughters. After our repast, Mr. Washington arrived, and we were taken by my friend Leggett, and brought to this place. Dined with him and his Quaker wife, and am now writing at this Temperance house, at five o'clock and twenty minutes. The tea bell is ringing, and I must go to the table—then go to meeting and tell of the slaves' wrongs. . . . . .
I expect to spend three weeks in Mass. during Nov. and wish to have meetings in different places. I can if you please, empower you to get them up. Shall send Lewis down to attend them. I wish to hold them soon after Election, and collect money to aid the poor slave in his escape. I shall write Mr. Snow of Fitchburg, and Mr. Jones of Ashburnham, and you will please confer with Mr. Everett, our good friend in Princeton. Last month, ending first October, I paid out in cash, for the committee at Albany, $75,90 (most of it directly to aid fugitives( beside my travelling expenses and salary. I think, I shall get it again—*I know I shall*, for I have a note from *One*, who always pays with interest.

*Plattsburgh, 24 Oct.* 1843.

EVER DEAR CATHARINE:—Here I am in Clinton Co., in the town where the celebrated battle was fought on Lake Champlain, during the last war. I am in an upper room, that overlooks the quiet waters that bore up the palaces of death, and were made red with the blood of the slain. The old battle ground, was yesterday pointed out to me, and the place in the river, where the armies crossed and recrossed, and where hundreds died. The Lake with its numerous fertile islands is very beautiful, and while the mountains in the distance are covered with snow, and all nature seems bound in its robes of ice, not a *ripple* is seen

to break the quiet stillness of its bosom. Since I last wrote you, I have regreted a hundred times that you and dear Clara were not with me. The beautiful vallies, the immense forests, extending as far as the eye can reach—the huge piles of rocks, the towering mountains and attendant scenery, have all conspired to fill me with reverence and awe, as I have passed over, through and around these works of God. There is one place in Essex Co. called "Poc'o moonshine," where you pass directly along the base of a mass of rocks, about eight hundred feet high; five hundred of the space is one solid ledge, with not a place of sufficient width to stand upon, and during a clear moonlight night is beyond description grand, and from its mighty summit the view is not only sublime, but beautiful in the extreme. There you can stand and gaze *south*, until the sight is lost amid the windings of the sources of the mighty Hudson. West, is one unbroken forest of crags and mountain tops, inhabited only by beasts of prey. North, and the eye rests upon the extensive but gentle slope of land, (a plain almost) reaching to the St. Lawrence. East, and the scene is both grand and beautiful, bordering on a god-like sublimity. Beneath your feet is the valley of a gentle stream, passing through numerous lakes, surrounded by overhanging trees—then rising forests, with here and there a farm-house, and its cultivated fields—then the ever inviting Champlain, whose waters quietly sleep in nature's choicest reservoir—then the rich farms of Vermont, spreading from north to south, as far as the eye can reach—and then the snow-capped mountains, whose summits are lost in the infinite expanse above. There you can stand, gaze, wonder and admire until you are reminded of the everlasting truth, that the unbalanced masses, around and beneath you, are only the specimen of a *world* that is balanced upon nothing; and fall down in the stillness of the scene, and adore the God, whose unseen power created and sustains it all.

*Champlain, Clinton Co. Oct. 25.*

Ah my dear, and here I am in an upper room beside a

warm stove, where *one*, who I trust, will soon read this, would make me very happy. I left Plattsburg at 9 o'clock yesterday; rode fourteen miles to Chazy—lectured twice, and then was taken by Mr. Moore, and brought seven miles after 9 o'clock at night, to this, his truly hospitable mansion. I can only say of them, that they are making me very comfortable. I lecture here twice this P. M. and evening. Then I go (God willing) to Moresville, seven miles, and lecture twice to-morrow, and on Friday leave there for Plattsburgh. Thence by steamboat to St. Albans, Vt. where I lecture twice, and on Saturday take the steamboat to Whitehall, and then Packet to Albany.

I intended to have returned to Albany last week, but the continued importunity of the friends altered my plans; therefore, sent Lewis Washington back to Albany; from whence he will go to fill appointments made for me in Schenectada and Schoharie Counties.

I shall, with God's blessing, be able to meet you at home or at Worcester, about the 10th of Nov. I might perhaps be home the 9th, but that is my birth day, and I believe it is fashion to whip *truants*, upon such occasions, therefore I think I had better wait one day; still I may venture to risk it. . . . . My health is excellent. There are many things truly delightful in this region, concerning which, I cannot find time to write.

Your Ever Dear Husband, ABEL.

Mr. Brown revisited Massachusetts, (in November) and spent some weeks in a lecturing tour, accompanied by Lewis Washington and myself, visiting Lowell, Boston, Andover and other places, and retured to Albany the last of December. The following month, we held an interesting series of Conventions in Fulton Co. in behalf of the slave. A short account of succeeding labors, is found in a letter written for the Albany Patriot.

FROM MRS. ABEL BROWN.

*Poughkeepsie, March* 18, 1844.

BROTHER GOODWIN.—It is four weeks to-day since we started on our Anti-Slavery tour. During three weeks,

we visited Delaware, Sullivan and Orange counties. We have found many kind friends to aid us in our efforts in this section, and a fair prospect seems opening for the advancement of the cause, though violent opposition has been rife to overthrow our labors and defeat our object. At Delhi, the friends contributed liberally for the support of agents in Delaware county. One gentleman on giving ten dollars, remarked that he wished to have it distinctly understood why he gave that sum. He said, previous to coming into the Convention he had thought of giving five dollars, but on hearing of the mob the night before, determined to give ten, and if another disturbance of the kind should take place the following evening, that he would add another five. As the event happened, Mr.—— is indebted another five dollars. Among other friends at Delhi, I cannot forbear to mention our brother, the Rev. Mr. Wescott, who has taken a prominent stand relative to the cause in that place. The Convention being over, we were conveyed by our "whole-souled" friend St. John, to Walton, where we held a meeting in the evening at the Presbyterian church; much interest was manifested. We were next conveyed by the same brother to Deposit, at which place we held a Convention of two days, though much disturbed by a company of boys and "children of a larger growth," who knew no more than to act as mere puppets of certain "wire-pullers" ecclesiastical and political (according to their own professions,) yet, amid all the storm tumultuous, we trust much good was effected. Here, we also found true friends, who were willing to share with us the contumely and reproach of a "gainsaying multitude." Rev. Mr. Mumford, of the Baptist church, assisted us much in our efforts at that place, as also Mr. St. John, brother to the one to whom I have already alluded. We next stopped at Beaverkill, where we held two meetings, distributed quite a number of tracts, and then proceeded on our way over the Delaware hills and into Orange county, passing through Newburgh to New Windsor. Here we were cordially received at the hospitable mansion of friend Roe. At this place a Con-

vention was held a day and two evenings. Many good friends from abroad were present, among whom was Mr. Kingsley, formerly professor in the Military Academy at West Point and an officer of the United States navy or army. He seemed zealously interested for the slave and spoke of what he knew from personal observation concerning the system, and corroborated many statements made by the speaker, (Mr. Brown.) In conclusion, he said that it was not in his power to labor in the field at this time, he would therefore make a donation for the distribution of tracts and such other efforts as might be made in that section. Since coming to that place, I have endeavored to interest the "colored people" in behalf of the slave; have held two meetings at Zion's church. Universal interest prevailed. Many tracts were taken by them and a subscription given.* Several fugitive slaves were present, being resident in this place. One remarked to me after the meetings were over, that the account given of the treatment of slaves (to use his own words) *seemed very natural* to him. We are about making arrangements for a series of Conventions in Dutchess county, which we shall hope to fulfil (the Lord prospering) in the course of two or three weeks.

Yours, C. S. BROWN.

Mr. Brown has also visited Ulster county, where he has also made arrangements for meetings. C. S. B.

In gliding over the numerous Conventions, held by Mr. Brown, I am obliged to omit many incidents of interest, blended with the intercourse of friends on those genial occasions. One, however, is worthy of insertion in this place, on account of the intimate relation of the subject with the spirit and laws of our Nation's Charter. While at Delhi, a Scotchman called on Mr. Brown, to ask his advice with regard to citizenship; saying, "can I take the oath to support the Constitution, and help maintain the laws of the country that rob the poor slave of his rights?" I never shall forget the sober, thoughtful ex-

pression of the good old man's face; God bless him! I know not Mr. Brown's reply—I could not wait for it; but cried out, "No, never!"

The views of Mr. Brown in reference to political action, were briefly these:

Voting—he looked upon as an instrumentality, to turn the political machinery of this country, to operate in favor of the slave—he thought it calculated to operate on the slaveholder's mind—saying, he would count votes! He indulged the idea, that mere abstraction in principles or theory, would never free the slave—to use his own words, that a Platform of laws had been framed, and been laid on the persons of the slaves; until, they were literally crushing them to death—that on this platform, stand the two great political parties, and also the American Church —including Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, &c.—that to relieve the slave, each person must jump off; and by so doing, counts *one;* and by putting his shoulder under the platform, counts *two.* In short, if he jumps off, it is to render some practical aid, and in one way—by *voting* he actually is endeavoring to upset this platform now resting upon the heads of the slave.

The writer confesses her inability to do justice to this subject, as presented by himself. Suffice it to say, that being often used by him as an illustration, it assumed the name of "BROWN'S PLATFORM ARGUMENT," and was considered a very *lucid* argument of the system and the means to be used for its overthrow.

In visiting the south eastern portions of N. Y. State, we were often compelled to stop at those public places, where the deadly poison of the intoxicating draught spread its pestilential influence the entire villages around; and such were the baneful and extended effects of those poisonous streams—that no friend of human rights, could be heard to effect, if even allowed to speak, in behalf of the poor and down-trodden slave. Such was the case in Ulster County, where Mr. Brown had made appointments to lecture; being thus thwarted in his design—he was led again, to examine his duty, in relation to the cause of

Temperance; and at a point of the enemy, where his influence could be most felt and was most needed.

Under these circumstances, he was induced to make an appeal to the Public, in the form of a Circular,—addressed to the Mayor of Albany; wherein, he gave a statement of facts, relative to the number of houses used for the sale of spirituous liquors; such number being no less than *two hundred*, through the direct sanction and license of the Mayor and Authorities of the city. He also depicted the direful effects thereof—and even the *murderous* consequences, in some instances, resulting from this legal sanction and approval; in combination with the perverted conscience of a professedly Christian people, in relation to this subject.

On the publication of this Circular, Mr. Brown received many anonymous letters, containing threats of personal violence, in case he did not quit the city; he however, remained undisturbed, quietly pursuing the duties marked out to him by the leadings of Providence.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN FREEMAN.

*Anti-Slavery Rooms,*
*Albany, 28th March,* 1844.

Very Dear Sir:—The hearts of the Anti-Slavery friends in this city, have been made glad by the appearance of the American Freeman. To one especially, who has for ten years been spending his entire mental and physical energies in advancing a reform, it is truly refreshing to see friends rising up with new energies, and taking the front rank in freedom's holy battles. In the name of the friends of freedom throughout the entire valley of the Hudson, I bid you a hearty "God speed." May the "*American Freeman*" live until the colored men of America shall be as free as the winds that sweep over your fertile plains. I almost imagine that your atmosphere has changed. Last August, I was in your town, and saw a man from Md. with his pistols and knives, surrounded by a host of persons who were aiding him in tracking and hunting an innocent girl of sixteen, and I heard that same man-hunter boast to a few of his southern friends, while on our passage to

Chicago, that he had all the friends in Milwaukie that he desired, and that he could have taken the girl with perfect ease, had not a few "*nigger thieves*" (as he called them) hid her. But God be praised, Milwaukie is no longer the slave hunter's hunting ground. How does Lawyer Arnold get along? His woman hunting business will I guess be small in future, unless he goes to the land of chains. When I took up your papers, Nos. 1 and 2, I could hardly believe it possible, that such a mighty revolution had been wrought within so short a time. But it is a fashion you western men have of going the "*whole man*" at once. Would to God that Albany Dutchmen could see the truth as soon.

You can appreciate my feelings upon reading your paper, when I indulge myself in telling you a few facts respecting an anti-slavery lecturer, with whom I am well acquainted. He espoused the cause in 1834. Soon after this, he was knocked down in the streets. Then he was whipped with a heavy cowskin more than fifty lashes. Was mobbed times without number almost. On one occasion, he paid for putting in more than seventy lights of glass that had been broken out of his house by a mob. Three times he was cruelly whipped. He was stoned again and again. In the winter of 1837-8, he wore an over coat that was completely besmeared with eggs. He was accustomed to aid slaves from near the Virginia line, a little distance north, and hide them in the woods. His wife would feed these children of sorrow and as her husband was about to leave, would in tears commend him to God, and then rising from prayer, would say, "Go my husband, go, for God will be your shield." At another time, while riding with his wife and child, a gang of ruffians saw him, and one of the number raised his rifle and fired—the ball passed between the horse and the unoffending man. He will carry to his grave the marks of slavery's champions. You will not be surprised that such men rejoice, when accessions are made to the cause of abolition. Every newspaper brings with it a blessed assurance that the cause is onward. It takes off a little of the heavy

load that crushed to the earth, the pioneers in this cause.

But Sir, I took my pen only to write a word, and ask you to publish in your paper, a notice of a little work herewith sent, called "*The Legion of Liberty.*" An excellent friend in our city, who has spent hundreds—yes, thousands of dollars in the cause of the poor, has given me the use of the plates, so that I can publish them quite cheap. Soon as our canal opens, if I can find a traveller who will take them to Buffalo, I shall send five hundred of them to Wisconsin. . . . . .

Please excuse the liberty I have taken, in so freely writing to a stranger, and yet your paper has been to me a pleasing introduction. Should you visit this city, I shall be very happy to see you.

Truly Yours,

ABEL BROWN, *Cor. Sec'y,*
*Of Eastern N. Y., A. S. Society*

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Anniversary of Eastern N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society—Mr. Brown visits Western N. Y.—Labors for the cause in various counties.

The letter above inserted, is of interest, as pertaining in some degree to the history of Mr. Brown, in the *allusions incidentally made, in reference to himself.*

At this season, Mr. Brown was much engaged in preparing the way for the Annual Convention of the Society, for which he officiated. His efforts were also enlisted in a series of Conventions, in behalf of the cause in Duchess County, where he suffered with other friends, much personal violence and abuse. He was even assailed in the night time, and forcibly thrust from the side walk. Yet much good was effected, in arousing the attention of the community to the question of their own responsibilities in reference to this sin of our nation.

On May the 8th, 1844, the anniversary of the Eastern

N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society, was held at the Apollo Rooms in the city of New York. "The Hall will contain fifteen hundred people. It was crowded to excess, gallery and all, and many left for want of room. The speakers were of the highest order. On the whole, our meeting was a great and good, and harmonious one, full of the liveliest and most thrilling interest, even unto the end." Among the results of the society, during the year previous, the following are recorded.

First. It has co-operated, in the permanent establishment of a weekly Anti-Slavery paper.

Second. More than one hundred thousand Anti-Slavery Tracts, have been published and distributed.

Third. From four to nine agents have been constantly engaged.

Fourth. The entire northern half of the field, has been made a safe resort for fugitive slaves.

Fifth. The Anti-Slavery vote, was increased more than three-fold, in fifteen counties in Eastern New York, over the vote of 1843.

This was the last anniversary of the Society ever attended by Mr. Brown—to whose efforts it will readily be conceded, the Society owed its prosperity and much of its vitality as an organization.

Soon after this convention, Mr. Brown visited Western New York, for the purpose of seeing his children, and at the same time causing his voice to be heard in behalf of human rights, and the holy principles of truth wherever necessity called, or opportunity offered.

The following extract, is from a letter to myself in reference to the home of his children, under date of May 24, at Fredonia.

. . . . It is very pleasant here. Ma' has a beautiful yard. The flowers are in blossom—Roses, Snow-balls, Lillies, &c., &c., and the fine green clover and the noble shade trees—all encircled by the neat white fence, Robert was preparing when we were here last summer. I wish you were here, and then I should be as happy here as earthly circumstances would permit. My dear boys

are here in the room, enjoying a fine spell of playing ball. How truly lovely they are. The cunning of Charles, shines finely through his eyes, as with lightning flash, he resents every attempt to pass him by unnoticed. May *Heaven* preserve them uncontaminated and pure, amid the corruptions of this wicked world. I should be very happy to take them home,—but have reluctantly concluded to let them remain. But expect to take Walter with us next Fall, if possible. This is quite a healthy location during the Summer, and I think, it will be as well to let Walter remain; although I am quite sure, that you would be able to teach him many things quite useful, that must be neglected until a future time. . . . . .

The succeeding article, is so characteristic of Mr. Brown's style of speaking on certain occasions, that I give it entire.

REV. ABEL BROWN IN BUFFALO.

Dear Sir—Week before last, Wm. J. Graves, the duelist, and Abel Brown, the philanthropist, happened to arrive in our goodly city of the lakes at the same time. On Saturday evening, the 20th instant, Graves was invited by the whig leaders here to attend and address a public meeting in their *log* (board and scantling) cabin, called for the purpose of confirming the nominations of Clay and Frelinghuysen. Placards were stuck up in our principal streets, announcing, in staring capitals that the Hon. Wm. J. Graves, from Kentucky, would, by invitation, attend and address the people, and exhorting the lieges to rally to listen to the orator, and respond to the nominations. At an announcement so bold and unexpected, the community were thunderstruck, and for a moment paralyzed—while the whig leaders seemed equally astonished that the propriety of their course should be questioned; they seemed, indeed, to think it the most unnatural thing in the world, and when expostulated with, resorted to downright denunciation and abuse. But "a change has come over the spirit of their dream"—thanks, mainly to the Rev. Abel Brown, and an awakened public sentiment. The next

day, [Sunday,] on which day Graves took his departure, all the pulpits in the city were silent about the outrage, save one, and that one was occupied by the Rev. Abel Brown. He preached on Sunday evening, at the Methodist church, Hart's garden, and such a sermon! Buffalo intemperance, theatre and brothel haunting, duelling and pro-slavery, were his themes. Church and clergy were his not forgotten. Mr. Brown thoroughly cleared the skirts of his garments from the blood of the city. Not a stain of it rests upon them. The house was so full that many had to stand. For two hours the audience, made up of all sects and parties, were enchained, scarcely an individual moving in his place. Many were in tears. Startling truths uttered with the utmost force and directness, were *burnt* into the conscience. But when the preacher came to speak out the name of *Graves*, and depicted the crime and outrage of inviting that duelist whose hands, in the language of John Quincy Adams, addressed to one of his seconds, were still "all dripping with a brother's blood," to stand up in this Christian community, and recommend to its suffrages another veteran duelist, a thrill of horror ran through and electrified the assembly. The speaker was more than eloquent. He was sublime. Since that evening no one here has been afraid to call a duelist a murderer and to speak it right out. When cross-grained, knotty sins are to be cut away from a nation's heart, commend me to your strong, truth-edged *jackplane*. Your fine smoothing plane is not fit for such stuff. The Rev. Abel Brown is both the one and the other, however, as occasion demands. Yours, truly,

ANTI-DUELIST.

In reference to Mr. Brown's style or manner of speaking—oftentimes he has told me, that he thought he could reach the minds of a certain *class* better by this method. Though possessed of much ideality and taste for the beautiful in eloquence, whether spoken in the silent voice of nature, in meaning accents to the soul; or displayed in the outbursts of a heart glowing with benevolence to his fellow

man, breaking the fetters of sin and oppression, by God-like appeals to the slumbering conscience. Yet he sometimes was willing to sacrifice beauty to earnestness, and a glowing rhapsody to sober rebuke. Especially was the jackplane necessary where the timber was newly hewn; and was as yet without form or design. A very fine instrument with delicate execution, is not adapted to the raw material, or "sterner stuff." He therefore, habituated himself to speaking in an abrupt, pointed and severe style for the purpose of riveting truths, or what he termed hammering; so much afraid was he that the nails of his arguments would be loosely set.

This Spring we removed to Troy, having secured a very pleasant and eligible situation in a retired part of the city. Here we were cheered and sustained by many kind and Christian friends, in the arduous enterprise in which we were engaged. Here—we often held meetings in the Reform Churches and at a public hall, wherein, to open our mouths for the dumb, and plead the cause of the oppressed.

During this season of emigration, we often had the pleasure of affording shelter and relief to many a weary and heart-stricken fugitive. Mr. Brown was often employed to secure the *friends* of those who had escaped, and an exceedingly interesting case occurred, in which a very shrewd and intelligent slave, had been directed on his way to the care of Mr. Brown, and in a few weeks his wife was restored to him. She had travelled hundreds of miles, with the simple direction of Mr. Brown's address. After spending a week with us, she was conveyed to her husband, at a place some distance north of Albany, where a home had been provided by the friends, for both William and Mary as a separate and distinct family. Such was their joyful meeting, that they remained in silence for some minutes, pacing the room to and fro, and then each burst into a flood of tears. What satisfaction it must have afforded Mr. Brown, to have thus contributed to the security of William, and restoration of Mary. One week only elapsed, when they were cheered by the addition of a free-born child, their first and only Offspring.

Among our excursions abroad this summer, the following description by Mr. Brown is given.

*Keene, Essex Co., N. Y., July* 11, 1844.

We took the *Steamboat Burlington*, commanded by Capt. Sherman,—and, permit me to say, that if you wish to see the most perfect specimen of a steamboat and a steamboat commander, be sure to take passage on the Burlington. I have travelled on (I think) every steamboat route from Maine to Missouri, on lakes, rivers, sounds and seas, and am free to say that *Capt. Sherman and the Burlington* must bear the palm. I think that even the North River commanders would be improved by a single trip with Capt. S. Parties of pleasure, will find it *really a pleasure* to give Capt. S. *the pleasure* of making them as it is *their pleasure* to be, on any excursion of *pleasure* through the beautiful and *pleasure*-loving Champlain. *Many a slave has enjoyed the indescribable pleasure* of leaping from the liberty-loving "Burlington," to feel the *pleasure* of being free under the protection of a Queen whose *pleasure* it is to make the lowest of her subjects happy.

ESSEX COUNTY.

We landed at *Westport*, to which place notices had been sent for meetings. At Westport is the residence of Judge Hammond, who, by the aid of political abolitionists, was elected to the legislature last Fall. Many who gave their votes for him did so under the assurance that he was not a "*Clay man.*" He is a Deacon of the Baptist church. A few years since, when abolitionism was more or less identified with New York Whigism, a number of the now leading Clay men in that town were very efficient abolitionists. Knowing that Judge Hammond was an influential man, and professedly a christian and a gentleman, and that Westport professed to embrace a large share of the respectability of Essex Co., I anticipated at least a courteous reception In the notice I had sent there I had stated upon what boat I should leave Whitehall, and

requested that any who might be interested, to meet me at the landing. On my arrival, I soon learned that instead of any arrangements for a meeting having been made, a consultation had been held and an understanding concluded that the object of my visit was to be defeated. I was informed that the Baptist meeting house would be closed against me, upon the ground that I was in favor of political abolitionism; although the same house has been opened again and again for Whig and Locofoco meetings, and for almost every description of meetings. It was denied me for a lecture without ceremony, and it was said that no house in the town would be granted me; and every effort that priests and politicians could make was made to prevent it. The Methodist house was however granted. "Then came the tug of war." A consultation was held by certain men which resulted as follows—notices were sent to the Methodist and Baptist ministers, of which the following is a copy:

"NOTICE.—Rev. A. Brown, of Albany, will lecture in the Methodist church, Westport, at half past 7 o'clock, Sunday, P. M., in behalf of 3,000,000 slaves. Mrs. Brown will sing 'The Slave Mother's Lament for her stolen daughters,' and other appropriate pieces."

The notices were taken by the clergymen with the assurance that they should be read; but true to the politicians who rule the town, ministers and all, one minister read a part of the notice, and the other the whole—and then told their audiences that Mr. Brown, although probably a Minister in respectable standing, had come to that town for the purpose of getting up a political party, of which they did not approve, and therefore they (the ministers) could not give it their countenance or support. What there was in the notice that savored so strong of politics, I am at a loss to understand. A strong effort was then made in the public audience at the Methodist church to close the house against me, but the trustees took the responsibility to open the house. The report was however industriously circulated that there would be no anti-slavery lecture. However, at the time appointed, a respectable audience assembled,

and (with the exception of a few young loafers kept for the purpose of disturbing anti-slavery meetings) listened with attention. After the lecture, in company with Mrs. Brown, I started for the public house where we had put up. We were however immediately assailed by a body of full grown boys or men, and pelted with eggs until we closed the door of the Hotel against them. They did not even spare Mrs. Brown, but besmeared her with eggs. So much for the respectability of Westport. Their ministers and politicians shut up their houses of worship and denounce them as unworthy the confidence of the public, and then the unknown rabble pelt them (yes, even the women) with eggs. Would it not be well to send some of the influential men of such a town, men who exert such a mighty influence, to the Legislature or to Congress? Had the ministers and politicians held their peace, no doubt we should have been permitted to lecture in peace and return home in quietness. The next morning we hired the landlord to carry us to Elizabethtown.

ABEL BROWN, Cor. Sec'y.

The following is from a friend in Elizabethtown, under date of July 12, 1844.

FOR THE ALBANY PATRIOT.

Mr. Editor—We have recently been visited by Rev. Abel Brown of your city. Essex county has been quite neglected heretofore as a field for anti-slavery labor. Mr. Glen has been through the county once, and I believe Mr. Brown has visited three towns in the county once before; and although in several towns there have been some two or three out and out abolitionists, yet till recently there has been nothing reliable, in the form of anti-slavery organization. Now, however, in at least five towns out of sixteen in our county, there is an organization on the true plan. We have 150 votes for a Liberty candidate for the Assembly last fall, and this coming fall we mean to give at least 500 for Birney and Morris. I think we have more than doubled our numbers within the last two weeks.

The tongue of slander had gone with its gall to Moriah, where Mr. Brown next lectured, but during the three meetings he held there, it more than lost its power. The Clayites there are covered with confusion; so at Jay and Keeseville, where every effort of Whig malice was made to embitter the minds of the people against Mr. Brown. The spirit of Liberty at this rate, will soon be completely triumphant in Essex county. No attempt has been made in any instance, however, to discuss principles. At Gay they rallied and with the fragment of the division lately slain at Keeseville, had the folly to attempt a sort of discussion. Mr. Brown being a small man, they thought they could eat him up; but the result was calculated to remind one of the fable of the eagle and the rabbit, which turned out to be no rabbit at all, but a veritable panther, which made a most luscious meal of the eagle. It is very easy to find a reason for the violent opposition made in this county to Mr. Brown. No man that loves the truth, can resist him in his fearless and terrible attack upon the hoary headed cannibal, American Slavery, that has been fed and fattened by this Republican (?) Government, assisted by those who professedly minister at the altar of God, and then receive a large share of its nourishment from the blood of God's own children. Hence the opposition. He is a red hot sword, cutting right through the living flesh of the beast that has its priests in every town. We live here in the midst of a "generation of vipers," and a discourse from Rev. Abel Brown is ever a feast of fat things. I wish you could think best to publish the flaming letter of Burchard; the Whigs hide it here; Burchard has assassinated Clay's Texas letter. Ever yours,

J. GAY.

"In the counties of Clinton and Essex, there are a number of intelligent Irishmen and as might be expected they are almost all of them abolitionists. The Catholic minister near Clintonville is in the fullest sense of the term an abolitionist; and uses his voice to influence his people to be found on the side of the oppressed. He secures the

papers published in Ireland, and places them in the hands of intelligent men, who are ever ready to prove that the entire Irish nation are calling upon them to take side with the oppressed.

At the mass meeting in Jay, a load of Irishmen and women (many of them Catholics) came six miles to hear Mr. Brown's addresses. Mr. B. says, that he counted twenty-six persons, drawn by that single four-horse team, who spent the entire day at the meeting."

Among the various trials to which Mr. Brown was subject at this period, is found the following account given by himself in reference to a—

RIOT AND MOB IN TROY.

"It is once more our painful duty, to chronicle the most heartless and unknown attempt to insult, abuse, assault, trample upon, and kill unoffending citizens, in order to shut out the freedom of discussion and the light of truth from the minds of the respectable, honest and laboring class of the community, that has fallen to our lot for a number of years past. We have recorded accounts of mobs within the few past months, but not where there was such an apparent design to crush discussion at all hazards, as in the present instance. The circumstances are as follows:

"The Corresponding Secretary of the E. N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society, Rev. Abel Brown, being under the necessity of spending a few days in Albany and Troy, thought it a favorable opportunity to start a Liberty association in Troy, for the purpose of canvassing the city, and prepare for the Fall campaign.

"He accordingly consulted with a number of judicious Anti-Slavery friends, who advised that meetings be held on the Court House steps at 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Accordingly handbills were posted about the city, and at the appointed hour Messrs. Brown, Washington, Lane and Shipherd repaired to the Court House. Mr. Lane sang one of Garrison's songs, called '*Independence Day.*'

"During the singing, Mr. B. was informed that a cer-

tain lawyer had sent after '*Frank Cleveland*' to attend and make sufficient noise to drown the voice of the speaker and prevent his being heard. An audience gathered round composed chiefly of peaceable and quiet men, who appeared anxious to hear, and Mr. B. commenced by saying, that he had come there to speak in behalf of 3,000,000 of men and women who could not speak for themselves; explained what he meant by slavery, and gave a brief history of the denying of the right of petition; showed that it was denied to slaves; that that class of men were denied even the privilege of telling that the chains of slavery were grievous to be borne. He referred to the treatment received by Hon. J. Q. Adams in the U. S. House of Representatives, when he inquired if a petition from slaves came under a certain rule, and then proceeded to refer to the sentiment of the song that had been sung, and drew a lively, if not startling description of the difference between the professions, shouts and celebrations of liberty on Independence day, and the real and true state of the case; gave a vivid description of a nation shouting liberty, and at the same moment holding in their iron grasp three millions of men as the most abject slaves, whom they denied even the right of asking for liberty. The speaker then referred to the fact that in this part of the nation we hold such celebrations; even those who uphold and sustain the same laws, shouting liberty to all; he pointed out to them distinctly the hypocrisy of such a course. He remarked further, that on last Fourth of July, they celebrated Independence in Troy,—and he understood that even in these times of Temperance (*to their* everlasting shame) they mingled RUM and powder with their Celebration.

"The mere reference to the rum Celebration started certain men who had been deeply involved in it, and they demanded that he should "*take it back*,"—but Mr. B. said he had made the reference to the rum celebration purposely, and could not take it back,—for it was a shame to any class of men to get up a rum celebration any where, more especially in *Temperance Troy*. Mr. B. continued; only two or three persons took offence at the remarks respecting

rum. All at once a terrible howling was heard at a distance, and soon Frank Cleveland appeared. He ascended the stand and said, the speaker should be heard no more. After a long time spent in trying to persuade him to permit the speakers to be heard, he was called away by a certain lawyer and taken aside, when after a few moments conversation he came directly back: and said, that "*the nigger*" might talk, but Brown should not. The colored man refused to speak, and Mr. Brown said the meeting would adjourn until the next afternoon, when Mr. Washington would speak. The next evening came, and Mr. Washington spoke about one hour, when Mr. Lane attempted to speak and was overpowered by "*Frank.*" The next afternoon, Mr. Brown spoke again, but was finally interrupted, when it was said that Mr. B. should not talk any more. Mr. B. then adjourned the meeting to a very retired part of the city for the following (Thursday) afternoon. Many threats were made of personal violence but the peace officers seemed not to care; and the more refined portion of partisans laughed at the threats. Thursday P. M. came and Mr. Washington took the stand and spoke until about sundown, when Rev. Merritt Bates, every where known as a mild, kind, christian minister, yet a firm and decided abolitionist, spoke about ten minutes, and commenced showing the people their political connection with slavery. That was too much for the politicians to bear, and immediately, a dreadful howl was heard from about 20 persons who were there for that purpose. It was soon evident, and boldly said, that no man should talk "*political abolition.*" There was no effort made by the police officers to quell the rioting, although threats of tar and feathers were made by the mob, and efforts to run over the speakers. The meeting was adjourned until the next afternoon, when another large audience assembled. Mr. Brown was absent during the day, and only arrived in time to request Mr. Washington not to appoint *further* meetings, as it was necessary that he should accompany Mr. B. to a convention in a distant county. The audience were after many thanks for their respectful attention, dismissed. The

mob had been swearing violence during the day, while the more genteel opposers had been saying that Mr. B. ought not to be allowed to speak. The Mayor was seen by the Abolitionists—but he said he had no power to interfere unless violence was used, and the persons of the abolitionists assaulted. The city officers—were many of them among the persons who stood and saw the breaking up of the meetings, and the insulting of the speakers. The mob which by this time, could number some fifty or more, thought that the officers and certain important politicians, had so encouraged them, that they could make a bolder effort; they therefore resolved that they would commence a furious assault upon Mr. Brown, and any others that should be found sustaining him. Mr. B. had only come to the meeting on Friday evening, for a few minutes, had not spoke, and when called for by the audience, declined speaking, was leaving the ground about 8 o'clock, even before it was dark, when from 20 to 50 persons rushed to seize him. The officers found that they were powerless. The lawyer who had been among the most violent denouncers of Mr. B. now made an effort to stop them,—yet they pushed Mr. B. down,—and jammed him against the iron fence. The friends of Mr. B. appeared determined to protect him, and resisted the mob with so much effort, that Mr. B. passed away. The officers said they would protect him, while the mob followed on all sides, and with horrid oaths and hideous yells made the air resound, until they arrived at the house of the Mayor. The friends asked that Mr. B. might be permitted to enter the house, and find protection from those who had been making every possible effort to injure him. This was, however, peremptorily denied. It was said that Mr. B. had rendered himself obnoxious to the people and he could not be protected there.

"The friends then made their way to Rev. Fayette Shipherd's. They were pounded, stoned and beaten the entire distance. The officer left them soon after they started from the house of the Mayor. No arrests were made nor even an attempt to arrest any one, although per-

sons engaged in acts of violence, must have been seen and known to the high constable. A number of the abolitionists were severely used in addition to being pelted with stones—some even were pushed down and trampled upon. A friend who mingled with the mob as they passed up Albany street, says *their plan* and *design was* to *knock Mr. B. down and then trample him to death.* We give this plain statement of facts from the most authentic sources. What a picture does it present. The freedom of speech trampled in the dust. Innocent and unoffending citizens bruised and stoned, and their lives attempted in the streets, and the authorities look on and not even make an effort to arrest the offenders. Yea more, the high constable of the city giving aid and countenance to the mob by fleeing from those who are being assailed, and not even attempting to arrest even the most lawless. Why was all this done. The answer can be given in a few words.

"There are many respectable and christian men in the city who are abolitionists; who feel deeply for the slave, and who, disgusted with the old pro-slavery parties would, if they understood the designs and plans of the Liberty party, immediately join it and labor with efficiency to promote its objects. The only way to keep this class of persons in their ranks, is to keep the truth from them. To do this it becomes necessary to break up the meetings of the abolitionists; libel and denounce those lecturers who can and will on any proper occasion, show these inquirers after truth the right way. Every thing must bow to party interests.

"Unfortunately for them, the whigs are in power in the city of Troy, and they are especially interested to keep their predominance—and as a few votes taken from them would effectually ruin their fair prospects, the office-holders and partisans are greatly distressed, lest their gains are taken from them. We do not suppose that the whig leaders desired that the abolition speakers should be mobbed, but they did openly denounce and condemn them; and countenanced the rioters day after day in preventing their being heard. That the officers had power to prevent the

disturbance is evident, from the fact that in whig meetings similar disturbances have been commenced, but always prevented by the police. The Mayor even refused to take the least action upon the subject, and the high constable looked on and saw them assaulted and did not arrest the aggressors.

"Again, Judge ———, a democrat, called one of the speakers from the stand and told him he had abused the people, and desired him to break up the meeting: the same judge threatened to arrest one of the speakers if he caused disturbance. Now Judge ——— knew that there were only a few men who did not quietly listen to the speakers, and why should he encourage the disturbers, by attempting to put away the speakers by calling one a liar, &c. &c. Why did he not call off the men who were browbeating the abolitionists? Really Judge —— the latter course would have been a little more democratic.

"Another, Justice ——, a democrat and a member of the church, stood by and laughed, and thus cheered on the men who were denying to American citizens the freedom of speech. That man had better confess his sins, or leave both the church and the office which he has so disgraced.

"To show the spirit which prevailed in the city, in consequence of the Anti-Slavery meetings, as the mob were stoning Mr. B. and his friends in Albany street, between Third and Fifth Streets, certain ladies cried out, "give it to them, we should like to put the tar on to him ourselves." If it had been in Kentucky, we should have supposed we were passing the harem of a certain distinguished gentleman. We will not accuse those women of designing to add insult to injury, but we can assure them, that their words caused the stones to be thrown thicker and faster, and it was not their fault, that the abolitionists were not murdered in consequence of it.

"The candid reader will ask, why this outbreak in the law abiding city of Troy. The answer is easy. The two great political parties have both of them nominated men of whom they are ashamed. The whigs would be ashamed to see Henry Clay marching through the streets with his

sixty slaves. The democrats know that their candidate's views of Texas and slavery only need be known to be hated—yet both parties have so far advocated the claims of their candidates as to destroy what little of moral principle remained, after the campaign of 1840. Their papers cast off all pretence of recognizing God's commands in their political affairs, and even the mass of clergymen are such perfect dupes of the politicians, that they durst not preach the duty of electing "righteous rulers." Their hearers are so absorbed in electing men whom they know fear not God, or regard (colored) men, that they would not suffer any minister to preach such doctrines and enjoy their support.

"The people are, therefore, in a most horrible condition—being left without the fear of rebuke, the baser sort have committed the horrible deeds recorded above. 'When the wicked bear rule the people mourn.' This is emphatically true in the present case—and may a righteous God open the eyes of the community to see their wretched condition, before all moral principle is swept from their remembrance.

"But, inquires another, why should they be so enraged about abolitionists holding meetings and exposing the wickedness of slaveholding, the miseries of the slave, and the propriety of emancipation? Certainly, the talk of abolitionists cannot be worse than slavery and slaveholders who are tolerated, yea, made welcome in Troy. No one even thought of mobbing them. Why not hear Mr. Brown? Certainly the numerous lawyers and politicians can answer him, if he is half as incorrect as they pretend! Be patient, readers, and you shall know why the party in power are so enraged at Messrs. Brown, Bates and every other man who will faithfully show them their duty.

"The two great political parties are both of them slaveholding parties: and they have for years, secured the aid of your votes to help them carry on their infamous wickedness: and knowing that you are honest men and hate oppression, they dare not suffer you to be shown your true position, lest you forsake their party."

In connection with the preceeding statements, Mr. Brown gives an exposition of the various topics on which he intended to have lectured, and in conclusion adds;

"Thus we have briefly stated a few points of difference between the parties, which it was Mr. Brown's intention to have stated in his public lectures, and for attempting to state which, he has been so cruelly mobbed—and for which certain persons say he shall not stay in Troy. Time must determine. A.

The abolitionists of Troy were not to be defeated. An adjourned meeting was commenced the following week in a retired part of the City, near the house of Rev. Mr. Shipherd. The rioters were punctual to the hour of appointment; Mr. Bates, a Wesleyan preacher, both dauntless and firm, commenced speaking upon one of those little summits, for which Troy is remarkable, *an offset*. The mobocrats proceeded to the spot, and in a moving column, endeavored to crowd the speaker from his position, and thus precipitate him headlong to the ground. He, however, evaded the result, by retiring with the rest of the assembly within the walls of Rev. Mr. Shipherd's church, (near at hand) as was their intention to do, on the approach of night. The house was filled with those who came to listen to the truths promulgated. Several speakers were in attendance. Mrs. Brown being invited to ascend the Platform, sung to them the affecting song of the Slave Mother's lament.

"Hark! from the South, a voice of woe—
The wild Atlantic in its flow,
Bears on its breast the murmur low—
My child is gone.

"Like savage tigers o'er their prey,
They tore him from my heart away—
And now I cry by night, by day—
My child is gone.

* * * * * * * *

The hideous yells without were occasionally mingled with this song; although some of the mobocrats within the house, listened with fixed attention and acknowledged its pathos.

Mr. Brown arrived about nine o'clock, (with valise in hand) having just returned from a convention in some of the northern Counties. He soon ascended the Platform and commenced speaking. The disturbance increased, accompanied by sounds in harmony with their discordant spirits, when a number of the rioters entered, and stood in front of the pulpit, ready to seize him, in case he faltered, or should descend to escape. He, however, remained firm and unmoved at his post, continuing to address the audience. The mobocrats finally retreated, (with the exception of a few under the guise of friends,) and joined in the disturbance without the house—when a volley of stones were thrown at the windows, scattering fragments of glass in every direction. The audience rose simultaneously upon their feet; Mr. Brown continued to speak in a tone both fearless and strong, for the purpose of inducing them to remain, and not expose themselves to the fury of the elements without. All that I noticed of his saying, at this critical moment, was—"I know not, but I am as well prepared to die now, as I should be forty years hence." The mobocrats finding their efforts unavailing, to secure Mr. Brown, by frightening the audience from the house, set fire to certain combustible materials near the windows.

"Previous to these scenes, between two and three hundred citizens of all parties, had petitioned the Mayor to send officers to protect the people and arrest the rioters; but he did not arrive until sent for and told that the mob had broken in the windows." He advised the abolitionists, "to go home and go to bed and go to sleep." During the presence of the Mayor and police officers, Mr. Brown and myself left the house through the back door; and the rioters, numbering one hundred or more, soon dispersing, we returned to our homes by different and circuitous routes—passing over a range of Mount Ida myself, in company with friends, while Mr. Brown in disguise, went into the open streets, to watch the movement of his enemies, who had so signally essayed to destroy his life.

This was the last scene of warfare, in which he personally suffered, (with which I am acquainted.) Mr. Brown was never well afterward. The exhaustion and fatigue, consequent to this continued struggle, with the violence inflicted upon his person altogether, contributed to weaken and *destroy* that life, so generously sacrificed in the cause of the oppressed. The following Sabbath, (Aug. 11th) Mr. Brown preached in reference to the riotous proceedings, and the duty of abolitionists, in conflict with the enemies of God.

He loved his enemies, and could pray in the spirit of Him who cried—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." He ever felt that the injuries done his person, or even character, were not so much in hostility to himself, as to the cause he espoused; in short to the truth itself—so far as he was able to present its claims to the hearts and consciences of men.

Those poor, ignorant and deluded men, who inflicted violence upon his person, he blamed less, than their instigators and supporters. He looked upon Frank Cleveland, the reputed leader of the mob in Troy, as being at the time under the influence of intoxicating spirit, and also hired to do the devil's work. One day, while walking in the streets with Mr. Brown, we met Frank. Mr. Brown immediately bade me go forward, while he stopped and expostulated with him in reference to his conduct. Mr. Brown remarked on his return home, that Frank seemed heartily ashamed of what he had done. This, Mr. Brown performed as a Christian duty, and not from any desire to extort a confession from him, for his evil doing, from any personal consideration.

Mr. Brown was previously known and hated in Troy, by a certain class of persons,—ere he took up his abode in the city—on account of his engagedness in the Reforms of the day; and his enemies during the excitement referred to, did not hesitate to allude to many circumstances, connected with his ministry of blessing and benefiting his fellow-beings. In one instance—sometime previous, Mr. Brown received the entreaties of a Christian mother to

search for a lost daughter, once his Sabbath School Scholar; and who she suspected had found her way to some house of infamy, in the city of Troy.—Mr. Brown succeeded in finding her, and also assisted her, in her determination to leave the place. On conveying her trunk to the Hotel,—certain persons interested in her detention, discovered the *design* and prevented her escape. Mr. Brown consequently received much abuse and his *watch* was stolen from him. On which account, a trial was held at Court, in reference to the whole affair;—and resulted, in breaking up some two or three houses of this description. This case *mis*-construed, formed a subject of villification and abuse, among other assertions, equally ridiculous and absurd; such as, that I was not his lawful wife, &c. Some of the reports of our enemies, (aside from their calumny) were really amusing, and calculated rather to produce a smile, than a tear.

Mr. Brown continued to labor in the cause of the slave, with the same zeal and determination, that had hitherto, characterized his career.

Among the variety of Conventions attended by Mr. Brown at this closing period of his life, were the counties of Clinton, Saratoga, Montgomery and Schenectady.

One account given by himself, exhibits a pleasing contrast to those miserable, fiendish scenes described.

SARATOGA COUNTY AWAKE AT LAST.

*Edinburgh, Sept.* 10, 1844.

We are at this hour (10 o'clock at night, Sept. 10,) just closing up a great Liberty Convention in Edinburgh. The large church in which we have met has been well filled during the day, notwithstanding the loco-focos have held a mass meeting within a mile of us. The excellent Edinburgh Band have been in attendance during the day and evening, and have given us fine music, and made us a donation in cash into the bargain. The pro-slavery parties are making their last dying efforts; but I am very happy to see that they all feel the force of our Liberty addresses, and must soon submit to our principles. The Band here

refused to play for the Polk convention, choosing rather to join with and cheer on Liberty's host by their soul-stirring music.

. . . . . .

Indeed this is a grand Convention—a new era in Saratoga Abolitionism. The house is still full, and the audience have just voted unanimously to stay another hour, and hear another Liberty speaker. The friends have concluded to raise $100 to employ an anti-slavery agent to go through the county to circulate tracts, papers, petitions, &c. and to lecture and wake up the people to the interests of Liberty. We have called another Convention, to meet in Corinth, week after next. Liberty is progressing. Adieu.

A. BROWN.

The last Convention, I ever attended abroad with my Husband, was at Corinth. The occasion was one never to be forgotten. At the time I was visiting Saratoga—enjoying its waters and scenes—when Mr. Brown, agreeable to appointment, arrived. On approaching my boarding place, the first I noticed was his limping movement in walking, assisted by his cane. He had unfortunately sprained his foot very badly in descending the Platform, at a Convention in Utica, the week previous. He was also apparently much worn with exertion and fatigue;—and his brother at home, endeavored to dissuade him from attending the Convention, but Mr. Brown true to his appointment, was not to be detained. He therefore came with the ease and rapidity of the cars to Saratoga. A gentleman was already in waiting for him, to convey him to Corinth that night. He was very anxious to proceed, but a severe thunder shower approaching, I persuaded him to remain, on condition that I would start with him at 3 o'clock in the morning. We accordingly started, having some sixteen miles or more to ride in an open carriage. It was very dark and cold. We arrived in season to attend the Convention at the usual hour of meeting on Sabbath day. After enjoying the morning's repast, and a comfortable fire, we were invited to ride four miles further

to the place of the Convention, where we found an extensive collection of people, within and around a large barn, fitted up for the occasion. We did not find the Saviour literally, "in the manger;" but excluded from the sanctuary, which was dedicated to "purposes, more sacred" than that of discussing the rights of the poor slave; we found his words of denunciation, pity and rebuke, as uttered to the Scribes and Pharisees of old, equally applicable to the present time.

The barn was in a very dilapidated condition, and being obliged to occupy the north side, opposite the entrance, there seemed no security from the cold, except, what was found in a Buffalo skin, suspended back of the platform; as good as a damask curtain behind a pro-slavery pulpit; and better (under the circumstances). Mr. Brown stood leaning upon his cane, at the same time forwarding me his cloak, for protection from the cold; so careful was he always, for my health and comfort.

The season was, notwithstanding, one of great interest to our cause; and we were very happy in finding warm hearts, and listening ears, to the story of the slave's wrongs; and friends who in imitation of our Saviour, were determined to "remember those *in bonds as bound with them.*"

### Personal Observations.

Many little incidents occurred, while travelling with Mr. Brown, indicative of his disposition to oblige and render himself serviceable to others, by acts of kindness, apparently trivial and insignificant in themselves, yet bearing their due proportion of weight in the estimation of his character. At one time on board a canal boat, a lady with an infant loudly crying in her arms was pacing the cabin, much agitated, and evidently mortified at the supposed annoyance to the passengers;—when Mr. Brown mildly accosted her and said, let me take the little darling; he gently hushed it reclining on his bosom, while he softly paced to and fro the same floor; producing a smile in the surrounding passengers, at the sudden transition of the

child to perfect composure on being transferred from its mother's arms to a stranger's embrace.

His politeness at *home* was common, and seemed as natural, as the most scrupulous observance of the same among strangers. It was not mere formal etiquette, but a kind and constant regard for the welfare of those around him, manifested in those minute attentions which help to fill up life's brief measure, and contribute to its highest enjoyment.

Tranquil was his mind under all circumstances—serene in the high hopes and trust, his soul enjoyed in the love of his Saviour.

In his Devotedness—he was truly "a man of one idea"—but that a world-embracing idea, in his desire to bless and benefit mankind. And there was no moral subject of the age, in which he did not feel a deep interest; also, in the progress of science and the arts, as contributing to the supply and convenience of our temporal wants; and ultimately, to the advancement of moral truth.

The laws of Health,—Indeed all those subjects connected with our physical being, he regarded in the light of moral obligation, in obedience to the laws of God. He knew no difference, he made no distinction, between the violation of a physical law and that of a moral law. He viewed them both, as equally destructive to the well-being of individuals and nations. He did not in the language of mere moralists and sentimentalists, speak of the laws of nature in contradistinction to the laws of God; but viewed each, as belonging to one grand system in the infinite order and harmony of the Divine will.

"Of the spirit, there are divers operations" according to the different gifts, natural temperament, disposition, &c. induced by circumstances or otherwise. I do not say that Mr. Brown was a perfect man, or that he always acted with discretion and wisdom; this cannot, perhaps, be awarded to the best of men, but taking into consideration his ardent temperament, his mental activity and the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, he acted more bravely and more conscientiously, than most men, thrown

into the same vortex of malice, rage and hatred, toward the principles of his advocacy.

In writing his Biography, I know that he would not wish me to pass a mere eulogy upon his virtues, but to give a true picture of his life, and hold up his defects, as a warning to others. This trait of his, was peculiar to himself being rarely seen among men; a willingness, to be told of his errors or faults, that he might correct them. He used often to say that in preaching against the sins of his fellow men, there was this *advantage*, that "they would turn right about and tell *him*, of some fault;" which correction he never despised, but would bethink himself, whether indeed, he deserved the censure; and if in the wrong, did not hasten to justify himself, for he counted not that he was already perfect, but as "being in the flesh and liable to err," but that he strove to bring every power and faculty of both body and mind into subjection to the will of Christ, I am assured. His secret devotions, his sense of unworthiness and humility in view of his imperfections, his faith in Christ as the author of his salvation, his unwavering trust in God, his firm resolution in the discharge of duty, opposed to every obstacle of Satan's device—and above all, his willingness to sacrifice every personal consideration for the promotion of Christ's kingdom and the advancement of his cause; all show him to have been actuated by any motive, rather than selfishness, a foolish ambition or vain glory.

No greater test, of the sincerity of an individual in any great and good cause can be given; than that he has shown himself willing to suffer; indeed, that he has been made a willing sacrifice, in the labors, toil and privations he has endured, to accomplish the design of his mission. Such was Abel Brown—eccentric, as his course often appeared even to his best friends—they can conscientiously award this meed of praise, due to his services as a disinterested and devoted christian; seeking to promote the interests of humanity, and to aid in restoring the God-given rights of the slave, to liberty and the blessings of freedom. He considered the Christian's duty not confined to the atten-

tion of himself, but extending to all his fellow-beings, in common with his race. The christian warfare, he considered *aggressive*, that sin must be rebuked. He seemed to think, one ought to be thankful, to be told of his faults. He looked upon sin as a disease,—and that to be the greatest *kindness*, to convince a person of his true state, and point him the remedy in Christ. *Public* sins, he thought should be rebuked in a *public manner*, that the evil might thereby be effectually eradicated; finally, he deemed it the only true method of combating such sins as slavery and kindred evils.

Although his denunciations were severe, and he "cried aloud and spared not," when necessity required; and his opponents were never flattered into accordance with him, yet when converted, they were radically so, and permanently abided in the good work.

He abhored sectarianism, in the latter part of his life. As proof of this, a clergymen in New England asked Mr. Brown in reference to a Thanksgiving Discourse, for what particular blessings should we be thankful? to which, he replied, for the increase of liberality among Christians. I cannot vouch for his views in this particular at an earlier period, unless the sentiment uttered in a preceding letter to his sister, be an indication to this effect, in which he says, "if the Baptists would only lay aside their party feelings, &c." Still, he ever held the doctrine of Immersion, as of binding obligation on every believer of Christ, (as I have heard him express in private conversation) on the ground of obedience to a plain command as given by Jesus Christ, himself, who also left his example, with his own words to St. John the Baptist, saying, "for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

Mr. Brown held what he termed a *rebuking connection*, with the pro-slavery portion of the Baptist Church, who would have been very glad to have excised him from their denomination, could they have found sufficient excuse, as in vain they sought.

He saw clearly the iniquity of partisans, and professed christian apologists for slaveholding;—those who cried

"peace, peace, when there is no peace,"—and he, a warrior in the Anti-Slavery field, should he not do battle for the slave, or should he coward turn and recreant prove, to the high trust commissioned to him as an Ambassador of the Saviour of men, who came on Earth to proclaim liberty to the captive.

During the last days of Mr. Brown, he seemed deeply impressed with the shortness of time, and the injunction to "work while the day lasts, lest the night approach wherein no man can work," seemed by him literally fulfilled, in his constant aim to finish the work appointed for him to do. And he several times, publicly remarked that he no longer anticipated *rest*, this side of the grave. He seemed also to experience deep searchings of heart, and he particularly requested the prayers of Mr. Shipherd's Church in Troy, after preaching to them; and in allusion to his trials and sufferings from his enemies, he asked them to pray that he might have more Christian dignity—more of meekness, united with true courage in defence of the right. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, as with child-like simplicity he made this request. We had previously talked over the matter, in relation to the subject of exciting and arousing the morbid passions of men, by his plain, pointed rebukes; and he was anxious to know, if there was any thing in his manner, that might be obviated. Not that he had rebuked too sharply, but whether he might not administer his reproofs with more coolness and gentleness united, or, as he expressed, with Christian dignity.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Family Circle—The visit of Alvan Stewart. His Letter—Our Parting—His last Journey for the Slave—His visit at Rochester—Free Mission Meeting—The last Letters—His sickness and death—Correspondence of the Mosher family—Effusions of Grief—Funeral Services—An Obituary Notice—Resolutions—Monumental Inscriptions—Conclusion.

Our family the few last months of his life, consisted of a brother from Wisconsin, and a colored girl for whom he was guardian, in connection with myself and husband; and a happy family we were. Our morning and evening devotions will ever be remembered with heartfelt gratitude. It is not for me to extol our own mode of worship; especially, within our family circle; but in order more fully to portray the life of him of whom I am writing, I allude more especially to those seasons as conducted by him. No stiff formality, characterised those hours; but the same easy, affable manner displayed in his usual address, also found its way to the family altar. Instead of occupying the time wholly himself, we would first read in rotation, then sing together, and then my husband would lead in our petitions, or as often, ask some other member of the family to engage in this exercise. How much consolation, those hours *now* afford my soul; and I rarely think of him, except upon the bended knee alone, or at the family altar. I can even now, seem to hear that voice of supplication to the Father of mercies, and hear that song, so dear to him—as with great earnestness, he would sing—"What mean ye, that ye bruise and bind my people, saith the Lord."

The pressing cares of Mr. Brown in the cause of the slave, had prevented his being at home but little of the time, during the Summer and Autumn. In the month of October, he was called to attend a Court in Poughkeepsie, in relation to an occurrence which happened in April, and already noticed in a previous chapter.

The following letter from Mr. Stewart, for the Albany Patriot, presents a farther account of the case, and of the continued trials, to which Mr. Brown was subject.

*Albany, Oct.* 14, 1844.

EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT:

Sir—I cannot refuse to record the gratification I feel to Him, who rules the hearts of men, for the two delightful Anti-Slavery meetings I have held in the last three days. One at Poughkeepsie, on Friday the 11th inst., and the other at Troy last evening the 13th.

The Rev. Abel Brown, held an Anti-Slavery meeting in a country town of Dutchess county some months since, and was attacked by a most ferocious mob in the course of the evening. The Rev. Mr. Van Loon, the distinguished Anti-Slavery orator, was speaking, when a set of *vile beings* came in, with large quantities of liver, lights and putrid meat, and threw these missiles at the head and person of Mr. Brown and others, and hallooed with the shouts of fiends let loose. Mr. Brown defended himself with a board* without using violence to any man, and his friends went before the grand jury of Dutchess, and got the mobocrats indicted,—when one of the mob crew perjured himself, by swearing before a grand jury, that Mr. Brown committed an assault and battery, to try which indictment against Brown at the present Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Ruggles and his associates.—Mr. Brown had written to me a pressing letter to come down and aid as counsel on the trial. But the court refused to try it, and it will go over to the June sessions, when I hope we shall try the mobocrats as well as the abused and worthy friend of men.

The last meeting for the slave, we held in Troy, was on the occasion of Mr. Stewart's visit, in company with Mr. Brown on his return home from Poughkeepsie.

Mr. Brown had previously made arrangements to visit Western New York, for the purpose of holding a series of Conventions in behalf of his agency, and to obtain sub-

* Mr. Van Loon, has since told me, that the board was used to protect the person of *himself* while speaking—by holding it before his face. The mob surrounding the house, as also the rioters within, prevented the escape of the speakers, and they were consequently compelled to receive such abuse as savage men saw fit to inflict; without being allowed even the protection of a *board* to ward off the offensive missiles at them hurled.

scriptions and funds for the Albany Patriot—as one of its Proprietors—and to sustain which, he had spent much time and effort during the last four or five months of his life.

As Mr. Brown anticipated spending some weeks, in his contemplated tour; I embraced the opportunity of visiting my friends in Massachusetts, during the same time, where also, my husband purposed on his return, to meet me, in company with his son Walter, on the anniversary of Thanksgiving.

On the morning of his departure from home, he prayed with unusual fervor and earnestness; that he might go out with a single eye to the glory of God.

The idea of parting, each for opposite routes carrying us some four hundred miles from each other, was indeed painful; and my own heart began to relent, but Mr. Brown endeavored to console me, and brushed away my tears (as he was wont to do) and said, you are going to see your friends (whom I had not seen for nearly ten months). He first went over to Albany on some preliminary business, in the morning, with the intention of taking the evening train, and being obliged to start from Albany myself, the coming morning, I went over once more to see him; and there severed—never more in earthly forms to meet. How little of fate we know. We blindly wander forth, and when we give the parting hand, it may be the last, affection's grasp can yield, and when the eye turns silently away in the fond adieu, it may be forever to close on us.

Wearied with exertion and worn in countenance, yet uncomplaining, he pursued his way in the same evening, Oct. 14, 1844. Reached Rochester, in time to attend a meeting for Free Missions of the Baptist denomination held on the 15th inst. Spoke with great solemnity and earnestness,—so that it was observed on the occasion; told them, it was probably the last time, he should ever address them. Held up to view the position of the Baptist denomination in reference to Missions; and said, as one clergyman present remarked,—"what no other man dared say."

A severe change taking place in the weather, in consequence of a tremendous gale—extending from the Lakes to this place,—Mr. Brown suffered much from cold in connection with over exertion and fatigue. On his way from Rochester to Canandaigua, he left the cars at Victor, about midnight; and not being able to find lodging at the Hotel,—neither being able to find his friend, Mr. Clark, (who had so often cheered our Conventions with his music) he was obliged to call at the private house of a stranger—and on knocking at the door, related to the man of the house, his predicament and unfortunate position; and asked the favor of being permitted to stop a few hours, and then early in the morning, he wished to be conveyed to Canandaigua to meet an appointment as an Abolition lecturer; upon this announcement, the man bid him begone, telling him, "he would *shoot* him, unless he cleared out instantly." Mr. Brown with valise in hand, was then obliged to walk three miles in a stormy night, before he could find a resting place.

This memorable night, in the fate of his death, is ever portrayed to my mind, in the words of "the poor way-faring man of grief." A song of solemn import ever, to Mr. Brown when singing. Dark and dreary was that hour, when at midnight, 'mid raging winds and tempest driven, he a shelter sought wherein to lay his shrinking shivering frame,—O, sadly mournful,—though methinks, his Saviour was with him still. He prayed, yes, I know he prayed—he thought of her, who in her native nest far away was borne, and he thanked the Lord, that *she* was sweetly slumbering; nor did he forget that poor man, who had thus turned him from his door,—but more in pity, than in hate, cried, Father forgive him this murderous *will*—the deed he would fulfil. Dear Saviour,—how has he treated thee? For "inasmuch," as *me* he sheltered not, even this to *thee* was done.

Mr. Brown reached Canandaigua on the following morning, at the appointed Convention, Oct. 21st, yet was unable to say but little, in consequence of cold, exhaustion and fatigue, produced by his walk and exposure the previous night.

Having promised to write Mr. Brown, at his request, immediately on my arrival home, I did so,—and will insert one single clause of this last communication to him from myself, under date of Oct. 16.

. . . . . How much I thought of you all the way from Albany; yes, my dear husband—and I prayed that our hearts might still be united, though so far absent from each other; and immediately, I seemed spiritually to perceive the person of our Saviour, with each and both of our hearts in his possession. Blessed thought! May it indeed be so.

You need much strength to go through your arduous duties, and I pray that God may give it thee. . . . .

Receiving no intelligence from Mr. Brown, for some two or three weeks, I was filled with anxiety and fearful apprehension, for his safety,—when I received a letter from him, written at Honeoye, Ontario Co., bearing date of Oct. 30th, in which he says,—"I am under the necessity, of informing you, that I have been sick in this place about ten days. I have had a violent attack of fever. Have been among the most kind friends, who have watched over me and taken the very best of care. I was so broken of my rest at Rochester and elsewhere, that I was obliged to give up and be sick. Another man went on and filled a part of my appointments.

There has been a terrible snow storm here. The snow is some eight inches deep and still coming. It looks queer. All around me dressed in winter.

I am entirely rid of the fever, and recovering as fast as can be expected; but it will probably be some four or five days before I shall be able to be about as usual.

I trust you will be patient, and hope and wait until I return. Above all things, I charge you not to come to me.

Trust in God and do good,—and God will take care of thy husband.

If I am *dangerously* ill, I will inform you.

My love to all, ABEL.

He also writes on the following day, Nov. 1st, of his intention to start on the morrow, for Canandaigua on his way to Buffalo and home to see his children.

From the letters, written during this period of the sickness and death of Mr. Brown, the following particulars are given.

"Mr. Brown went to Canandaigua on Saturday, Nov. 1, as he anticipated; and called at the house of our friend Mosher—as a sick man. Greeted Mrs. Mosher cordially on his arrival. Spoke of pursuing his journey on Monday. He seemed to have no correct idea of his situation—appeared worn and exhausted, and perfectly restless. In the afternoon, he tried to get some sleep, for he said, he had not rested one night *well* since he left Albany; but his efforts were in vain. On Sabbath morning, he rose and dressed himself and came down from his room alone, and while partaking of his food, was asked by Mrs. Mosher, if he did not wish them to write me to come. No, he replied, 'I told her she must not come.' Immediately after, he became speechless,—and remained so for two hours. On applying cold water to his head he recovered; when he remarked, 'I thought, I should never speak again—that my labors on earth were ended, and that I should soon commence them in Heaven.' Mrs. Mosher told him that she also thought they were soon to close. He did not make her much reply, as he became delirious. At his particular request, he was placed under the care of a Homœpathic Physician.

Mrs. Mosher writes, "Sabbath evening he rested pretty well, and I retired,—and left Mr. Mosher sitting up with him. About ten o'clock, he commenced praying and talking very loud—I thought him dying—and I believe he thought so too. "O, I want to see my blessed Saviour, to go home and be forever *at rest*—Yes," he repeated, "rest from all the labors of earth." We asked him if he would like to see you. "O yes," he exclaimed, "I guess I should. She is a good woman, she took care of my soul." On being asked if we should send for you, "you must send for her, you will won't you"—he replied. . . .

"On Monday he had a very sick day, mind wandering most of the time. Tuesday morning he appeared very sensible—wished to get up and sit by the fire. Said, he felt better, and thought he should get well. Mr. Stringham came in and he conversed with him fluently, and seemed in his right mind. He remarked to him, that he was among his *friends* now, but thought it would be better if he was with some of his *relatives*. Said the room in which he was sick, was a pleasant one, (it was a large bed-room off the sitting-room). After conversing some time with him, Mr. S. mentioned something about election; he groaned very deeply; his attention was immediately diverted, but he did not again appear so sensible that day. Mr. Adsit came in at one time, and he called him Brother Adsit, and wished him to sit nearer the bed that he might see him better.

"His appetite seemed good most of the time, and I never gave him any food or drink, or administered to his wants in any way, without thinking of you,—he appeared so thankful, and would sometimes remark, "I think I must make you some trouble."

"He spoke at one time of his little boys, and said he was intending to take the oldest one home with him. Whenever we spoke of you, he would say that he wished much to see you; but you must not come as it would be a short time before he should go home. He seemed to anticipate much pleasure at being at your Father's on Thanksgiving and mentioned it two or three times. When one person called, he would say, he was getting well, was in no pain, was not sick. The next moment he would say he was suffering exceedingly, was very sick.

"I do not think of any thing that would give him comfort that he did not have. All our services were cheerfully performed. Mr. Brown prayed to be made one of Christ's "little ones," and after that, this passage of Scripture was constantly in my mind, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these," &c. Dr. Matthews of our village attended Mr. Brown for three days, we then had a Council of Physicians. The disease was in his head and beyond

the reach of Medical skill; they called it the fever on the brain or dropsy in the brain.

"On Wednesday we could see that he failed rapidly. Wednesday night he was taken with raving spasms which lasted about five minutes each, at intervals of two or three hours; during which, he seemed impressed with the idea, that he was surrounded with a mob in pursuit of his life. "Must I be sacrificed, he would exclaim,—Let me alone every one of you." He did not use the least violence to any one but was trying to get out of the way. On Thursday we perceived that he could not live. He did not make much enquiry about any one. His mind was so disordered, that he could not think of what he seemed inclined to tell us. Friday, about ten o'clock, he had a very violent spasm, after which he settled down quietly; did not move, but continued to sink away until 5 o'clock, when he breathed his last without a struggle."

Not receiving the first intelligence of his relapse and sickness, until the day of his death,—I was unable to be present through this scene of trial and suffering, and could not reach Canandaigua, to attend the last mournful rites of my dear departed Husband! Having started to see him, on receipt of the news of his dangerous illness, I intercepted a letter on my way, containing information of his death and supposed burial. I immediately proceeded to my home in Troy—and being under peculiar circumstances, I had no heart to go farther, or to visit the grave that contained the lifeless remains of him I so much loved, and of whom I had been so suddenly bereaved.

The kindness of those friends, with whom it was my husband's privilege to spend his last expiring days, can never be forgotten; and will be remembered in that better world, when we tune our harps anew to christian love and holy gratitude.

The following letter from a sister of Mr. Mosher and then member of his family and written on the event of Mr. Brown's death, is truly worthy of insertion, and on memory's page will ever be sacredly cherished.

After alluding to his phrenzied imagination caused by the cruel attacks of mob violence, she proceeds—

"But he has gone where earthly fears will never more distress. The blessed Saviour has called him home. We will hereafter contemplate him as an inhabitant of that blessed abode. A shining spirit in the Courts of our God. His labors for suffering humanity are ended and he has gone to reap the reward of his faithfulness.

Many are those who in obedience to that blessed command of our Saviour, "will mourn with those who mourn, and weep with those who weep." Tears pleasant in memory of his many virtues, and bitter when we reflect on how much we have lost, now are flowing from many eyes. But your grief my dear sister, must far exceed ours. You have lost your dearest earthly friend, your all—"cut down and withered in an hour." Those affectionate and endearing relations which in *life* afforded a pleasing satisfaction, are become the channel of a deeper and more poignant grief in his death. And this grief is rendered still more aggravating by the thought, that you were not near to smooth his dying pillow. But be comforted, dear friend, there was a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," that received his departing spirit. You will not weep as those who cannot realise, the love which our blessed Saviour bears his children when he afflicts them.

"Behind a frowning Providence, he hides a smiling face." You may not realise this at first, but you will see that it is all love—unbounded love

The Roman matron, when asked for her jewels, presented her children saying,—"These are my jewels." So to the Christian of nobler views, his *friends* are his greatest earthly treasures, and when God has taken them to himself, he feels that his treasure is laid up in Heaven, and shall not his heart be there also? But why need I offer words of human consolation, there is a void in the bereaved heart that nothing earthly can fill. There is a purer source of comfort, the voice of an indulgent heavenly Father speaks to him in every sorrow, "be not dismayed,

I will not leave you comfortless." To that exhaustless fountain you will go and find relief.

Mr. Brown's death was peaceful. Not a struggle was perceived. It was the remark of all present that they never witnessed a more quiet death. It is to us a consoling thought, for we feared it would be otherwise.

May the Lord sanctify this heavy affliction according to his merciful design. Your sincere friend,

LAURA MOSHER.

It was indeed, a consolation, that Mr. Brown thus quietly sank to rest.

Calm as the breath of even—was his last expiring hour, as through the valley of death, he passed from the dreamy shadows of earth to the realities of the spirit world! Not the sun* declining, in all its soft radiance beaming, such visions as that hour revealed; and I have often thought of the transport of this scene, on finding himself safely lodged in his Saviour's arms, instead of a *merciless mob*, expiring alike, with his fevered brain.

On the morning after the news of my husband's death, when alone and overpowered with grief too deep for utterance, even in prayer, his happy spirit seemed to say, "sing Catharine, sing," and immediately my soul gave vent to the following effusion in strains of melody before unknown.

[Given with no alteration, in unmeasured numbers.]

Abel, dearest Abel—sing, sing with me;
How pure thy strain—for thou hast gone,
Forever to be blest!
Be thou my guardian Angel,
For thou art kind and gentle, Abel.
How expressive thy hand,
When raised in defence of truth;
How expansive thy mind—
When plans thou devised;
To execute with zeal—what thy heart did feel.

* He died with the setting sun at 5 o'clock in the Autumn of the year.

I feel thy presence near,
To love, direct and cheer;
Thou art my love, my Abel—
Still, though in Heaven, thou art;
Earth thou hast not left,
Except its pains, its sorrows;
And all that annoyed thy soul,
E'er thou left this earthly goal!
Sing Spirit, sing—thou lovedst to hear me,
Now join with me, Oh, rather, let me join with *thee!*

[In the words of Mrs. Hemans.]

The music of another land hath spoken,
No after sound is sweet! this weary thirst!
And I have heard celestial fountains burst!
What love shall quench it?
But Oh, sweet friend! we dream not of love's might,
Till death has robed with soft and solemn light
The image we enshrined! Before that hour
We had but glimpses of the o'ermastering power
Within us laid!—then doth the spirit flame,
With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame.

The wings of that which pants to follow fast,
Shake their clay-bars, as with a prisoned blast
*The sea* is in our souls!
He died, *he* died
On whom my lone devotedness was cast!
I might not keep one vigil by his side,
I whose wrung heart watched with him to the last;
I might not once, his fainting head sustain,
Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour of pain,
Nor say to him farewell!

An account of the Funeral obsequies as given by Mr. Mosher, in a letter to myself, is as follows:

The Funeral services of Mr. Brown, were held at the Baptist Church in Canandaigua, on the Sabbath following his death. The Discourse on the occasion was given by the Rev. Mr. Adsit, and was based on the Declaration of St. Paul—"I have fought the good fight," 2 Timothy 4: 7. After narrating Paul's arduous and numerous struggles in the Christian warfare, so fully recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, he drew a parallel between the conflicts of the Apostle and those of our beloved brother Brown; showing in a very lucid manner, that the great object, each had in view, was similar in its nature, and the means used to accomplish this object, were the same. That the weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but spiritual, mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; that each ended their warfare in the midst of their conflict, and entered into their eternal rest.

Mr. Adsit alluded in a very striking manner to the treatment Mr. Brown had received in Canandaigua; but he rejoiced, that there was sufficient humanity left in the hearts of men, to treat the lifeless remains with respect; that they could be received into the sanctuary, from which Mr. Brown was excluded, when alive.

The relics of Mr. Brown, were deposited in a part of the village burial ground, appropriated by the authorities, for the use of the Baptist Church in Canandaigua." . . .

Through the kindness of friends, a meeting was also

held in Troy, in relation to the event of Mr. Brown's death—and the remarks given and sympathy manifested, afforded much consolation to my bereaved heart.

Rev. Mr. Garnett gave the Discourse from the following words,—"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business,"—Luke 2: 49. He then vividly portrayed the character of Mr. Brown, as manifested in his devotion and service to the will of his Divine Master; and that death, found him still engaged about his Father's business; which work, formed the only absorbing idea of his soul in mortal life, and the prelude to scenes of activity, still more glorious and extensive beyond the grave. He also alluded to the riotous proceedings in Troy, in opposition to the efforts of Mr. Brown, and the circumstance of his being haunted by those who had pursued his life, in his hours of delirium when sick,—as an evidence of the sufferings he had previously endured.

Extracts from an obituary notice of Mr. Brown from the American Freeman, published in Wisconsin:

It has pleased the great Head of the Church to summon to a sphere of duty nearer his throne, the spirit of our brother, Abel Brown. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Our friends in the west have no doubt marked the prominent part, which the Providence and Spirit of God called him to perform in the anti-slavery warfare; and would naturally feel desirous to learn something more of his history. * * * * * * *

"His love to Christ and the souls of men, were evinced by his indefatigable labors in the Temperance, Sabbath School and Moral Reform enterprises. The Spirit of Christ is a Missionary Spirit, and this he possessed in no common degree; and but for the influences now operating in the church, and in the civil government, to reduce to and retain in heathenism, millions of our brethren and sisters at home, he would have delighted to exhibit to the benighted of other lands the glory of the Cross. But he

felt that the reproach of our own land must be wiped away—duty—the souls of our brethren and sisters in bonds—the honor of Christ—the purity and reputation of the Church, and the permanent existence and successful result of the *Missionary cause* itself—each and all required the removal of slavery from our land. Commencing, therefore, with the foundation, and throwing his whole soul into the glorious cause, alike regardless of the attacks of bitter foes and false brethren, leaving a time-serving policy to those who had less confidence in Christ, he hastened on to meet the consequences of obedience to God. And though sometimes surrounded by men of blood, the invisible hand of the Saviour shielded him, the Spirit whispered peace to his soul; he felt "safe under the shadow of the Almighty—the munition of rocks was his defence."

"He sustained for the last four years past, the relation of Agent to the Eastern N. Y. Anti-Slavery Society. In every department of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, he exhibited a spirit that could not rest while so much was at stake and so much required to be done. In circulating anti-slavery publications, in urging religious denominations to practice the principles they avowed, and by their presses ministers, influence and benevolent societies, to assist our colored brother, who was bleeding in the porch of the sanctuary—in bringing the political parties at the north, from under the thraldom in which they were kept by the slave-power—in assisting, as a member of the vigilance committee, trembling Americans, to the number of *not less than one thousand*, to the shelter afforded by a monarchial government, from the inhuman monsters walking at large and claiming property in human flesh. He was a pattern to believers—a living argument against unbelief.

As a lecturer, he produced an impression deep and lasting; and if some of his arrows were not finely polished, they were less easily removed from the mind in which they had been fastened.

His visit to this place will be held in long remembrance. We little expected, however, that it was the last interview till the sea shall give up her dead. . . . . .

"That same Jesus, whose little ones had so often been assisted by his servant, fulfilled the promise made to those who consider the cause of the poor, and made all his bed in his sickness. True, he was absent from his beloved companion, and his little ones, but he received from the friends with whom he stayed, all that attention and aid, that the most affectionate of earth could impart.

"Thou art gone to the grave!" Yes—and art useful there. "Being dead he yet speaks," calling on those who sympathise with Christ's suffering little ones to press forward; and, methinks, when the pearly gates were opened to receive his disembodied spirit, the glorified tuned their harps to a new and more melodious note as he mingled with them; and he, and the hosts above, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne, mark with interest the most intense, the progress of humanity, liberty and love. May we follow his faith, possessing which, we shall be instant in season and out of season, till the message is heard,

"Child, thy Father calls, come home."

The following Resolutions were passed by the colored citizens of Canandaigua, Nov. 11, 1844, "for the purpose of expressing their sorrow at the decease of the late Rev. Abel Brown, and also to sympathise with the friends of impartial liberty, on account of the loss, of so able and efficient an advocate of the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed."

"We, the colored citizens of Canandaigua here assembled, feeling profound respect and love for the late Rev. Abel Brown, and deep and pungent grief for the loss we, the slaves and the friends of humanity have sustained, by the death of this, our distinguished and devoted friend. By his zeal and indefatigable perseverance, and the energy of his labors in the cause of human liberty, and by his exposures and fatigue while travelling to promote the cause he loved, he has been early called from this, into a world of spirits, and we trust, is now reaping the reward of his

labors, and has entered into that rest prepared for all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and their fellow men, of whatever color or clime. Therefore,

*Resolved*, That the christian church has been deprived of one of her brightest ornaments by the death of the Rev. Abel Brown.

*Resolved*, That while we acquiesce with the will of Heaven, we cannot do otherwise than lament over the loss of so valuable a friend of humanity, and so uncompromising an advocate of the cause of the crushed and bleeding slave.

*Resolved*, That in this sudden dispensation of Providence, we feel that we are bereft of one of the most efficient advocates of the cause of our countrymen, and the eloquent narrator of the story of our wrongs,— and while memory performs its sacred office, his name shall live to the grateful recollections of colored Americans.

*Resolved*, That we, as colored citizens partially free, feel his loss to be a heavy calamity to us, and not only to us, but every lover of his country.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathise with the afflicted companion and children, and commend them to the God of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, as one who is ever ready and willing to succor the needy and shield the innocent and unprotected, and with their tears of sorrow and affliction, shall be mingled our tears of heart-felt sorrow.

After a few eloquent and impressive remarks by A. Seward, D. H. Ray, G. W. Tucker and others, the resolutions were unanimously adopted. On motion, it was resolved that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and be published in the Ontario Repository, the Ontario Messenger, the Liberty Press and Albany Patriot, the meeting then adjourned.

G. W. TUCKER, Chairman.

H. W. JOHNSON, Secretary.

A Monument has been erected to the memory of my departed husband, bearing the following inscription.

ABEL BROWN,

A faithful minister of Him who proclaimed Liberty to the captive.

A Hero, in the fearless advocacy of truth, and in vindication of the oppressed.

A Martyr, in his devotion and self-sacrifice to the calls of bleeding humanity.

His memory lies embalmed in the heart of many a fugitive, and on the leaves of Immortality his deeds are inscribed.

Rev. Abel Brown was born at Springfield, Mass., Nov. 9, 1810. Died Nov. 8, 1844, at Canandaigua, N. Y.

The Free Church of Canandaigua, and other friends of the slave, erect this monument, as a record of his resting-place, and a tribute to his worth.

## Conclusion.

In preparing these Memoirs, I would say, that *one* consideration, not the least important that I have had in view, has been, to preserve a transcript of the life and character of my departed husband, for the special benefit of his orphan children;—two of whom being deprived of both parents in early life, and one of my own, bearing both the name and impress of his father, yet to him unseen with mortal eyes; and whatever he may learn of him may herein be gathered, as with care I have penned each leaf, bearing the mementos of precious deeds performed, and lofty principles maintained, 'mid the stormy rage of persecution, and strife of foes.

But the love and affection of that heart, I cannot portray; as the spirit alone, can give life and expression, even to the brightest page that memory's hand with skill can trace; yet however faint the portraiture may be, I hope that my efforts have not altogether been in vain, to add a new testimony to the efficacy of Christian principle, as exemplified, in the disinterested motives and services of the subject of this Volume.

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